Further Down The Nest I

Mgła

Lost between the razor traces
Scratched confidence
Found comfort in shadows black
Taking darkness for granted

Left open for what comes unseen:
It's beautiful horror, it's wondrous seeds of doubt

Gazing into the abbys with the intensity of a madman
Desperately awaiting the day it looks back
Lest ye forget the monsters

Transgressing into a frigid soul
Nothing to expect, nothing to suprise
Shattering the precious illusion of potential

Further down the nest
Further down the ID
Cold, inert

Missed the distance, lost the trace
Complete
The Lord of Deceit rejoices

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!