

## Dead Children

## Nocturnal Depression

Spread your hate

Some dead children with burnt skins  
Are playing under a dead snow, wearing gas-masks  
A heavy and suffocating atmosphere  
Mixing sulphur and dust with the smell of cadavers  
They dance among the ruins, among human corpses  
Hand in hand, they enjoy their despair

Angels of Misery...Rise...

As they heard a move, they stop their game  
Their lifeless eyes gazing to me  
crows are stopping their flights and vultures their lunch  
All of them found in me their new target

claws and kicks are beating me  
Violating my bitter body  
i scream and enjoy this suffering  
Till my blood color the ground

From above, the black snow is falling around me  
Lost and mutilated in a world i can't understand  
The children laugh about my own misery  
Spread your wings, angels of misery