

A Knife

Old

Upon the fog of venom
Beyond the wall of death
I drink from the seas of hell
To drown myself in them

Black is the march
The march of memories
Where a curse is waiting
To suck on my wounds

Wait for the moment
To free the endless night
Nothing will be deeper
Than a knife in hell

Pass the ways of gold
Let silver eat your light
Nothing will be deeper
Than a knife in hell