

Monstrosity of all monstrosities shackles with him
The madness of the Spirit scrambles up

As if the flaming Swords of Truth
Were finishing their work of doom
Torn his Entrails in two.

Alegory of situations seems like panopticum
Of lost souls, lost people
Deep under the cover of disguise.

Thousands of truths, thousands of lies, thousands of masks
Angles like lightning through the night
Reveal, malform, cover.

What will be the end to all
Well immortality is just a dream
Will everything return to the Womb?

DAEMON: ...But Universum decided to defend us. Us Daemons, who
dwelled the Earth since her rise. We ourselves hadn't powers en
ough anymore. So, She was sent.