

R.A.S.

Blood is dripping as mind's tripping.  
In twilight sleep death is reaping.  
Blood stained, feels cold  
In solitude as night grows old.  
Death salvation, life capitulation,  
Blood stained, feels cold, in the frozen soul.

Desire death and you'll sink into silence.  
A terminal breath into darkened conscience  
You still exist in the void of the head.  
As everything else around you is dead.

Time of departure  
From the depths of despair  
I seek no paradise, though the end draws near.  
It is an endless overture of my own reconstructions  
I seek no paradise, just desire the salvation

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Life is a mandatory sacrifice, for the eternal dream of paradise  
Make the time stand still, as silence is the last will.