

Frozen and hidden in dustsmiles
The naked voice rises so pale

With fear forward to loneliness
Yet so proud like wolves in their habitat
Removed the veil of endurance
Thorns scratch the skin

Warm are the curtains of innocence
Strong enough to obscure emptiness
But scathing is the story behind the audience
In search for prefabricated roles

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The eyes we cannot see
Are the truth we can't conceive
The borders of blindness suffocates the liquid

The eyes we cannot see
Are the truth we can't conceive
Moans invoke the inner deathscape

Mutilated so gently. Fire of falseness
Wings of desperation react to the void
Embracing the lost paleness
Emerging for safety the inner deathscape