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COLD MIGHT:

"I can taste

the blood

thick on my tongue

soulless

empty shell of pale skin

naked in the northern woods

cold winds embraced

the void

shall never be filled

the hunger

neverending

devoured

slaughtered

my pray

sorrow

mournful pain

the entity of nothingness

rules his kingdom

nocturnal might

darkness

a frozen lake

i'm the usurper

winds eerie

chills the bones

eyes dark

seas of blood

nocturnal evil

in darkness hides

Born in sin

wisdom wide"

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Lars Lind med Poeter.se id #40787 innehar upphovsrätten