

Train (Poem) / The Tree

Agathocles

Life seen through the eyes of an agarchrist

So cold

So blind

So naieve

The truth beyond, will not be found

Deceiving masks, that's what's all around

So cold

So blind

Like a train, leading to nowhere

Reflections of death, but why?

Forced to choose another path

The one which is covered with theartic thoughts

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>