

# Daimonion

## Without Face

My mind's remains come to life again  
While my soul awakes from my sense's Night  
But at once another dark's spreading around...  
To feel if I were a dead...in Hell...  
Cold and wet floor under my soles  
And black walls're crying ever pain  
If the Black walls cry...or is it the  
Night...  
Angels' chorus or Demons' shout??...

Lyrics provided by  
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