Ex-Tc

Death Angel

Black covers the mass
The mist it's so dense
It's soothing to breatheI reach out my hand
Into the sights
Yet I grasp nothingAll seems different to me
What I've seen beforeYearn for the feel
The warmth that's inside
A childish grinI joyfully scream
To deafened ears
It's time to beginAll seems different to me
What I've seen before
Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had storedYou stare at me
As if I am strange
My eyes open wideI feel the beauty
Of all around
Then run through the tidesCome into my place
There is great pleasure
In what you will findI throw away hate
That's how you tell
X is on my mindAll seems different to me
What I've seen before
Can't help but notice
Hidden feelings I had stored

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