Censored Project

Yyrkoon

Censored ProjectRefusing to see all of those infected minds
Just to feel better in your own veins
Asking yourself why and how to share all those visions
And more this nightmares of that lost humanity
Closed recipient filled of ominous spikesDon't enter my private desires
Bad habits are ruling forever
Pushing the door of a closed reality
For the science or any other learningMetaphor of colors
Blood red black
Altar of flesh
Razor's cuts macabre breath of creation
Remembering old deceptionCensored!
Project!
Censored!
Project!The wounds created by the flesh
Seem to be occulted by all of us
Metaphor of colors
Blood red black
Altar of flesh razor's cuts
Closed recipient filled of ominous spikesCensored!
Project!
Censored!
Project!Little by little truth's blood runs among us as an empty river
I'm like you making the black side
To reason and to kill the ideal lineage

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