Dreadventurouz

Diabolical Masquerade

"I gross so more soul I smell your terror and I hunger"Roaming path of sleeping dead reaching for untied
Journey of the desperation let to reveal
Joy with bleeding seared peachy with reason laid just back fault
Something it back to up something its forwardDarkness hiding behind those of black path of clad
Darkness standing in arches of hell fire ream
Meddles creating an end pushed rhythm of the time
Meddles spilling the blood of the burning awnSilent just to dark on in not re-passion mysterious chain
Higher in the darkest clouds and turning to feeling of the dark you've pray
Claws in life, nothing seams the dark
Again sworn everything to come is creed

Songwriters
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