Nothing to Do

Once upon a time,

When sun is bleeding,

And night-time is coming,

For human fates,

Which were sent to writer...

Writer, Writer, where is your pen?

Write in the book of fates,

Write human stories,

Write ends, starts, wars, deaths...

Write about souls in emotions,

Write, write, and just still write,

Ask about his fate,

Why you want to know an answer?

Story is fixed,

You can't change it,

You can just die...

Writer, Writer, what is your motivation?

Write stories of somebody,

Write laws and freedoms,

Write about somebody who is known by him,

Write word what will be said,

Write and don't see what,

When you stand and say that fate is bitch,

Let's find writer,

Let's find our fatemaker,

You will never find him,

You will just die...

Writer, Writer, when will you see your work,

Write with pen,

Write by own blood,

Write and forget about lives,

Write and be just machine,

Write stories and forget about them....

We aren't blank pages, people write their own thoughts to us,

We aren’t free, somebody wrote our story, and you can't do anything,

You can abuse, that world is fucking bitch, but nothing will be changed,

Someone different write our stories, and everything will be just in its range.

Systemdanger

Stories are our pictures, they aren't changed and they will be still some,

When the first who understand that we can't do anything different like die, world has forbidden death. When somebody who understand that our story is written by people and they have forbidden to change it, say true to world, world has forbidden talking. Everytime somebody is found, who wanna change systems, thinking became to be a danger.

System was built,

And nothing will destroy it,

It is a law.

Dreamers are unwished,

Because they are carrying questions,

It is true.

Questions aren't welcomed,

Because they need thinking,

It is danger.

Thinking is dangerous,

Because who thinks, find problems,

It is destroying illusions.

Problems aren't seen,

And never will be able to seen,

It is system.

Illusions is needed,

If they didn’t exist, system would be crushed,

It is rule.

People are good troop,

If you promise certainty, they hear you,

It is human's mind.

Friendly illusions are important,

Divide world for black and white,

And of course, where will people wanna be?

When will somebody say something against system,

When he showed to problem,

System will reject him.

System will tell him,

You are just fucking bitch, fuck motherfucker. Fuck you!

And he stays alone.

Death will be forbidden,

For no end of misery and salvation,

For warning for every next dreamers.

Systems are too fixed for one dreamer,

And if he really wants change something,

He will be forgotten.

Who want to be black,

When white is colour of system,

Who want be different and out of people?

Who wanna be devil, when god is rhapsodised?

Who wanna go against system, when everybody believes in it?

Who wanna finish like fucking shit, like motherfucker?

So people think that better isn’t to go against system,

So it is too fixed.

Be forever live in illusions...

We will be forgotten, we will be lost. Systems don't want their dreamers and haters.

We finish like wretched fool, foul fuck motherfucker, shit, nobody. Because we don't want their laws and rules. We see beauty in darkness, we see problems in systems.

We will be forgotten. But it doesn’t matter, because reaper will come to us and we will be free in hell. We won’t have life, because in life are systems. We live just for our own death.

Fire of Midnight

I have woken up and see- all is twisted.

Where am I? Where have I woken up?

I wanted to forgot, I didn’t want to know,

Where am I? Why everywhere is light what is burning me?

Go away! Far, Far Away!

I don't need you,

I don't wish you!

When you will sometimes write a list of your haters,

Don't forget for me too!

I refuge near you, but you give me just words,

Why are you doing this? Did you want my fidelity?

With words about heavens, about gods?!

You just did, that I destroy your mask of reality!

Don't you still see?

When will sun die,

When moon will say “come on”,

I don't follow you, and I just make a fire,

I am dark fire demon!

Midnight is coming. Dark is clarify my view,

Shine did just illusions, now I see,

It is just few minutes to midnight,

It will be fire, fire from hate, fire from me.

Fire of midnight will be,

Terminal hate from us,

I am demon of darkness,

Firechild, born from hate and hell,

So, why are you finding holies and blessing?

Stories

When people find society, they can give their own freedom away, they destroy themselves, they do everything.... they listen commands and rules, and they don't see for their own view. System is making... And when somebody sees some problems and mistakes in system, system will destroy him. He will finish in abyss, like a last bitch. And who will follow his ideas?

We are in system,

System is all,

It took our own control,

While we rhapsodised its,

System is from god,

God is all,

And if you don't believe in it,

You will go the hell.

Hell is bad and heaven is good,

Isn't it obvious?

We are living in world where everything is divided for black and white,

Choose one, or lose all,

But choose this right,

And right isn’t black!

We've got a words,

What shall do and what not,

We lost mind,

Burnt memories,

For everything before,

Just system is forever,

And we will have wage,

Maybe, after forever,

Nobody will be against system,

His work is doomed for failure before he does it.

But he can’t die, because his death can be sacrifice,

And next would wanna system be frozen,

Death is danger, he is still away from us,

And who want to follow him?

Who wanna follow somebody who is declared by system like fool, bitch?

When society, system destroy him, who will wanna follow his visions?

Where he will finish? In abyss, far away from systems, like fuck motherfucker,

What will happen next?

How long will this system be?

But why? Why we still believe?