

Armageddon, Illusions Tale

On the edge the voice still is calling
It drives you crazy
In the air it still is talking

Out of the light you just can't sleep
Talking voices
Losing the grip, losing the spirit
In your last delirium

Falling

In the play the curtains closing
Time is running
In your veins the temperature is falling

Out of reach it's gone to deep
What's the choice
Losing the grip, losing the spirit
In your last delirium

Falling down on illusions tale
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