

# 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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