

Asguard, In Two Time

Night.
I can hear her voice.
The thought of freedom
is nothing in the chaos of false ideas
and idle memories.

Life, sleep and thought
are senseless and disordered
and it's only a phantom of hope,
that revives visions
from the chaotic memory
of the hazy past.
It's like two sides of the whole:
freedom and slavery,
day and night, sleep and life!

But the time has come.
Somebody's voice
doesn't leave me alone.
The only way
out for me is to fall asleep.

There are only a few seconds
just a few moments to fall asleep again.
There will be sleep again,
there will be life again.

But is it a real life or just fiction?
It's only a wish to turn something
which is desired into reality.
It is moon light again
and everything repeats.

You are the master of everything,
everything belongs to you.
The voice is heard again
but it doesn't attract,
it commands to come back.
It follows me.
I have a few seconds to wake.