

Grand Alchemist, Minds Delusion Sleeps for Creation

Rows conspire of becoming,
odour of a dead man.
A hole in my memory
firmly changing the heir

I am still falling down
Swimming towards the deathlike-sea

Take a deep breath and I am still frozen
I was told to be among my sanity
Reality will fade my illusions of the grey
Take my hand and I will be gone, alone

I am still falling down
Swimming in acting agony

Take a deep breath
and feel the piercing pain
Awoken by the sun
and crawling through the ground
The blindness of my compassion
has grown lame
I can't take part in your sorrow
and deserving pain

Reality will fade
my illusions of the grey
Take my hand and I will be gone, alone
I may speak my way into my opened mind
Hello you freak I am crossing the line!

I am buried in the ground
as a self-confessing down
Buried with the tools of
my value burning misery
My horizon is darkened to your eyes,
I grow the mourn rose
I fuck the damn dignity of lies
and I undo life...