

# 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...