

Love Like Blood, Blood Trails

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MAELSTROM OF THE FAST PASSING TIME
NOW AND HERE WE EXIST BETWEEN THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST
IN NEUROTIC LUXURY AND FROSTWORK ON OUR EYES
LIKE THE HOARFROST ON A MEADOW ARE THE PLEASURES THAT WE ENJOY

BUT THEN CAME DISILLUSION, A FEAR FROM YESTERDAY
AND NOW YOU ARE RUNNING
WITH TRAILS, TRAILS OF BLOOD
TRAILS OF BLOOD BEHIND YOU

WE WERE FALLING IN MADNESS WITHOUT TWINGES OF CONSCIENCE
ON A SHIP OF FICTION WE ENJOY THE AFFLUENCE
THE RESULTS WERE NOT HERE AND SO WE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND
AND AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS WE AWOKE FROM THE DREAM OF LIFE

BUT THEN CAME DISILLUSION, A FEAR FROM YESTERDAY
AND NOW YOU ARE RUNNING
WITH TRAILS, TRAILS OF BLOOD
TRAILS OF BLOOD BEHIND YOU

NOW WE ARE OLDER AND WE LOOK DOWN
YOU FAILED THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO LOOK BEHIND YOU
TO AWOKE FROM THE DREAM OF LIFE, THE DREAM OF LIFE