

Mors Principium Est, Into Illusion

Same as always, we stroke the nail too deep
It's hard to see the coffin's closed again
No connection, between the scattered parts
of life and death. Do not regret, you knew

And so it goes, go round again
The vision still remains
If the flesh is weak the mind is all
Let us not understand

Into illusion
Into illusion, we go
Into illusion
Into illusion, we fall

So plain and simple, desaturated thought
As above, so below, i know
Immune to reason when consequence kills all
one thousand times the hand hits the wall

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