

# Noumena, Innate 13

At times my empty and tangled eyes betray  
To believe this I need more than mere faith  
In this cold and desolate ward of mind  
Intoxicated truth I bear inside

At times this shattered being is lost

For it all is gone I've sharpened the blade in my dreams  
In alteration I have broken old entities  
In a kind of mental subtraction  
Everything fades and everything dies for a while

Come my fierce and lonely grave  
Enter my bleeding dreams  
Come and be where it all ends  
Everytime when I surge inside

The bleaker desire, more painful demise  
For aeons I've worn black spirit disguise  
For all things to come I shiver inside  
To taint the world with blood at times

This shattered being is lost

This endeavour is not worth all esteem  
As a birthmark I'm stained with number 13  
For a desolate mind can't be divine  
All illusions can't last more than for a while

Carved is a number into my skin imprisoned in all these cages