

Poema Arcanus, Isolation

Isolating myself, from a thousand lies
From all those empty plights, avoid all that hurts

No contact with external, entombed in my mind
Coldness surrounds me, like a womb of thorns

Chorusx2:

Like a shivering stone
Covered by a shivering hand

A pale, static face, behind a misty glass
Denying the ritual, erasing all codes

Cast away from this, a world which I will leave
Just longing for the call of my bitter god

Chorusx2

Silently, Tacitly, in an endless row
Ageless images, call you by an unknown name

Endlessly in the hollow age, always to lie outside
So it was written, so I will suffer