

Tad Morose, Absent Illusion

Climbing on the stairs of life
Through different phases I've been
Recollections from the silent years
To learn the facts of life
and fool the perils of mind
Then the voice of madness would lead me down

Loosing my will
Loosing my hope
Thoughts of confusion
Loosing my will
Loosing my hope
Absent illusion

So the evil came at last
Forever autumn dark and cold
A screaming silence haunts me
Frightened by reality
and the way it became
Memories will render you astray