

# Aeon, Blinded By The Afterlife

all that I wanted is to lay under ground  
this world is not for me, so I die as a god (of emptiness)  
I want to retire from a place for which I don't care  
my world, it dies too, but my life will not end down there  
nobody will see me, where I fumble in the dark  
and exploring for dimensions where my spirits will grow

now I see the cerecloth closing above me  
no thinking for the future, for now no future for me  
the maggots will soon feed, crawling through and over me  
but my soul will search for dimensions of eternity

my spirit, will show the path  
where you can see, my forgotten rests  
a miserable, disfigured tomb  
lay some flower, for my tired soul

it will wake me, and I'll be there