

As I Lay Dying, Illusion

How could I go back...
Back to the life where I lived amongst the dead.
Those who have forgotten how to feel
And become slaves to memory and wishful thinking.
But Your love has set me free
As You've awakened every star that has been sleeping
In the constellation of my soul.
How could I go back to live amongst the dead?
Those who imprisoned beauty.
I never want to leave Your arms.
So I wait in hope for Your embrace.
Illusions of what I thought was love
Now I have clear sight
To see I've left nothing behind.