

Compos Mentis, Circle Of One

What pale ghost crept through the curtain?
Cleaved the doze with its tongueless speech
As the double-horned moonship sailed among the radiant eyes of the dark
A being with a thousand haunting faces riding a rhythm
Towards the eternal landscape of death
The creature of the underworld
Drags me down inside the bowels of the earth
Waiting for me to recognize this strange circle of one
Rainbow in bloom, crude colours unfold
Penetrating the cracks of a long lost soul
That squirms in sheets and tangled nightmares
Anxious eyes seek the glimpse of answer
As the poisoned injection ink the veins
And make streams of blood run cold
I feel my hollow fears are all caught dead