

Compos Mentis, The Mind's Eye

Look into that ancient mirror
All dressed in gold,
Silver and scentless
Flowers in bloom
Tortuous tongues welcome you
From beyond the dusty glass
So seductive
But the words have a hollow ring
Cannot hold on to the phantasm
And the reflection fades away
Turned cold and dark, the blank mirror
Now leaves you to your silent screams
You're stuck in an illusion
The fragile glass is shattered
You're stuck in an illusion
Gazing at the idle, golden drapery
The mind must open its eye
Behold the might of your quintessence
The mind must open its eye
Look at that ancient mirror
Now covered with mold,
Verdigris and lifeless
Excrescences that loom
The broken glass depicts a four-legged creature
But as the remnants decay
And your illusionary self seeks deeper
You feel the harsh burden of heaven