

Crematory, Lost In Myself

Shadows of thoughts
Reflections of one's fantasies
Like a tumor slowly eating itself from its body
Escape from ones self
Escape from tomorrow
The pressure form within to timeless remembrance

Lost in yourself
Lost in tomorrow
Lost in myself
Lost in your own created world

Lost in myself
I've been lost in your own created world

When blind eyes see more
When deaf ears hear more
When the deceased live again

The mirror of your fears
Caught in the space of time
A cry - a call - an attempt to escape
The lungs empty of air
The body dry of perspiration

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