

Cultus Sanguine, The Calling Illusion

Here in her arms
on my own
in the shine of delusions
The calling illusion
takes my thoughts
and my feel
On the rise of this coil
of growing depression
this coil is boring
the air is so deep
full of dead hopes
The calling illusion
takes my thoughts
and my feel
I fly this breeze, the night

The night now seems to be eternal
this coil of thoughts
steals my breath
as the illusion seems to be real

Follow me
on this coil
of growing depression
follow me
over this wind
the gate of suicide
the breeze of all lies

Over the clouds
higher than wind
illusion brings me
on the higher side
I'm so high embraced in her wings
I feel like who might
dare to leave

The night now seems to be eternal
this coil of thoughts
steals my breath
as the illusion seems to be real