

# Dies Irae, The Beggining Of Sin

look - come  
close your eyes and hold your thought  
take it, claim for yourself  
tis yours, the slaves know it well

seek - it's there  
yet you shall not find it  
your eyes are blinded  
you are weak and fragile

the truth slays abruptly  
rip your eyes out - the beggining of sin  
touch - feel the infinity  
yet you have your hand no more

pain and torment are the comprehension  
do you want to last? or know?  
after all, you exist no more...