

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...