

Funeralium, Funeralium

Oh these years of misconception
Would have led anyone in a place of mist

Uncertainty fools one
Blind be the meek
For they shall stand in the middle of the path

Don't ever give a glance at your sides

Keep the way enlightened
Don't let darkness be evermore

Another path there is
That hurts heart and soul
It shows both truth and scorn
Its end reveals wisdom and despair
Tightest links are those
You tie around your own world
Blindest eyes will ever see

But yet the Chrysalis that's weaved is hollow and dead
A meaningless existence implies an arbitrary end