

# Lunatica, Garden Of Delight

In this garden time is creeping  
The odours so firm like a wall  
Caressing me, making me loosing my will  
Am I alone? How did I get here?  
It seems that a gate in my dreams let me pass  
What a picturesque place  
A confusing heap of sounds  
Almost like silence if you consume them entirely  
My sight is sharpened

Garden of delight

I never find an exit  
If beauty could kill I would have died a hundred deaths  
Colours of a splendidness that I never saw before  
Plants are highgrown and perfect  
But somewhere there has to be a poisonous one  
Beyond the surface, something is waiting just to overthrow me