

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