

# Noumena, Retrospection

On threshold of madness in self denial state  
Within a holocaust, with unlimited rage  
A major plan about everything as one  
A sad amendment for something long gone

On throne of sickness in self deluded state  
The walls are built for the one wasted away  
A major need to apply another sore  
A cruel fortune, an explanation to adore

Oh, euphoria  
How I long for you  
How I crave for you

Tainted, all the moments are wasted  
Just to really be certain  
To re-arrange everything  
Just to be real

I'll gather tonight my thoughts upon another sore  
Sometimes it hurts so real it's unreal

Hey, I'll gather my thoughts upon another sore  
Hey, a recreation to another level of man  
Hey, a recreated man