

Peccatum, Between The Living And The Dead

It grew from air
With a leaf's despair
Left behind deadline

The language of sanity rejected
In faith and for no visible purpose
Seeking further;
Seeking further
Into the pit named a soul

This subtle call
This seduction
This mind game
Is preparing your fall

Thoughts transformed
Into whispering voices
Alluring you to cross the border
Where no return alone
Can manage to get you home

This naked scenery;
Arms grasping for your throat
Yet, you dance and fade