

Pestilence, Extreme Unction

Trapped inside my self-capsule
For a journey into an atmosphere
A darkened space I'm floating in
Although I am not here
I'm cought, a romm, it`c coloured black
The trap I haven`t chosen
I cannot think, my limbs
I cannot move, seems like they`re frozen
Peaceful existence in a world
Above earthly life
I've been there in this paradise
Where all is calm and nice
Walking in the other side
I can`t tell the difference
Between day and night
Voices I can hear
Hidden somewhere, but they`re near
Out there in this universe
Imaginary world of fantasy
Am I dreaming?
But It seems so real to me
Humanity denies death
Search for immortality
Melancholy desire
Can`t become reality
No reason to fear death
We all will meet it anyway
A promised life in hereafter
As we will pass away