

Something Beautiful, On Death & Dying : The Fear

So where do we go now that we haven't been?
And where did we come from - where did we begin? Tell me...
If life be unending, then how does it seem
That as I lay bleeding, that life was a dream? Tell me why.
As I wake into that horror that waits for me
As life begins to fade
Before my time let the darkness come
To know if it's true that we die just once
For if I awake to another dream
I'll know what to believe
And what then for this one's morbid fantasies
Terrifying landscapes are haunting his dreams
Does he the shadows from another nightmare in the
Blood that's calling out for freedom from its prison
Let them bleed, the bodies dry,
Burn them with gasoline
And then burn the ashes we leave
Before him the silence and darkness comes
His victims lay bleeding from fatal blows
And blessings forever to let them see
To know what murder means
Alone with my hatred
Alone with my dreams
In spite of the statement of fear that remains
Wipe me clean, bathing my body with kerosene
Soon making ashes of me
The flesh growing colder I close my eyes
And wade through the visions that flood my mind
My life set before like a passing dream
The facts were fantasy
Eternity calls me into its womb
And calls me up out of my earthly tomb
Does heaven await or another dream
I die or so it seems