

Soul Demise, Towards The Gate

Ageless during self-intoxicaton
Chaotic and loose the authority I'm under
Carried by the clouds of thoughts
Towards the gate of being
One's own flesh and blood
Disfigured by light and shadows
Mirror's power represses me
Exposure in a soft way
To receive this division
An eternity for time to pass by
Pleasure instead of womb fruit's course
A climax but not the wise seed
The price of dwelling twosomeness
Unappreciated, burnt, the true self
Neither realized what is real
Nor am I untouchable
Intoxication by sweet sounds in my head
Shall never end, shall never pass away
The second self was born thereby
I'll never miss the mirror's image
Towards the gate
Disfigured by light and shadows
Mirror's power represses me
Exposure in a soft way