

Tacere, Phantasm

She feels a cold breeze,
at night, she hears distant cries.
She is just a child but still she knows
The girl in the mirror is not herself
Just a phantasm of death to become

These deep delusions are too grave for a child to bear
Thus all this trauma haunts her for life until the end.

She sees atrocious things,
at night, she perceives the fear in their minds.
She is just a child, but still she knows when it's time
The little boy running in the fields is not real
Just a burning soul of a soon dead one

These deep delusions are too grave for a child to bear
Thus all this trauma haunts her for life until the end.

These deep delusions are too grave for a child to bear
Thus all this trauma haunts her for life until the end.
Now she finally sees herself in the mirror: beauty lost.
The answer to mystery of her life, is now clear
death death death death