

Xysma, Until I Reach The Unattainable

Sounds from the distant past, a ghost of my mind
Raging currents which I created in my head
Imprisoned me as I went too close
To its final aim - within this moment
In the gentle breeze I see it
Through boundless corners of the mind
On verity I ride
Until I reach the unattainable
Will I reach the unattainable
Anger of the imaginary gods
An enormous outburst is hidden
Inside me - there it is
Anger - I can see it
The world is a green flash - mixed with purple
Fading away, fading away
It appears again, it appears again