

## To Our Ashes

Agathodaimon

It is the mind, which creates the world about us  
And even though we stand side by side  
My eyes will never see what is beheld by yours  
My heart won't respond to your touch

Out of the caverns of the pain  
Like a child from the womb, stillborn  
Like a ghost from the tomb  
I arise and unbuild it again

We don't see things as they are  
We see them as we are  
And all that we see or seem to be  
Is but a dream within a dream  
I see life blurred and shallow every day by day  
In this world's theatre in which I stay  
Three Death gently descends, from spheres up high  
Staring into my cold and humid eyes  
You're closing your eyes, try turning your head  
Away from the gloom, trying to forget  
But when I start to laugh, she mocks  
And when I cry she laughs...  
And hardens evermore her heart  
But when I start to laugh, she mocks  
And when I cry she laughs...  
All things come to the those who wait  
I say these words to make me glad  
But something answers, soft and sad  
They come... but often come too late

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Staring into my cold and humid eyes  
You're closing your eyes, try turning your head  
Away from the gloom, trying to forget  
But something answers, soft and sad  
They come... but often come too late  
Cause I am sick of this way of life  
As life is sick of the way we pretend  
But I have walked with Death hand in hand  
And Death's own hand is warmer than my own!

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