Spectral Vanity

Ashent

Every night they come to me whispering their lies Another days is lost breath after breath And slowly we die

You give new meaning for perceptions glare
Through the looking glass the world now blooms
And now layers upon layers sear the only thing that's true

Blind the world before the fatal scene
The most beautiful fall gave the name to everything
Condemning us as we face eternity
To know, to sow, desperate we call

Spectral vanities of human kind Far from the truth we trod Shattered tragedies make the melodies As creation sings along

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