

# Blindfolded Centuries

Benighted

The awakening is brutal and the strange places around me  
And both quiet and distressing  
The urge to vomit is back

In my inside world I think I've crossed the line  
Swear and tears run on my skin  
I feel the same pain again.  
The ashes of my past life still burn  
And cycle of my being is back in a new beginning  
The first fruits of a second childhood which is more obscure and twisted  
How could I forgive?  
How could I forget?  
During my soul crossed

Blindfolded centuries  
The pathetic reflection of all I was frightened to be  
Appears to me with unbearable brutality

This morning looks like the others  
And I feel dizzy in front of the immobility of my existence  
I've seen my equals cross the blindfolded centuries  
And fall around me  
Each time born in a different dimension  
My own sick representations  
Which perhaps only exist through me

But today begins my new life  
In this pure white room  
I can't move, the chains are back  
To tell me that my torments are not over  
I can just look at this new birth, powerless  
The first breath's so painful

Blindfolded centuries  
The pathetic reflection of all I was frightened to be  
Appears to me with unbearable brutality

All that I believed being a part of me in this entity  
Is just a fucking illusion