

The Beggining Of Sin

Dies Irae

Look - come
Close your eyes and hold your thought
Take it, claim for yourself
Tis yours, the slaves know it well

Seek - it's there
Yet you shall not find it
Your eyes are blinded
You are weak and fragile

The truth slays abruptly
Rip your eyes out - the beggining of sin
Touch - feel the infinity
Yet you have your hand no more

Pain and torment are the comprehension
Do you want to last? or know?
After all, you exist no more...