

## 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...