

Dementia

In Strict Confidence

Two brains in my head, my mind is out of control
Looking for blood, looking for meat
I see your minced body under cover of the night
Pale, like the moon above
Trembling hands, sweat on my lips
Can't believe it, can't believe
I'm possessed, possessed
Pure water washes the death away
Cleans my conscience, my conscience
Dawn is coming smashes me to the ground
Brings me back, to reality, to reality
Demons are exhausted in the glaring light
Tiredness grabbs at me embraces me so deep.

It's a normal day in a normal life until the coming night

Desiccated dreams, created by the devil
My body on a pyre
Defaced, past recognition
A sudden fall into an endless hole in front of me
No one's holding me back, no one's hearing my scream
The eyes wide opened, there's nothing to clamp
To stop my fall
Harsh taste on my tongue
It strangles my throat, it strangles my throat
Now lying here awake
The eyes still closed, it's time to go
I take my knife beside me
Without sense of direction a stumble through the streets
A vicious circle, no one can escape
I'm a slave of myself, a slave of my psyche
Night by night, the bloodthirstiness is unchanged
The ground is coloured in red.

It's a normal day in a normal life until the coming night