

## Still It Has Only Just Begun

Mortal Love

On the outskirts of my mind  
There's really nothing left  
Integrity's gone  
I've lost myself again

On the outskirts of my mind  
There's really nothing left  
Hell is loose, and it's only just begun

On the outskirts of my mind  
There's really nothing left  
Violet dreams of violent kind  
They haunt me now you're gone

Violet dreams of violent a kind  
Kaleidoscope mind of hate  
The battle with everyone  
Was really just the enemy within

I hold the truth, I am the cure  
I hold you down, I beg you now  
Try not to look me in the eye  
As I'm headed for the kill  
I know I have to do it, even if I'm lost

Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you  
But it seems like I never had you anyway

This ceremony of opposites in my relation  
To both shadows at play in complete and  
Utter darkness, and the inexplicable absence  
Of light on the brightest of days. The  
Reality presented to me by shadows  
Appear no different  
That the one displayed by light.  
I am the difference, I am the anomaly  
I am the abyss, and the void. It is the  
False truth, and the truth is always false.

Can't seem to find the outskirts  
Can't seem to remember the violet  
Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you  
Can't seem to tell a dream from a lie  
Can't seem to tell you why I'm here.