

Retrospection

Noumena

On threshold of madness in self denial state
Within a holocaust, with unlimited rage
A major plan about everything as one
A sad amendment for something long gone

On throne of sickness in self deluded state
The walls are built for the one wasted away
A major need to apply another sore
A cruel fortune, an explanation to adore

Oh, euphoria
How I long for you
How I crave for you

Tainted, all the moments are wasted
Just to really be certain
To re-arrange everything
Just to be real

I'll gather tonight my thoughts upon another sore
Sometimes it hurts so real it's unreal

Hey, I'll gather my thoughts upon another sore
Hey, a recreation to another level of man
Hey, a recreated man