

# Between The Living And The Dead

Peccatum

It grew from air  
With a leaf's despair  
Left behind deadline

The language of sanity rejected  
In faith and for no visible purpose  
Seeking further;  
Seeking further  
Into the pit named a soul

This subtle call  
This seduction  
This mind game  
Is preparing your fall

Thoughts transformed  
Into whispering voices  
Alluring you to cross the border  
Where no return alone  
Can manage to get you home

This naked scenery;  
Arms grasping for your throat  
Yet, you dance and fade