

Essence

Poema Arcanus

L and M: Igor L.

I send my cry too far
(but nobody hears it) .
Make me a mask of lies,
While I'm searching inside.

What lies within?
Turn to empty words.

How can I define?
May I try to define?

Life ... Mind ... and Soul

Chorus:
Life, Mind, Soul,
It's all so confusing...
A pale cold rhetoric...
Just like an illusion...
Of what I would like to be.

My precious flame seems like
Any futile light.
The fellow man I deny
A mirror of the shame I hide

I hide...
Try to conceal
But my flesh will always be weak
Dive deep into me
Air lacks, will never reach.

Chorus