

## Between Times

Rotting Christ

The drums of time I have stopped  
The ecstatic quietude  
Sucks up every fear  
And every desire

Illusions of the moment  
Featureless figures  
Intensified feelings  
I`m running behind my shadow

In this vastness  
I can feel your presence  
I cannot understand  
Your misleading words

Inconceivable beauty  
Sweet melody  
Forgotten senses  
Are waking up

Dark is the night  
Always and never  
This is the time  
Of total purification

Lost in thoughts  
Trying to touch

The perfect moment  
But the clock strikes again