

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