

## Delusions

Rotting Christ

take me in a heavy sleep  
in adventures I've never seen  
in a dimension before death  
mentally lost always have been

if none of us / return from death

there is so a weaving  
to explain life  
in a place  
there is no life  
what I adore  
is lost behind

all the figures feel like me  
how can I feel as pain does not exist  
here knowledge meets nothingness  
a lost dream, a psychotic feast

if none of us / return from death

there's so weaving  
to explain life  
in a place  
there is no life  
what I adore  
is lost behind

I have no advice  
how I could  
it seems so cordial  
but in a way it's not

delusions: lead my like  
delusions: name all my life  
with a picture of an empty heaven  
a clear distinction

between death & joy