

i get flashes of reality quickly consumed  
in the fog of existence and the thoughts i exhumed  
are lost to the grasping fingers of understanding  
a dancing light on the edge of my sight  
that teases me through the futility of life  
and torments my slumbering mind into action

this is not a lethal wait but it can be a kind of deception  
vanity is a heavy weight fuelled by a constant rejection

no rational perception of the meaning sustained  
i have no pain to measure but the concept remains  
high and illusive a briefly glimpsed bright  
hall of awareness where my soul is in flight  
a strong evolution of humanity's ground  
a large inhalation of both meaning and sound  
based on a primitive urge of exploration

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they say that music is the window of the soul  
look through the frosted pane at the melody of my heart  
i am the dreamer yes i am the only one  
i have been victim of obsession from the start  
she came then to me in a cloud of tension  
disguised by perfume of lovers affection  
maintained a silence kind of rejection  
nervous of feelings she was just too scared to mention  
but i was staring deep into the lake of despondency

nihilistic nightmare on which i've embarked  
my soul is exposed to the truth that is stark  
and no one can help me solving this rare conundrum  
but the world goes on spinning the sun comes again  
washes fear from my memory clears doubt from my brain  
the awesome eye sweeps past into the distance

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