

# Dementia

## Through the Eyes of the Dead

And I awoke in utter horror from the noxious dream  
Was it, in fact, a dream?  
The vision, the smell, the screams  
I can't hear my voice  
I can't see myself  
Vague emptiness  
There is no sound, no sense of touch  
Non existence

This room is empty, and all I see is white  
No exit... nothing in sight

The jaws of insanity begin to drip  
In this labyrinth of non-existence

I feel my mind implode into the void  
Reality now recluse, a most impalpable lunacy

Millions of eons shall pass, and then continue tenfold,  
And I will still be here  
There is no longer death, nor life...  
Just existence and dementia

Dementia  
Dementia

My essence fades into the white  
Ingrained into nothing  
I am dementia  
I am dementia

Eternal reverie of non-existence

I am time with no end, for no means, but everlasting insanity

Skepsis was the loathsome omen  
The deceptive abomination  
That ushered this torturous dissolution

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And I will still be here  
There is no longer death, nor life...  
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Dementia