

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
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Dementia