

Dhul-Qarnayn

"Ambiguous Delirium (emerna Cover)"

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nought ...

vivacious in shining gardens.
when god absolves your ignorance.

sleeping with shadows of cedars.
you love your life and this joyance.

you pray for your childish desires,
to something you never felt.

to something you never saw.
to someone you never have.

it's for when you are sunken inside lies, where you
don't belong.

descending in baseless emptiness.
revolving inside of nought.

and anguished by disjointed perceptions,
in illusive incoherent thought.

invisible discordance of time.
indeterminate sense into pace.

and tearful by disjointed perceptions,
in unreal silence of grief.

it's for when you are drifting inside of reality, where
you really are.
believe me there's nothing than nothing.
it's immense cycle and cypher.

you think not I know what I say.
you think not I know what I say.

just feel that discordance of nature.
believe in erosion of creature.

deny those illusive perceptions.
and accept your natural depression.

believe in resumption of death.
believe in departure of breath.

I saw a disorder in motions.
I saw those repugnant emotion.

and forget sensations you sought.
then fall into silence of nought.

you think not you knew what I said.
you think not you know what I'll say.

for I saw that infinite twister blackness,
drowned its creatures in its absolute gloom,
and thence whatever we know,
is positive obscurity of an absent reality, no more.

you are sunken in that gloom and this is not life,
because gradually you outwear, to complete a cycle.
be sure you'll never hide from erosion and revival,
that's epidemic.
now if you think you have a soul,
I should to say that's nothing except your nerves,
that will stop with natural erosion of your luscious flesh.
a glorious materialistic death.
now you can curse your parents,
or hate this stupid humanity and their daydream.
you can cut your flesh with a razor,
or you can call the police or emergencies.
or you can ... what am I talking about? ...
I think not ... let ... I look again ...
Ok I was a child and my dad hurt ...
what? ... am I insane? ... where I am? ...
what am I talking about? ...
what am I talking about? ...
what's this darkness? ...
please somebody tell me what's wrong with me? ...
no I'll be fine I'm sure ... I'll be fine ...
and I'll be there again, yeah ...
no I don't know, I'm not sure, I'm not sure ...
psychosis? ...
what? ...
cycle? ...
emptiness? ...
emptyness? ...

huahaa ...

(Lyrics untouched, and written by Emerna and were
given to Learza)

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