

Dies Irae

"Til Your Eyes Turn Black"

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Illusion confused
From sigh to tears
A feeling of oblivion.

Nothing is the same
A whisper in your ear,
Nothing is the same
But I say I can't hear
Beyond your lie
A truely word forbide.

We will be faithful
Or maybe just believers
We will like planets
In mystical scenery
We will like angels
Under pendent clouds.

Desert field
Guide me in your roots
Please, be my torture
Like the snow
Sometimes was for you.

Beyond desire
I go into your hell
In that enormous clarity
In that intense burning

It shall be because of me
That I once thought,
That I prevent the cry
That I once felt
That I shouldn't say a lie

It shall be because of me
That I once smile
That I ignore the tide
That I will be blind
And overtake the pain

This time I distinguish

Flowers of thorns,
When the flesh commands,
You become nothing,
And in the emptiness gets lost
Nothing of nothing

Something was lost
The earth is reek of sex
Will be the place elected
For mankind.
That will be again

Victim of insanity.
The smile of the souls
Will bath the heaven
With blood,
The battle is don't be battle
But a irrelevant success
Sometime they will do
The spirit is their nightmare.

And like mankind
Victims of their own qualities
Here, we are lives, deads,
Is the last word.

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