

Howling Syn

"Between Sleep And Waking"

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The rebellion of the mind
The sickness of time
Those dreams are better left alone
Untouched and veiled

Between sleep and waking
Stands the gentile sacred vice
Vultures' cold perfume
Invading my barren feelings

What are you now?
Infested by pity
Painting faces with a rusty knife

[Chorus:]
Why is there so much blood in my cloudy dreams?
I must be dreaming or why am I walking?
My twisted mind, my sinful times
Are my allies in darkness

Between sleep and waking
Only desperate cries to dance to
Blinding consciousness
Death screams like my twisted flesh

What has been done cannot be erased
All that beauty will remain a mystery

[Chorus]

Wake up!

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