

## **Illuminatus**

### **"Emotion Sickness"**

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Asylums for abandoned dreams  
And aborted revolutions  
The echoes of a dying mind  
It's only the faces that change

And you walk again  
Along that thin white line  
A poem for the dead  
A refuge for the weak

Staring through a photograph  
Do you ever wonder how you're still holding on?  
This is what you've become  
And you're no longer in control

Pictures of white fences on the cover of a housewives'  
magazine  
There is so much left to lose  
Her portrait is still hanging on the wall

From the bottom of an empty glass your own reflection  
points and laughs  
There is so much left to lose  
And you're no longer in control

Staring through a photograph  
Do you ever wonder how you're still holding on?  
This is what you've become  
And you're no longer in control

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