

Ion Dissonance

"Failure In The Process Of Identifying A Dream"

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shadows are finally freed to hover... the wintry
landscape,
apart from their mated-masters,
they seem serene has they dance childishly.
has for my soul... it is floating over some greyish
magenta,
watching me losing conscience from a good distance...
solaris is dimly shining,
and is desperately trying to pierce the pale wall of mist,
blurring his vision.
I cannot exactly describe this weariness in which I am
drowning,
yes... it is possibly the darkest day that I've ever
experienced.
yet misery don't seem so heavy anymore,
it seems more or less constant and relentless?
sorrow slips over me like rain usually does on soft
skin...
cold as marble stone.
I'm overwhelmed by this sudden state of neutrality... of
weightlessness.
I am lost trough an emptied heaven...
I sense that I am no longer alone in my foreign journey,
around me they swirl silently, those little aerial beings.
little angels of demise whispering music to my hear,
exquisite yet inaudible.
I cannot understand a thing of what they're saying.

silence is the beauty that I behold, profound has an
eternal slumber,
holding the strangest of dreams.
blindly I follow, for I am simply drugged by their livid
smile.
I cannot stop... not now, so close...
(to the unknown) frost is gradually spreading trough
my veins,
and toward my darkened heart,
crystallizing my blood after its passage...
luring me far away from what I might have once called:
home...
those little spirits are slowly killing me, with purity.
I know now that they want me to die an horrible death,

has much has anyone else.
and frankly, I don't really care anymore...

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