

Loud Family

"My Last Journey"

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Why do we never see the end of the tunnel?
The purity of light seems impossible to reach

This feeling of weightlessness, so oppressive
At once so light... fleshless
At once alone... and legions
Because here illusions can't exist
No need to hold your own
Now good and evil are one
No need to hold your own

Why do we never see the end of the tunnel?
The purity of light seems impossible to reach

Present, future, so oppressive
Who will grasp my hand?
So I don't sink in the abstruse mist of this last
Travel, future, so oppressive
Why must we die to find truth?
Why are human pains only steps, not even purgatory?

Why do we never see the end of the tunnel?
The purity of light seems impossible to reach

No need to lie to yourself
The imaginary creates no senses
No need to lie to yourself
Let serenity flood your body

Because here illusions can't exist
No need to hold your own
Now good and evil are one
No need to hold your own
Different emotions generate the same feelings
Surpassing ourselves
With cognition of the absolute
With the image of my carnal route

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