

Lux Occulta

"Infinite"

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Time ticks by through another sleepless dark.
People are breeding, silently feeding on each other's
spark.
Days fly by through this cold eventless life.
Seconds decaying, pulsing and splaying,
Slitting through each night.

Eyes grow wider to the shortness of my breath.
With every year the scars growing clearer edging
toward the depth.
Sight fades out with the light of every hour.
Sucking the sweet that on it's repeating grows ever
more sour.

I don't want to fade to nothing.
Am I dried to dust and blowing away?
I just need to believe in something.
Before I lose one more day.

Infinite.
There's got to be something more.
People are breeding, people are feeding...
Infinite.
There's got to be something more.
People are breeding, people are feeding...

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