

Aeon

"Clean Hand Of The Eternal Gods"

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all that I wanted is to lay under ground
this world is not for me, so I die as a god (of
emptiness)
I want to retire from a place for which I don't care
my world, it dies too, but my life will not end down
there
nobody will see me, where I fumble in the dark
and exploring for dimensions where my spirits will
grow

now I see the cerecloth closing above me
no thinking for the future, for now no future for me
the maggots will soon feed, crawling through and over
me
but my soul will search for dimensions of eternity

my spirit, will show the path
where you can see, my forgotten rests
a miserable, disfigured tomb
lay some flower, for my tired soul

it will wake me, and I'll be there

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