

Mirror Of Deception "Float"

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[J. Fopp / last verse: M. Baumhauer]

A burning bridge in the wake of silence
Crossing the rivers of liquid ice
The spiral virtue sentenced with the virus
Led by temptation and the echoing words

A final reflection the firestarter's on the run
Playing hide and seek inside this maze of oblivion
A vultures' feast on the doorsteps to serenity
Tiny streams of magma dripping through the shallow
graves

Gifted with the pawns of nothingness
The void's embrace a fatal delight
A leaden fly on the way to the moon
On the rise yet drowning
Entangled in this infinite trawl

Floating the deserted oceans
Sanctified is this irregular quest
And I dream of dying
Alone I wait for my bride
Now I cannot explain
These words of pain
To you my dying friend

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