

Morgoth "White Gallery"

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you feel the nearness of compulsion
slow creeping fear inside of me
no reason, to escape the assault
no reason, to break with the world
no more twisted illusion, or are they real
born to a second illusion, to kill yourself
white gallery
no reason, to escape the assault
no reason, to break with this world

why don't you pull me to death
take my hand and rescue me
escape from an obstinate memory
illusion of death comes slow
remember yourself in fear
distortion of life so near
it'd be the wrong way to fall
buried in my own privacy
locked out from humanity

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