

Pessimist

"Dreams Of Life Seem Morbid"

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Time elapsing
Evoking illusions of (those of) common visions
Opening eyes
Into simplicity and contentment

All though fades once the light fails...

And in these shadows
A reaping wind breathes the air
And I fall dead on the ground
In my mind...
My soul is torn to pieces
My heart is no longer pounding

Dreams of life seem morbid
A cold wind defeats the candle's flame
I can sense death...

And Frozen Satan
Untouched like untrampled lands
A moment
No one ought ever know (of)

Madness out of time...

And still you stand there
Wondering if you could
Send yourself to melancholy
Is this just the beginning of the passage
Or what paths are to be tread

Dreams of life seem morbid
A cold wind defeats the candle's flame
I can sense death...
Dreams of life seem morbid

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