

Rossomahaar

"Blind Eye And Muted Mind"

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Walking on a broken glass of one's tortured soul
These shadows tell me of a pale forgotten age
Exploring new horizons of exhaustion
I lip my tongue, lip with bleeding thorns

And they do sparkle, they do shine
With a light of their own, a light you cannot see
I leather phantoms with a bloody cream
As they gently shriek...

Elemental rain covers all with tears
Exquisite fire burns up to the purple throne
I desired to be mine

Valleys of wonders i walked
And saw the child of light i savagely torn apart
Where would this path lead me to
And where wolud my craving end

Weird planets and no less strange encounters
Veiled as widow's mourning caress
Enchanting streams of madness... I feasted at, bathed
in
Those of which i've been a teartained messiah

Seemingly equal axioms proved to be wrong
Thousands and thousands faces...
... yet no one real

Would you dare to believe me as you once
Believed yourself
Wolud you dare to know I mourn you
As I once mourned myself

Mourn you... you, my mind which is nor
No not anymore
Primal instincts, three scavengers of sorrow
Bewitching? oh no

Where do I head?
Some starngce place beyond the reach of imaginations
Imaginary hell?

Everything's possible, right after
Nothing took a place of me
I keep on travelling ever further
And further on

Further on into the upheaval
Of insanity
I rejoice and suffer... in this shivering prison shell
Oh what a poor triumph

Chaos out of order and order out of chaos
What a stellar path for me bethroned with
Sister abstract

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