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Tystnaden "The Vanishing"

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When you dream a lot it happens that reality Becomes confused with fantasy And while you're saying "do not believe it's all like that All is different from how you Imagine it" your heart howls a weeping of pain 'cause it knows that will never exist A reality wonderful like a dream, Will not ever & exist!

When the obsession takes you Every night I try the spell of my rhyme Hemmed in by void, collapsing the day Vanishing in the delicious state of mania Desire of accepting this living world but we can't Giddying me 'cause of the pointed thoughts in my brain

Open the dream's eyes and only dive in An overture of what expects me in a dream

Soil, ink, ills, stroke the hatred of tomorrow Sky, white, health, lies... of tomorrow Sun, death, dawn, stroke the hatred of tomorrow Moon, life, dusk, lies... of tomorrow A roving in my brain, ending with the cleaning sunrise A roving in my brain... ...Sham of perfection

I live with echoes' filters 'cause this world is not enough for me now.

When the obsession takes you

Every night I try the spell of my rhyme Hemmed in by void, collapsing the day Vanishing in the delicious state of mania Desire of accepting this living world but we can't Giddying me 'cause of the pointed thoughts in my brain Open the dream's eyes and only dive in An overture of what expects me in a dream Soil, ink, ills, stroke the hatred of tomorrow Sky, white, health, lies... of tomorrow Sun, death, dawn, stroke the hatred of tomorrow Moon, life, dusk, lies... sham of perfection A roving in my brain, ending with the cleaning sunrise A roving in my brain... ...Sham of perfection

I live with echoes' filters 'cause this world is not enough for me now.

It's my sham of perfection.

When you dream a lot it happens that reality Becomes confused with fantasy And while you're saying "do not believe it's all like that All is different from how you Imagine it" your heart howls a weeping of pain 'cause it knows that will never exist A reality wonderful like a dream, Will not ever exist...

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