

## Vii Arcano "Fog Path"

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Walking moments of life through the way of time  
The surrounding green tastes this immortal instant  
To be the frame of melancholy read by parallel selves  
Feeling golden winds opening the gate of our mortality  
The enchanting vision is trapped in reflected glass?

Hear the silence in million voices  
Oppressing breathing whirls into a void  
The picture's becoming clearer,  
The blast of clarity louder

No time to realize the apparition of the clearest  
moment  
That ruthless reality awakes me as I am her worst  
nightmare  
Living is again my inner fog path  
Scanned by this sarcastic clock of bitterness  
And recollections roar through the caverns of my mind

The picture's becoming clearer,  
The blast of clarity louder

No time to realize the apparition of the clearest  
moment  
That ruthless reality awakes me as I am her worst  
nightmare  
Living is again my inner fog path  
Scanned by this sarcastic clock of bitterness  
And recollections roar through the caverns of my mind

Enjoy the last breath of this glimpsy gasp of eternity,  
For a lullaby always comes to an end  
Enter the submission of a birth giving slumber  
Murderer of normality, killer of a blind sight  
Pillow and rest in my cradle of untouchable delight

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