

Provenance

"All Of Reality"

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Help me, please help me, the faces are dying
Everything's dying, but only for me
Nobody's crying and nobody's smiling
Expressions for feelings are long since gone

All of reality as it comes to me
False sensuality is our destiny
Patterns are drawn in an opened presence
The words and the lights
Desperately dancing, shouting in fear

Cold, fervent regression of the smile
There's no greater pain than the memories

of past pleasure in present days of sorrow
But still, the past will always be a prologue

Straight through the anguish
I speak from the earth
To you in your night of despair
The scream, the smile from the cradle,
that all of us meets,
dark and shining
The prologue's begun, we cannot escape

But this dance only lasts for a while
No one has stopped all the faces from dying,
so now I'm dying too...

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