

## 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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