

Alela Diane

"And Now For The Final Illusion"

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Wake up... Wake up... Wake up...

My eyes open wide as I wake, panting, some say that
dreams have deeper

Meaning.

That they are cries from our subconscious.

I feel strangely compelled to recount this one to my
love,

My Annabel, shaking her gently, I wonder why her flesh
has the chill of

Virgin snow.

My thoughts are disrupted as reality hits me like a bold
of lightning and I

Scream.

We are the crucified, we are the virtuous, we are the
damned.

We are the crucified, this is our nightmare, let's pray
we never fall

Asleep.

Imprisoned beneath the world where the soulless dwell.

Lies a place that the damned call home.

A place where the virtuous hide in fear.

A place we see only in our nightmares.

A place where the sun is silent.

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