

Odious

"Invitation To Chaotic Revelation"

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A hand behind a curtain
Empty theatre strange and new
Where the candles were chosen
To light the sullen view

White rose in the garden of death
Sleeping from her date of birth
But when the rain was falling down
Her time had come to take off the crown

A hand behind a curtain
Empty theatre strange and new
Where the candles were chosen
To light the sullen view

Different shapes of the universe
On one nail of a prayer
Master, follower, slave?
Different choices in one grave

Your book of knowledge is empty
Shiny drops of tears on these white pages

How beautiful was the myth of heart
Apophenia formed another living lie
But the mourning cannot hear
Debilitating the unsightly pyramids of
Horror and fear

And when the mutilated tongue creates new letters
We will fight for writing the brave words
And believing them
When the hand can rise and hold
We will fight to be inside
But a mirage was the idea of sin
Cause we were born so blind

Born killed hope of salvation

A whole illusion of equations
And biochemical emotions

But the logic still the same
I don't intend to dream again

When the hand can rise and hold
We will fight to be inside
But a mirage was the idea of sin
Cause we were born so blind

Kiss the whore to feed the role
Then regret to purify your soul
We don't even know what the role is
But when the curtains are pulled down
I took off the mask
But still I hear the claps of another existing hands
For I have spent all my life to know but failed

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