

Illuminata

"Metamorphobia"

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Part 1

Sudden truth, you're full of mischief,
You abandon yourself to your agonizing grief,

You keep your eyes peeled for a lie,
It is either do or die.

Live on others, live in sin,
The last thing I'll see, will be your grin.

You think, you're on the crest of the wave,
But your life takes a long time from the cradle to the
grave,
Grab the death by the scruff of his neck,
Give your life the very last peck.

Sudden fear, you're filled with despair,
Do you really have enough and to spare?
You scream at your uneasy feeling,
Do the tears serve as your veiling?

Live to clover, live to die,
Leave your body and have a sigh.

You think you had to bear a charmed life?
The last thing you'll see, will be a swinging scythe.
Your life will be snuffed out like a flaming blaze,
Your soul will be lost in an endless maze.

Part 2

She runs through ominous streets,
Ignores the tempting voices,
She declines the bleeding evil,
Just to lie in his arms again.

Cannot put up with the evil on her shoulder,
The angel whispers into her ear: Resist.
But the devil warmly recommends his power,
The radiating angel rests in her poisoned heart.

He crawls through endless deserts,
Drowns the devilish whispering,
He chases the hellish gofer away,
Just to feel her breath on his skin.

Cannot put up with the devil in his body,
The angels purify his soul with the sound of their
voices.
But the evil threatened to tear his life to pieces,
But the liberating angel rescued his soul from hell.

Release me from your ties. Free my mind. Leave me
alone
Keep your hands off. Confound you. Search for another
victim.
Finally they are disappeared.

Part 3

The musical box is standing on her bedside locker
A feathery ballerina spins around

All of a sudden the lovely melody is gone
She enters Dreamland sedately
Will this nightmare return again?

In this recurring dream, he is standing in front of her
She's reaching for him, but he disappears in a mist
He is only an illusion.

The musical box is lying on the ground
Her last childhood memory is destroyed

The melody will never echo in her ear again
She's almost falling asleep
Her fate is decided

She's searching for him despairingly, but he seems
to be gone
Bitter tears are running down her face
She sinks to the ground and succumbs to pain.

Part 4

He gropes for her hand
Feels it, affectionally encloses it
One moment, surpassing all the good and bad times
Your hand touches mine

He gropes for her mouth

Unreachable, her lips are closed
Visions of lovely biting them
I pretend to be asleep as good as I can.

You're the shadow following me
Through the shadows hunting me
I'll keep you behind
The sun you hide
My key... into the light.

He gropes for true words to say
Her single sight and her simple smile
He wants to be bed-confined
Your hand seems to be mine

She gropes for his tears
Dripping from his sleeping face
Her breath softly calls his name
I awake and do the same.

/ Tell me who wakes me up just to leave me again
drying my floating visions of eternity /
How can I, how can I break the wall surrounding
experience and expected memories /
Hiding her totally, gently, endlessly / Will she break
me? / Will she heal me? /
Will their fantasy return at all? / She's so lovely, fills
autumns leaves with life /
Hopefully, by itself, building her world / even for you /
even for me /
A piece of art keeping us together / Forever? / I don't
know / It's all Metamorphobia /

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