

Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Dementia"

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And I awoke in utter horror from the noxious dream
Was it, in fact, a dream?
The vision, the smell, the screams
I can't hear my voice
I can't see myself
Vague emptiness
There is no sound, no sense of touch
Non existence

This room is empty, and all I see is white
No exit... nothing in sight

The jaws of insanity begin to drip
In this labyrinth of non-existence

I feel my mind implode into the void
Reality now recluse, a most impalpable lunacy

Millions of eons shall pass, and then continue tenfold,
And I will still be here
There is no longer death, nor life...
Just existence and dementia

Dementia
Dementia

My essence fades into the white
Ingrained into nothing
I am dementia
I am dementia

Eternal reverie of non-existence

I am time with no end, for no means, but everlasting
insanity

Skepsis was the loathsome omen
The deceptive abomination
That ushered this torturous dissolution

Millions of eons shall pass, and then continue tenfold,
And I will still be here

There is no longer death, nor life...
Just existence and dementia

Dementia

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