

Walking moments of life through the way of time
The surrounding green tastes this immortal instant
To be the frame of melancholy read by parallel selves
Feeling golden winds opening the gate of our mortality
The enchanting vision is trapped in reflected glass?

Hear the silence in million voices
Oppressing breathing whirls into a void
The picture's becoming clearer,
The blast of clarity louder

No time to realize the apparition of the clearest moment
That ruthless reality awakes me as I am her worst nightmare
Living is again my inner fog path
Scanned by this sarcastic clock of bitterness
And recollections roar through the caverns of my mind

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Enjoy the last breath of this glimpsy gasp of eternity,
For a lullaby always comes to an end
Enter the submission of a birth giving slumber
Murderer of normality, killer of a blind sight
Pillow and rest in my cradle of untouchable delight