

## Spectral Vanity

Ashent

Every night they come to me whispering their lies  
Another days is lost breath after breath  
And slowly we die

You give new meaning for perceptions glare  
Through the looking glass the world now blooms  
And now layers upon layers sear the only thing that's true

Blind the world before the fatal scene  
The most beautiful fall gave the name to everything  
Condemning us as we face eternity  
To know, to sow, desperate we call

Spectral vanities of human kind  
Far from the truth we trod  
Shattered tragedies make the melodies  
As creation sings along

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