

Dreaming...Dementia

Bishop Of Hexen

In the midst of a trip where mind& heart meet
At its darkest form
Where several world beat
In mist, erupts passion

Where past motions set remorse
Energy flows in a shapeless course
And sorrow forged in fire
There a diamond burning, truth appears, flaming

A void circles you
And yearns for your sleep to ever last

All your reaches for a smile
You bleed for the sweetness of a laughter
All your days for a night of lucid dreams
All screams for silence

I hear your voice and i know your pain...

Let time bend
Run or stand
Let it end let it end...