

Third Act

Illnath

Once upon a time a man was cast into fields of evil
pleasure
The first act would trick him but become no kind of
treasure
In spite of what was behind the mirrors passion never
left his side
Regardless of the pain in his inner strife

In the second act in the book of sand he met a man of
mimes
And thought 'I must try to make you mine'

And that is the story of metamorphosis of his kin
He shed, and saw the second skin of harlequin

And even though some have tried to destroy his path
They found themselves drowning in their own bloodpath
So...

Lean back, enjoy the third act of Illnath
Lean back, enjoy the third act
Welcome to the theatre of madness

Lean back, enjoy the third act of Illnath
Lean back, enjoy the third act

I searched for this my entire life
And finally my time has come

After this nothing happened for a while
Waiting, searching, looking, for a new style
He heard the angelic voices calling
And his ancient legacy would no longer be stalling

The third act in the theatre of madness began with
change
Everything came together there was no more pain

The twistedness of the characters engaged
Had in the end taken away the short-handedness and rage

Welcome to the third act in the theatre of madness