

Echoes of Death

Pestilence

Trapped inside my self-capsule
For a journey into an atmosphere
A darkened space I'm floating in
Although I am not here

I'm caught, a room, it's coloured black
The trap I haven't chosen
I cannot think, my limbs
I cannot move, seems like they're frozen

Peaceful existence in a world
Above earthly life
I've been there in this paradise
Where all is calm and nice

Walking in the other side
I can't tell the difference
Between day and night
Voices I can hear
Hidden somewhere, but they're near
Out there in this universe
Imaginary world of fantasy
Am I dreaming?
But It seems so real to me

Humanity denies death
Search for immortality
Melancholy desire
Can't become reality

No reason to fear death
We all will meet it anyway
A promised life in hereafter
As we will pass away