

Delusions

Rotting Christ

take me in a heavy sleep
in adventures I've never seen
in a dimension before death
mentally lost always have been

if none of us / return from death

there is so a weaving
to explain life
in a place
there is no life
what I adore
is lost behind

all the figures feel like me
how can I feel as pain does not exist
here knowledge meets nothingness
a lost dream, a psychotic feast

if none of us / return from death

there's so weaving
to explain life
in a place
there is no life
what I adore
is lost behind

I have no advice
how I could
it seems so cordial
but in a way it's not

delusions: lead my like
delusions: name all my life
with a picture of an empty heaven
a clear distinction

between death & joy