

Imaginary Zone

Rotting Christ

I am trying to explore
the mountain of mystery
I envy and adore
the myth and its history

I am in the house of dreams
a different dimension
nothing is as it seems
an altered direction

I can rest, I can't hide
wondering if I feel like
crossing to the other side
is it different or the same
yesterday or tomorrow
there is no difference
joy or sorrow
I have no preference

for the time I wonder
that has long before flown
am I remiss or a fighter?
I have never known