

## 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...