

Vesania, Rage of reason

Thoughts once enshrined
And visions entwined
Around each step that I take
I challenge thee!
It takes a time to see from the other side
Of the looking glass
Fearless
Reflections contorted
Crippled age of reason
A play of blind
With no spectators
Dominion of hope
Is what feeds dissolution
Of this life you've been given
These are the product of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st
Where good with evil were matched, who of themselves abhor to join
And by imprudence mixed
Produce prodigious births of body and mind
Ye who preach
Who proclaim the sermons
Of the ones not fallen from grace
And disorder of light that you belong to
Don't you dare
Don't you dare to touch me!
Awe!
Can't you see you're all pregnant
With infernal flame?!
Awe!
Why don't you all believe
You've been deceived about your disgrace
Awe!
There is much more to see if you deny your profound fears
Don't look for solace
Angels are envious of what you have
Reflections contorted
Stir up the rage of reason
A play of blind fools
Spectators on their knees
Dominion of hope
Is what feeds dissolution
Of this life you've been given
Don't you dare
Don't you dare to touch me!
Gather back sharp splinters of your resemblance
And now, what would you go for?
To flash once and burn down
Or to stay inflamed without the end