

Eldritch, Clockwork Bed

I laid bare all my charming lies
We played there, tie to another time
We were always ready for the next dive
But this game is straight on a dead end climb

Imagination projecting pictures of the past
My consolation in a handful of seconds

Time won't sponge clean my anger
Future won't wipe my tears
Time won't send me a engel
Lonely soul devoid of love

Shine inside... inside a coated dream
Naked vice in your catching side
I fill the apple, lessem my disease
Seeds of rage will claim the right to cry

Imagination conceived in a silent boredom
From a exploisom, my surrender... your survival!

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