## **Abyss Of Time**

## Sacramentum

Into oceans of false existence, we all drift away. The true essence of time is fragile, but my dreams do never die .

Anxious to reach the bottom, a bottom that does't exist. Time is like the flames of fire.

It's eating all in its way wither and fall into the abyss of ti  $\ensuremath{\text{me}}.$