

Not a sacred place!
This place is cursed by God for sure!

See them try to kill the pain
Blackness fills the mind, decayed
Swarming stigma attaches, insane
Yesterday, truth despaired, my life, stolen easily
Trenched again, unfathomed thoughts, my grave deeply
Stone grown, growing in squares, light shines me thru
Blindly finding, doubting, death's riddles, so true

Going to the asylum to learn how to die...

See them try to kill the pain
Blackness fills the mind, decayed
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I fly towards other rooms
They all look the same
But every single one of them is different
By the imprints they project in this astral space
They have different voices and different stories
Different screams, different microcosmos
They all reveal the echoes of men
Who've all lost their way, yet remain
Their vibrations tell us:
Some of them went away, some of them are dead