

To Our Ashes

Agathodaimon

It is the mind, which creates the world about us
And even though we stand side by side
My eyes will never see what is beheld by yours
My heart won't respond to your touch

Out of the caverns of the pain
Like a child from the womb, stillborn
Like a ghost from the tomb
I arise and unbuild it again

We don't see things as they are
We see them as we are
And all that we see or seem to be
Is but a dream within a dream
I see life blurred and shallow every day by day
In this world's theatre in which I stay
Three Death gently descends, from spheres up high
Staring into my cold and humid eyes
You're closing your eyes, try turning your head
Away from the gloom, trying to forget
But when I start to laugh, she mocks
And when I cry she laughs...
And hardens evermore her heart
But when I start to laugh, she mocks
And when I cry she laughs...
All things come to the those who wait
I say these words to make me glad
But something answers, soft and sad
They come... but often come too late

Three Death gently descends, from spheres up high
Staring into my cold and humid eyes
You're closing your eyes, try turning your head
Away from the gloom, trying to forget
But something answers, soft and sad
They come... but often come too late
Cause I am sick of this way of life
As life is sick of the way we pretend
But I have walked with Death hand in hand
And Death's own hand is warmer than my own!

All things come to those who wait
I say these words to make me glad
But something answers, soft and sad
They come... but often come too late