

Blindfolded Centuries

Benighted

The awakening is brutal and the strange places around me
And both quiet and distressing
The urge to vomit is back

In my inside world I think I've crossed the line
Swear and tears run on my skin
I feel the same pain again.
The ashes of my past life still burn
And cycle of my being is back in a new beginning
The first fruits of a second childhood which is more obscure and twisted
How could I forgive?
How could I forget?
During my soul crossed

Blindfolded centuries
The pathetic reflection of all I was frightened to be
Appears to me with unbearable brutality

This morning looks like the others
And I feel dizzy in front of the immobility of my existence
I've seen my equals cross the blindfolded centuries
And fall around me
Each time born in a different dimension
My own sick representations
Which perhaps only exist through me

But today begins my new life
In this pure white room
I can't move, the chains are back
To tell me that my torments are not over
I can just look at this new birth, powerless
The first breath's so painful

Blindfolded centuries
The pathetic reflection of all I was frightened to be
Appears to me with unbearable brutality

All that I believed being a part of me in this entity
Is just a fucking illusion