

Phantasmogoria

Diary of Dreams

And I meander in mortal lanes of festering
But still my childish instincts bloom
Screaming out my soul to the rhythm of the pendulum
Droplets of despair - apparition distorted
My lifeless pulse still rushing on
Pumping to the pendulum
Time's elapsing while I'm waiting
Waiting in anticipation
And I still try to hold on
To what is fading from my eyes
My lifeless pulse still rushing on
Pumping to the pendulum