

# The Vicious Circle

Morta Skuld

The judgement that accuses me  
Twisting the truth  
And altering the facts

A fantasy world  
Formed through addiction  
Years of innocence  
Has been shattered

When reality collides  
With virtues of time  
And erasing memories

Observing the imagination  
Trying to obtain  
The individual choice we have made

This would not have to be explained  
If we took a conscious look

In the mind's eye  
Hides the obvious  
Have I fallen victim to heredity?  
The life you took and controlled

Observing the imagination  
Trying to obtain  
The individual choice we have made

Altering the facts  
Out of conscious effort