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

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