

Still It Has Only Just Begun

Mortal Love

On the outskirts of my mind
There's really nothing left
Integrity's gone
I've lost myself again

On the outskirts of my mind
There's really nothing left
Hell is loose, and it's only just begun

On the outskirts of my mind
There's really nothing left
Violet dreams of violent kind
They haunt me now you're gone

Violet dreams of violent a kind
Kaleidoscope mind of hate
The battle with everyone
Was really just the enemy within

I hold the truth, I am the cure
I hold you down, I beg you now
Try not to look me in the eye
As I'm headed for the kill
I know I have to do it, even if I'm lost

Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you
But it seems like I never had you anyway

This ceremony of opposites in my relation
To both shadows at play in complete and
Utter darkness, and the inexplicable absence
Of light on the brightest of days. The
Reality presented to me by shadows
Appear no different
That the one displayed by light.
I am the difference, I am the anomaly
I am the abyss, and the void. It is the
False truth, and the truth is always false.

Can't seem to find the outskirts
Can't seem to remember the violet
Can't seem to remember the day that I lost you
Can't seem to tell a dream from a lie
Can't seem to tell you why I'm here.