

LOST IN A DEEP SLEEP

*Your old demons, welcome back !
New monstrosities on your neck*

*Demiurgic moments, obscene elation
inhaling the fire of desolation*

*Greediness is your weakness
when creating, there's no sickness*

*Rhythm first, then sound (has) arrived
words are missing, still entwined*

*White-mantled, it appears
ground on the clouds
strengthened by your fears
new fiery chasms to be found*

*Wearing its gloves
the hatch is open wide
cross the threshold
dive into the night*

*The travelling alchemist
is again his own god*

*A renewed fury
is filling up the void*

*When his drunken moment is over
and adrenaline drops sharply*

*An omen brings him to a standstill
Will he get crippled to the end of his days ?*