

# Tyrannical

## Rotting Christ

Space trap the time  
Mind owes the world  
The perfect twin for your spatial globe  
I am your parallel existence  
The fate / The wrong /  
The extremely forbidden thought Wander just beside my face  
Travel in my desired expanse  
Detect the omen that are said  
But still I search you / Still I hope in you  
Roaming in a distinct space  
Walk upon my errant's shades  
Laugh upon my wretched race  
But still I search you / Still I hope in you  
Stride on the other space  
Live on another sense  
Melt on a different earth  
But still feel you / As I left you  
Running deep back in past time  
Tangle into spatial time  
Limit up my mental sign  
But still I search you / When I face  
Travel in my desired expanse  
Detect the omen that are said  
But still I search you / Still I hope in you  
Roaming in a distinct space  
Walk upon my errant's shades  
Laugh upon my wretched race  
But still I search you / Still I hope in::you: my parallel life  
Ages back but still besides  
Trapped in a spoiled spatial hollow  
Break me down with your shining bright smile When I'll find you I can't forgive you  
When I'll find you I can't excuse you  
When I'll find you I will beg you  
And my life back I will claim from you

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