# 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 thoughtWander 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 smileWhen 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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