

# Delusions

## Rotting Christ

take me in a heavy sleep  
in adventures I've never seen  
in a dimension before death  
mentally lost always have been if none of us / return from death there is so a weaving  
to explain life  
in a place  
there is no life  
what I adore  
is lost behind all the figures feel like me  
how can I feel as pain does not exist  
here knowledge meets nothingness  
a lost dream, a psychotic feast if none of us / return from death there's so weaving  
to explain life  
in a place  
there is no life  
what I adore  
is lost behind I have no advice  
how I could  
it seems so cordial  
but in a way it's not delusions: lead my like  
delusions: name all my life  
with a picture of an empty heaven  
a clear distinction between death & joy

Lyrics provided by

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