

# Between Times

## Rotting Christ

The drums of time have stopped  
The ecstatic quietude  
Sucks up every fear  
And every desire  
Illusions of the moment  
Featureless figures  
Intensified feelings  
I'm running behind my shadow  
In this vastness  
I can feel your presence  
I cannot understand  
Your misleading words  
Inconceivable beauty  
Sweet melody  
Forgotten senses  
Are waking up  
Dark in the dark  
Always and never  
This is the time  
Of total purification  
Lost in thought  
Trying to touch  
The perfect moment  
But the clock strikes again

Lyrics provided by

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