

# Imaginary Zone

## Rotting Christ

I am trying to explore  
the mountain of mystery  
I envy and adore  
the myth and its history I am in the house of dreams  
a different dimension  
nothing is as it seems  
an altered direction I can rest, I can't hide  
wondering if I feel like  
crossing to the other side  
is it different or the same  
yesterday or tomorrow  
there is no difference  
joy or sorrow  
I have no preference for the time I wonder  
that has long before flown  
am I remiss or a fighter?  
I have never known

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