

# The Silence Thereafter

Craft

The feeling as if cold, jagged steel was carving your flesh  
The knowledge of order, chaos and all in between  
The awareness of a cold world in which no one breathes  
And with yearn

The loneliness of a universe of unlimited creatures  
The indiscriminating hate, the curse of being a god  
The melancholy of ghosts haunting wherever we go  
We are their castles

The phantoms of other times finding it's ways through the mist  
The useless excellence of a world without soul, without hope  
The violent, ghastly storms of rage  
And the silence thereafter