

My Negation

Dark Tranquillity

It's all this reeking ego
craves the sun to never set
why do threads of anger never linger,
why does the ember turn to stone?

To where the longing goes in
with the sins of old
a face of nothing,
to never see as blind
as free
everything I want is in the end of this
everything I need will be the end of me

My negation
Will you know my name?
And sense the danger coming
My negation
Can you see my face?
What's to become of me?

The art of reduction
Stripped down through what seems defensible
scaled to bare revisions to stop making sense
levelling pillars of towering fear
rational instincts and insight to spare
end of falseness
end of grace
everything I fear is in this failing
nothing of what I am is in this end