

Calm Of The Storm

Wizard

Running: through a blur of motion
Out of context; I've lost my ground
Only destruction in my mind
Obeying another senseless command

My senses: divided
Providing no useful information
Waiting for my death
With indifferent anticipation

I'm the calm in the heart of the storm
The steady axis in this dance of death
I'm the calm in the heart of the storm
My existence; re-created breath by breath

Chaos all around
Human limbs rearranged
A collage made out of living flesh
Perception of reality now estranged

Sudden motions in my periphery
I turn around too late
It's time to shake the hand of fate
On my tongue the taste of death