

The Black Spiral

A Canorous Quintet

a sane man wanders
in hopes high not to die
to master and to understand
the sickness of every soul
one breath in the frozen darkness,
darkness burning with fear
feeding upon the mind
twisting and turning

a sick and broken portrait of balance
the swift dagger of madness
but with madness comes power
sanity splits appart
paradox upon paradox
painfully draining
yet unseen untouched
sanity falls, falls into the pit of nothingness
to pure is the vision of corruption
too close, too sick

the mind cracks
shatters and disappears in the darkness
nothing has changed
life continues it's sick parodly
of it's ideal

and only death can set us free

the black spiral
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