

Devote Yourself To Nothing

Dark Age

While bending to a rusty throne
I feed a beaten creature
Bygone a forgotten dream
Bound to aborted passions

Can't you see? Who's pointing the speechless...
The mirror reflects a mess - and I fear it is me

All decisions are born from a tired call
When the lonely screams out these loveless words

I thought there must be something
But I chose to go
Leaving words unspoken
I devote myself to nothing

Nothing

I chose to choose but nothing
Consequent but empty I
Forgot to speak the truth
Hearing the sirens preaching

Can't you see? I'm pointing the heartless
This mirror reflects a mess - and I fear it is me...

There is no hope for me
The price of owning myself is too high
And a privilege of a life overdose speaks to others