

## 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