

Monochromatic Stains

Dark Tranquillity

There is this face in the still water
I can't remember ever wearing
Like fingerprints on your heart
Reading out the last lines of code
To the untrained eye a secret
I bled away the last of you
Sought trust in shapes of combined results
That trickles from a less than solid case
Fought off attacks of resurfaced lust
Burn the gracing grounds

What will give in first
The body or the lash
Monochromatic stains
Who will cave in first
The leader or the fake
Monochromatic stains

This pile of ashes of a soul
Informant pokes around
These sickly little fingers
Get away from me
Tread not the path of least restraint
Each piece of evidence a lie, a lie
The body, the face all items in place
I don't remember a thing

What will give in first...

A sacrifice made to the loss of mind
Folly a man's demise
Track now the stains that allow my fall
Sickening, the sight of it all
Never shall I claim my innocence
I just was not there

What will give in first...