

Out of Nothing

Dark Tranquillity

Make enemies of truth and reason
in that a rage is born
start out a promise and a venture
where direction was never the goal

How does it feel to run out of nothing?
Where do you go when you run out?

Never you mind the grand perspective
other forces kept at bay
as you narrow the field of vision
to retain a sense of purpose around which you base your faith
the doubt that haunts your skin
an itch that will linger on forever
wave off critique as an offender
never question where your motives lie
as a part of the greatest fable
the beast all had forgotten
instincts in a dead end rampage
destruction as a saving grace