

Scythe, Rage and Roses

Dark Tranquillity

Fast fading roses
Non-lingering words
Scythe be my instrument
Through dreams I now rage

No guidance is me offered
No forgiveness thee is promised
Now van distance be a factor
when engraved in me thou art?

Nourished by the soul my flame
shall serve to torch the earth

Denial serves me

That fire cannot burn
with flames of no origin
That star cannot bring guidance
without force or form

One is darkness
The other silence
Without silence the darkness
looses its splendour

Sweet bliss that sleep now giveth
tempt with forgetful night
Ever haunting that image within
swear to the answers denied