

Senses Tied

Dark Tranquillity

Riddled by the trappings of words that makes the edges blur
here on the outskirts of sincerity
and pride stretched as far as words can reach
by the lure of higher meaning
there's something out there
lost behind the power lines

It's all the same to me

Lost all faith in promises and deadlines closing in
tired of deciphering the wayward strands of truth

I don't care
'Cause I can't feel
I don't know anymore

Sure we've had a good run with vowels, nouns, and letters
but within its very nature the ability to distort
there's nothing in the words I hear that makes me want to take
a stand
it has gone on for far too long
I chose to disengage the ends of our conditioning to swallow
take and like it
rather keep me in the dark
than look me in the eye

It's all the same things pulling us down to,
Senses gone I cheer,
It's all these same things making us blind
There's nothing here for me

Hear it coming
heading for you now
I can't even stand the tons of arrogance and denial on display
here you are listless, left for deaf
thinking about what standards we set in times of weary tongues
and ears that hear no end to it
unwilling or unable
the difference left for times judgment it passes on from wicked
mouths
as victim takes on another role
new bold oppressor
our teacher's product now stands tall