

Surface the Infinite

Dark Tranquillity

It starts below
The pile and the burning in the
Darkness in the recipe
And fire in the soul
To paralyze and strangle hold

Disable the design
The reminisce of reality
And a better time
Is torn apart

We carry our fear inside,
That space that hold the darkness
We stretch our skin around,
To cover the abyss

The unspoken reality
A future we foresee
Blood that seeks redemption
In endless nights of sin
Spades without spears
That pierce the blinding sun

We hide from the elements of grief
That nothing remains

We carry our fear inside,
That space that hold the darkness
We stretch our skin around,
To cover the abyss

Its in today, what sets the system
Its in our nature to the bare the e to the end

What if this feeling contains the truth?
What if our dreams give way to the dawn of old?
What if lost desire cant be found?

No shelter, no barriers between
Whats already inside
Retreats when the surface folds

We wear our lives
On waters and dust
Like daemons of the lost
Still wrapped in our own confusion,
The call of the abyss

We carry our fear inside,
That space that hold the darkness
We stretch our skin around,
To cover the abyss