

## The Gallery

### Dark Tranquillity

Come and dance through my vanity's halls  
Welcome to my exhibition

Ornaments fall  
The fate of my art, condemned  
And the creative seed  
That grows to the tune of the harvest song  
Embody my lifelong passion  
Intertwine with the structures of my art  
Those empty frames staring at me

One lonely portrait covers the lovestarved canvas  
In honour of the birthless rebellion within me

Every picture holds a tale  
Every shade tells of a thousand words

The artistry of living chaos  
Is pictured in the poets tears  
Because everything burns  
The final concept  
Is all but a thought away

Be gone, you foul enchantress of decay!  
My thoughts and words will come to right  
In my chamber where chaos conveys  
Kneel down to my desire

Deep in the vaults of my carnal agony  
Emptiness! Orchestration through colours

The gallery

To never return to my guidance  
Burning my art