

gentle storm / thundering silence
inferior force / uncontrolled calm
vital unlike / logic/chaos/logic

the tone of which his birth ascend
the beat that of a heart descend
repeating in the infinite
an insight made it clear
order stormed the surface
where chaos set norm
had there always been balance?
...surely not
therein lies the beauty

it was solid
yet everchanging
it was different
yet the same
so I starve myself for energy

the song around his soul will bend
the notes that in this hole will melt
crawl out of science
a dreamland if you dear
disorder clawed the boundaries

we're ordered to stand clear
was it always different
...never the same?
therein lies the beauty

as there were no witnesses
there was nothing to be told
as nothing could be grasped
the story could unfold
superimposed on the elements of anger
/ fear / anxiety / hate / despair / remorse

so break from all that fear hold fast
exposed now turn to all you lack
let echoes be the answers
return from all the screams
wordless now the last attack
so silent it hurts to listen
was it always solid
...to never change?
therein lies the beauty