

Through Smudged Lenses

Dark Tranquillity

Let none be themselves
turn of the century lies not within the others
turn on the watchful eye
the blindness ends tonight
shelter for the shattered in unison we strive
dore to disassociate and cut the binds that tie abstractualize
further
to the ends of facts and foe
will it out of meaning as silence speaks the truth

I want to hear your scream
I want to see you stand atop the patheon of fiction
and your failure grasping for a hiding place among indifferent
stones
a brief reflection it sets the soul apart
no selection
it tears our world apart

These walls are protecting us
Burn them to the ground
This haven of refuge
Burn it to the ground
So smudge the lens a little
muffle the voice phase out of sound a while and let it go
citizens of choice in a twilight world of your design
left to our devices we stumble on

Burn it to the ground
No firewall will save you
Burn it to the ground
Take me to the keep and bare the darkest void
thousand fold the agony of silenced screams
Alone tune right out of static
exorcise the dark how else can we move on