

Weight of the End

Dark Tranquillity

I feel the silence come
In rooms I now detest
The chill of the touch
In infinite night
I thought I had it

One life
One fear
Too much to handle/for one to handle
Too much to take

I held it as my own
And took for granted
What I "knew"

Come inside
To what the darkness pushed away
Set out to find me
The cold of the thought
In infinite touch
The switch gets thrown

What are we missing here
What have we been told
We must be the shield
And not the sword