

White Noise / Black Silence

Dark Tranquillity

Time in argument will end
Flames of preparation
Fingers felt the whipping
Hand that feeds the flame

Escalate the drought
Itching to join the fray

Wishing darkness was sound
shutting desires out
Wishing darkness was sound
but as moths to the flame...
...we go

You the ignorant
take sides in these three dimensions
Nullify importance
confined within the page

Scan for raoture again
look for an instant save

Mere moments pass and still it seems
detached from insight, thought and word
Ever since it lost its edge
lost in the noise forever be
in the blur of information
the nail that never sticks

Venting a foul stench
purging the fevered self
behind a traitor's name

Face the consequence
taken back in the eyes of fairness
A nobody forever
hidden and locked away

Working the boards again
Giving the wrath away