

A Dual Pact

Darkseed

When in pain I try to find
A different plain on which to set my mind
To distract it from this downword vibe
And thereby avoid the lie
The rushing tide has no remorse
It might hold me if I cross its course
But the suction of its waves
Has taken many a mind to grave

Last shred of hope.
I cling to as I float.
Through the lightless night...
And here comes the tide...

Grave and dark □ a dual pact
Overpowering the ones who locked
The energy to pull out of such mire
Their very souls torlured by fire

High tide □ in my soul
No more darksome thoughts uproll
Past are days when I was feeling numb
Till the turn of tide will come

When the tide is in I run
Wash away my sins I come undone
Trying to ignore the Sirens' call
And into the void I fall
The rushing tide has no remorse
It might hold me if I cross its course
But the suction of its waves
Has taken many a mind to grave

All panic's banned,
Inhale and take a stand,
Walk with me tonight
But here comes the tide...

Daylight returns □ but nevermore
Returns the wanderer to the share
One last time allures the Siren's calls
And eternal darkness falls...