

# Silence

## Esoteric

I lift my head, but there is no reason to move  
Time  
Takes from us the years we build  
What can be lost within a day

Words may pass  
Time has no mercy upon truth  
Crushing all in its path

Reason is lost here  
Leaving us alone with the questions  
This bizarre metaphoric game  
Unravels like some predestined curse  
Each player sees the charade  
A hapless parade of what must be  
But still we play

So many lines  
Entangled amongst frantic visions  
Cascade this horrific journey

And where does this plane take us?  
To escape?  
To lose that which makes us?

Emotion never dies  
It only becomes distant with time  
Memories fade, onward towards bitter end

My head it aches  
As yet another day unfolds  
Faces of anger  
Ironed into my skin

And to pass away, knowing only silence