

# Disengagement

## Insomnium

What solemnity can be found in this death?  
A traitor's smile, the honour of betrayal

How comfort could be found  
In the dreariest of nights?  
What solace for guilt-driven mind  
Tarnished heart?  
Two crestfallen figures clinging  
Together in fathomless dark  
In maelstrom of despair  
Dimming each other's shine

And half of his blood runs like mine  
Kindred spirit to me  
But the gleam in his eyes remind  
Of the one who is gone forever

When dreams carry me past this life  
To thin shrouding mist  
I rest in silence  
In place lifeless and desolate

Long are midwinter's nights  
As the will to live has died  
Evanescence the unwarming light  
Evoking memories of life  
- Of the life long lost  
Buried in ashes of love and joy

And half of his blood bleeds like mind  
Kindred spirit, yet free  
But the gleam in his eyes abates  
For my guilt shackles him too

What sublimity can be found in this love?  
Weakling's trust, the moral of deceiver

There's no future for a son  
Under this burden of grief  
No leading to walk aside this tormented ghost  
Two crestfallen figures clinging  
Together in fathomless dark  
In maelstrom of despair father  
Suppressing the only shine

As the end is slowly looming  
Our paths must now diverge  
Pressure slowly easing  
Shackles unchained, uplifting

Beyond many a weary league  
Where dimming light gives birth to evening stars  
At the treelines of distant, devouring woods  
Await my demons, embodying this longing

Better to sleep now on stranger's porch  
Find home on foreign soil

Brighter the sun to a forsaken child  
Than to a father in despair  
Disencumbered from this grief  
With the most cruel way  
Deserted to be alone, abandoned to be free