

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