

The Grinding Silence

Madder Mortem

.....and when the ocean washed me up onto your shore, was I then saved?

Oh, loveable liar

You whispered tales to me at night, but how come you never gave them voice?

Staring into enticing darkness, you chose to close your eyes
I could never have predicted this loss of self and time

And I am crushed against your stone
(Under the silence, the grinding silence)

.....and yes, time will float by, but never will it heal a single wound

You cannot remake this

You grind me to dust with your pain

Now, will you let me have mine?

And you, still standing there, swept in your moth-eaten pride:

I never wanted this to be

I never wanted this

And I am crushed against your stone
(Under the silence, the grinding silence)