

Nothing

Obscura

Dead, you are dead, you don't know that
The spirit has gone, the only divinity
Trapped in a cage that you thought is your life
A coffin remains as your only abode

How many hours
How many nights
How many curses
Nothing is more than nothing at all

Look at what is left
In the crimson debris
Look at the faces
Morosely reflecting the empty shell

No sanctity
No epitaph
No choir of angels
Is waiting for you on the other side

Nothing
You are, you were, you will be
Nothing at all

How many hours
How many nights
How many curses
Nothing is more than nothing at all

Look at what is left
In the crimson debris
Look at the faces
Morosely reflecting the empty shell

Your name is an insult
Your efforts a joke
Your last breath will vanish
And with it, the last remnant of nothing at all

Nothing
You are, you were, you will be
Nothing at all

How many hours
How many nights
How many curses
Nothing is more than nothing at all

No sanctity
No epitaph
No choir of angels
Is waiting for you on the other side

Nothing
You are, you were, you will be
Nothing at all
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