

# Vanished

Pallbearer

All the distant nights  
That vanished from my mind  
Hang like glistening knives  
In the back of my mind

I can almost see  
The phantoms gone in the past  
What could I ever trade  
For all that's escaped in time?  
What can dreams be if nothing ever lasts

In a future where everything's made of glass  
Each moment carves a piece away  
Of the sculpture shaped by the passing of days

Hands ever change the days  
As monuments turn to rust  
In the grasp of the infinite  
All mountains crumble to dust  
Arising from nothing  
The short dance of existing  
We're always shifting  
And always becoming