

The Empty Skies

Swallow the Sun

The dead walk
In the silent world
Oh, how the dead talk
With empty words

Redemption
By thought injection
And the dead march
To the voice of deception

This is now a new beginning
There will be no creation from chaos
No light at the end
Just a faint glimpse of the forgotten

Screaming
Overcome by silence
Suffocated
By the unspoken

And the dead walk
With no fear
And the dead fall
With the horrors of living

Murky demented eyes
Stare at the empty skies
Desperately searching for something
Something that once was there

It's too late for salvation
While falling to oblivion
We are doomed to stagnation
To witness the inverse creation