

# 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