

## Weight of the End

Dark Tranquillity

I feel the silence come  
In rooms I now detest  
The chill of the touch  
In infinite night  
I thought I had it

One life  
One fear  
Too much to handle/for one to handle  
Too much to take

I held it as my own  
And took for granted  
What I "knew"

Come inside  
To what the darkness pushed away  
Set out to find me  
The cold of the thought  
In infinite touch  
The switch gets thrown

What are we missing here  
What have we been told  
We must be the shield  
And not the sword