

# The Black Spiral

## A Canorous Quintet

a sane man wanders  
in hopes high not to die  
to master and to understand  
the sickness of every soul  
one breath in the frozen darkness,  
darkness burning with fear  
feeding upon the mind  
twisting and turning

a sick and broken portrait of balance  
the swift dagger of madness  
but with madness comes power  
sanity splits apart  
paradox upon paradox  
painfully draining  
yet unseen untouched  
sanity falls, falls into the pit of nothingness  
to pure is the vision of corruption  
too close, too sick

the mind cracks  
shatters and disappears in the darkness  
nothing has changed  
life continues it's sick parodly  
of it's ideal

and only death can set us free

the black spiral  
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