

## Out of Nothing

Dark Tranquillity

Make enemies of truth and reason  
in that a rage is born  
start out a promise and a venture  
where direction was never the goal

How does it feel to run out of nothing?  
Where do you go when you run out?

Never you mind the grand perspective  
other forces kept at bay  
as you narrow the field of vision  
to retain a sense of purpose around which you base your faith  
the doubt that haunts your skin  
an itch that will linger on forever  
wave off critique as an offender  
never question where your motives lie  
as a part of the greatest fable  
the beast all had forgotten  
instincts in a dead end rampage  
destruction as a saving grace