White Noise / Black Silence

Dark Tranquillity

Time in argument will end Flames of preparation Fingers felt the whipping Hand that feeds the flame

Escalate the drought Itching to join the fray

Wishing darkness was sound shutting desires out Wishing darkness was sound but as moths to the flame... ...we go

You the ignorant take sides in these three dimensions Nullify importance confined within the page

Scan for raoture again look for an instant save

Mere moments pass and still it seems detached from insight, thought and word Ever since it lost its edge lost in the noise forever be in the blur of information the nail that never sticks

Venting a foul stench purging the fevered self behind a traitor's name

Face the consequence taken back in the eyes of fairness A nobody forever hidden and locked away

Working the boards again Giving the wrath away