

Vanity Of Sleep

Silent Planet

This is a love affair with consumer despair
An emptiness I can call my own
An arbitrary sanctuary
Where we deposit prayers to a dispensable God

Welcome to the end stage age
Where joy is a pill and love's a prescription
Vaccinated with an outward suspicion
Isolation became a pre-existing condition

Manifested drudge of my mass-manufactured consent
But there's a gaping hole in my consciousness
A deep that cries out to deep

אהיה אשר אהיה

This is a love affair with consumer despair
An emptiness I can call my own
An antidote for mystery
Our indifference is deafening

There's a presence here
It stirs inside the static dissonance of discontent that refused to relent
I built a home overlooking a graveyard
To remind myself I'm still alive
Yet you see a flaw still abides
As I witness an ending that I can't contrive
We watched a golden array of a casket parade
As wealth makes its final display to the ground
I found it strange that even in this place
Death became such a gainful exchange

Give me something to hold, give me something that bleeds
I'll scour the earth for my identity
Is there a cure for a sick society?
So rich in this world, so in debt to ourselves
The network of life in such a disconnect
How many times must we die this death?

Annihilation is all we are
Desolation is everything I know

All we are is all we love
And everything I know is destructible
Artificial heart, obsidian soul
Encircled by dreams that are combustible
We trade the Garden for Cities, the Tree for a Tower
Surrendered our faith, became addicted to power
I know that hope grows inside of the Wound
And I know progress is empty
I must Be Consumed
So I'll dig through these masks 'till I find my face
Separate from the false pretense I embraced
It kills me to know that you'll never find peace
You can have all the world but you'll never be free

Tear the stitches sewn across my existence
Cut me out from this nothingness

Dusk will come and lay to rest our fleeting, fading, silhouettes