

## Nothing Here

Sol Invictus

The world stares silently at us  
The world stares as we turn to dust  
There's no succor for the saved  
There's no hand of God to trust

There's nothing here  
There's nothing there  
Oh, there's nothing anywhere

We stand at the center of the play  
We stare at the saints and holy blood  
We watch as the heavens fade  
And death dons a mask of lust

There's nothing here  
There's nothing there  
Oh, there's nothing anywhere

Oh, the blessed; the well-behaved  
They cannot be the same as us  
I watch, but I cannot believe  
The soft spine of trust