

## Nihilistic Tranquility

Thy Disease

Immortal and empty  
Wiseman, fallen  
Touch the wound of god  
Wash your hands in his water

Take me where  
Endless void chokes with enormity  
Moves the deepest layers  
Of primitive fear  
I feel nothing

I'm embracing, coming close  
And just put the sneering kiss  
I worship you and eat up your brain

My everything is nothing  
I'm suffocated, dead

My tranquillity comes