Traces

Vildhjarta

Silence is the noise I hear
from the world that speaks my name,
infusing my head with a promise of nothing.
The meaningless now resonates and reverberates,
flooding through the sleeper's veins, I never dreamed.
Lost in Reflection with this obsession to blame.
I walk the fine line between forward and rewind.

I have foreseen this most vicious storm to come,
it will be speechless, it will be violent.
Words are buried in the sounds of night.
Continue with your ignorance
and bring this silence with you until the end.

Empty shells whispering quietly.
They speak to me of a common past,
teaching me how to become insane,
to silence the ambivalence that's in my head.
It is the only possible way to avoid the shame.
Reminding me that I must suffer through.
Reminding that I must persist.

Erasing the traces that you will never find.
I hope that you all can forgive me now.
I am facing the fact that I am up against fate.
So I put it all on the line, soon it's time.

This time what I leave behind is my legacy.
I will force my mark upon everyone.
The traces I leave, they will speak my name.
Day after day, reminding myself
that my motive will overcome the consequences.
I won't let repentance prevent my way.
I will leave you behind with no regrets.

Time passes through me in the shape of a dream,
clawing ferociously through my memories.

The clouds are getting darker
and the winds are colder now.
When I am gone, I will be gone.
This is irreversible.

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