Calm Of The Storm

Wizard

Running: through a blur of motion Out of context; I've lost my ground Only destruction in my mind Obeying another sensless command

My senses: divided Providing no useful information Waiting for my death With indifferent anticipation

I'm the calm in the heart of the storm
The steady axis in this dance of death
I'm the calm in the heart of the storm
My existence; re-created breath by breath

Chaos all around
Human limbs rearranged
A collage made out of living flesh
Perception of reality now estranged

Sudden motions in my periphery I turn around too late It's time to shake the hand of fate On my tongue the taste of death