

Rapture, The "The Great Distance"

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a noise quieter than a dying breath
mirrors on the blank side of the paper
a need to control this suicide
something i'll never quite understand
what would heal these holes
marks left by the feeding needle
tonight the bullets turn into keys
and we escape
this was the day of losing control
a sea of silence where i go
stuck somewhere between a blink and a tear
and the great distance
maybe it was just a ghost of a voice
i thought i once heard
maybe nothing of the like
maybe it was a memory
i thought i saw creeping by
maybe nothing
"Better to die, and to sleep
The never waking sleep, than linger on,
And dare to live, when the soul's life is gone."

[Sophocles (496BC-406-5BC)]

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