

DAM

"No God With Me"

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Fury with strength another fine line, to rhyme with care,
And tread the thread bare: longer than time, thinner
than air,
In spite of it's length,
By compulsion, wine, that the soul transcends
At it twilight's end.

They speak to me in my dreams
In grotesque, gaping screams of silence;
Onlooking eyes of nothing stare:
This grotesque vacuum has taken form

"See that I, even I, am he,
And there is no God with me,
I kill and I make alive,
I have wounded and I heal,
And there is none that can deliver out of my hand."
[Deut. 32:35]

None of this is real, all of it makes sense;
Fractal vortex iterates recurrence in a dream:
Brooding sordid vacuum.

Within the sordid winter in my mind:
Diesel nausea, a sick sun never sets.
Beyond the gleaming liquid karmic flaws:
Demons wait at crossroads.

Evading definition, eclipsing the sun,
Recruiting my compulsion, whispering:
All of this is real, none of it makes sense.
The anguished face of total need,
It's fractal vortex iterates:

"See that I, even I, am he,
And there is no God with me,
I kill and I make alive,
I have wounded and I heal,
And there is none that can deliver out of my hand."
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