

Detonation

"Sword-Carved Skin"

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Somewhere I'll find the truth
Though I doubt, I wonder
Is there a truth to be found?
Where lies the soul of my being
The purpose of my presence.

The theme that haunts me
Carved with a knife
On to my feeble skin.

Several years before
Negative pulse arisen from shore
All my sense appeared gone
Yet reason came back to me
Sword-carved skin!
Like a storm, it made me forget
But still I remember.

Nothing can drive this pain away
Though I doubt, I wonder

Is there are a truth to be found?
The days grow in sorrow
As the blood soaks the ground.

The theme that haunts me
Carved with a knife
On to my feeble skin.

"I feel the powers coming back
Closed wounds start bleeding again
The earth below my feet
Urging me to take command
Of this pathetic form of growth
We call life..."

I do not fear them
Though ignorance can be mistaken for
I only fear myself
Apparently I should.

