

Inked In Blood

"The Cosmos In A Box"

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The silence terrifies us.
We can't stand the sound of our own voices.
We are addicted to distracting ourselves
Anything to keep our minds from becoming still.
What humanity truly fears is hidden in our
insignificance.
Our pride won't save us from this discovery.
Where our minds end remains existence.
The blood of these questions will spill outside of our
fortresses.
Desperation is the blade we use to kill, and we kill the
silence
To pacify ourselves to the point of self-denial.

Terror comes when our egos reach their end
And we are faced with the problem of existence.
I won't believe that this is happening; but there is no
coincidence for me to rely on.
With the silence comes awareness - with the silence
comes the fear.
Your heart of stone.
Give me my fix: for I can't stand the silence, the terror
drives me mad,
For I won't face the questions, this problem of
existence.

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