

Insite

"Disengagement"

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What solemnity can be found in this death?
A traitor's smile, the honour of betrayal
How comfort could be found in the dreariest of nights?
What solace for guilt-driven mind, tarnished heart?

Two crestfallen figures clinging together in fathomless
dark
In maelstrom of despair dimming each others shine

And half of his blood runs like mine - kindred spirit to
me
But the gleam in his eyes remind of the one who is
gone forever

When dreams carry me past this life, to thin shrouding
mist
I rest in silence, in place lifeless and desolate

Long are midwinter's nights as the will to live has died
Evanescent the unwarming light, evoking memories of
life -
Of the life long lost, buried in ashes of love and joy -
Buried in ashes of love and joy

And half of his blood bleeds like mine - kindred spirit,
yet free
But the gleam in his eyes abates for my guilt shackles
him too

What sublimity can be found in this love?
Weakling's trust, the moral of deceiver

There's no future for a son under this burden of grief
No leading to walk aside this tormented ghost

Two crestfallen figures clinging together in fathomless
dark
In maelstrom of despair father suppressing the only
shine

As the end is slowly looming our paths must now

diverge

Pressure slowly easing, shackles unchained, uplifting

Beyond many a weary league

Where dimming light gives birth to evening stars

At the treelines of distant, devouring woods

Await my demons, embodying this longing

Better to sleep now on stranger's porch, find home on
foreign soil

Brighter the sun to a forsaken child than to a father in
despair

Disencumbered from this grief with the most cruel way

Deserted to be alone, abandoned to be free

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