

Loch Vostok

"Absence"

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Sense you when I sleep
Sense you when I drive

Cloaked in clandestine secrecy
Just a breath would asunder the pact
I would have liked to have you here
Your absence is a very great presence

I approach a darkness
So obscure it hurts
Our home seems far away
Where we build our dreams

Morning has broken and so is your neck
The irony, the malevolence
The nauseating absence of "God"

Sense you when I sleep
And now I see you everywhere
You've come back for us all
To show us the truth

It was no accident
Only greed of its purest kind
Happened here that night

I approach a darkness
So obscure it hurts
Our home seems far away
Where we build our dreams

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