

## **Craft**

### **"The Silence Thereafter"**

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The feeling as if cold, jagged steel was carving your  
flesh

The knowledge of order, chaos and all in between  
The awareness of a cold world in which no one  
breathes

And with yearn

The loneliness of a universe of unlimited creatures  
The indiscriminating hate, the curse of being a god

The melancholy of ghosts haunting wherever we go  
We are their castles

The phantoms of other times finding it's ways through  
the mist

The useless excellence of a world without soul, without  
hope

The violent, ghastly storms of rage  
And the silence thereafter

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