

Dark Millenium

"In And For Nothing"

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In the circle deep,
lost me in this cold, cold black
a strong arm in these weak days just
an inner wish to be forgotten ...
See, the ships are sailing
they sail without a sea;
and still Jesus is praising
he speaks with no need to breathe ...
In my words I claim nothingness to be
and pictures awake and grow in me.
What is left
to expect?
Where is to go,
to look at?
Gallows for sale,
just follow the stench
of my sweat.
You in my mouth,
did you really believe
you were safed?
'Swopped blood for blood,
'snuffed mud for mud
'shook hands with the boys
of the underworld.
The last dance in the inside of my outside
did you really believe
you were safed?

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