

The Amenta "Nihil"

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First came the word.
And that word was nothing
Soundless syllables in boundless thought.
Is this it ? Or all ? Or everything
A reflection between parallel mirrors ?
In a book never written
Seen through a frameless window
Nihil Est.

The opiate of the masses.
Diluted and polluted.
Curls in wisps over vacant idols
To stillborn children
Mother nature gave birth to husks
That dissolve and decay back to dirt
In the melody between notes
In the notes in arrest
In discord in a chord
Nihil est

In the words between lines
In the worst of the best
In the dust in the pews
Nihil Est

Like words of empty praise
Washing over an empty congregation
Like a cancelled play, played out
To a sleeping audience of mannequins
Like a television flickering
Static in an empty concrete room
In thoughts so vast nothing is possible
When nothing exists everything is always permitted
Existence is no great gift
Death is not a beginning
But in nothing it is a rift

Love, Hate in a cold dream
A cold clockwork circumstance
A random unknown hidden in simple patterns
It's a chalk outline, not a halo
Leave crutches for cripples

Leave dependence to drones
Lies to the harvest for truth to be sown

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In the notes in arrest
In discord in a chord
Nihil est

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