

Nattvindens Gråt **"Chaos Without Theory"**

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The children of banishment, souls overcast in
abandon, with gaunt backs bowed in servitude
Let your fever grow in thine spirit awakening, life is but
an interlude

The stubborn beast called flesh alive, Eros and
Thanatos intertwined, I'm beyond your experience
These souls of black defying light, devoid of colors,
refuse to die, I'm beyond your experience

The ghosts that haunt the weak, that torture me by
nightfall are voices from within my guilt
When all our hopes of pride and justice to be done are
pierced by falsehood for a nail
Come into the courts of manhood and be weighed
down...
Cast into the pit of reprisal within your mind, not me
Come look into the mirror of dreams and face the
agony...
See the reason why despisal is your part before me...

So we find chos without the theory outside the guilding
light
So we find madness without the method amidst the
ancient night
Is this illusion not of this world but a dream within a
dream?
Is this dreamworld a were punishment, a punishment
for me?

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