

Pagan Lorn

"Silence For A Day"

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As an uprising son
(It hallows)
As a tragedy of facts
(It hallows)
As an unfailing glory
(It hallows)
As a melody of trust
(It hallows)
This burden
A companion of mine
My mindclaw
Breaking my speech
A mask of panic
Hiding the flesh
Not more inside than inside
In a time of restlessness
My existence is brought into ruin
How dead can life be
I am the core of pain
Discontent smothers life
Weakness controls being
All this shame on my small world
Can I deprive myself of the unwanted
Screaming tears
Cutting my eyes
Me between it
And yourself
Right at the end
Before I started
Let the worm grow
Up to the deadline
Will you trust me as I am now
Will you respect me as I am now
A fact cannot be handled as a lie
It should be proclaimed as a warning
No end to see and my time runs short
A taste of fear enters my mouth
When it grows up you can never know
How to deal with it or how to name it
As my show ends and the lights go down
I will be the martyr of my weakness
Spit it out

Admire your work
Contentment occurs
Hope you will not find my weakness in it

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