

Abysmalia

"An Epitome Of Emptiness"

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Deep inside this mind, there's nothing to be found
Shivering solitude and absence of reason, light and
sound
Washed up remedies putting pieces back together
Empty Bordeaux glass on the table with this letter

I look at the paper, think about the closing line
Should I send it inscribed or just remove the last rhyme
God how I hope you called, just to give me a chance
But I do know that it's probably too much to ask

No, no - I didn't want to know
No - I didn't need to know
The truth about the only lie
I did nothing so wrong

There's no
For me
Two go

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