

Pandemonium

"The Nameless Season"

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Expanding the mind
Into regions unknown
Sends shivers through the body
And brings the faith down

Blackest travesty of hope
Retraces what was once held for true
Abnormal grand delusions
Deconstructive in their form
Withhold the thought
In a solid cage of ice

Bleak appalling sights
Of a world now to depraved
Of it's own constructive vision
Tries to blind
Shadows descend on a misty sea
Where the thought was once left to roam free
And passion spired in it's wake

What comes to the travelling mind
In the nameless season
That bears no mark?
In the grey and cold abyss of loss
At a destination shunned
Oh, here comes the sun again
Eluding the thought at the twilight of lust
It's warmth cannot be felt

Born to the tyranny of the passionless at heart
It's derisive ways undo the claim
Of the soulful will for lust
Crawling through deserted colonnades of darkest grey
The nameless season takes it's bitter toll

Warring factions lay to rest
The mind's inherent struggle to collect
The moments that it cherishes
And thoughts of joy and grief
Winding up with a soulless epitaph of belief

These words they mean so little

But the fires of neglect adorn
Eyes shining in the darkness
Where the thought has lost it's spark
Do they propose the troublefree existence of the dead?
Or the unbearable darkness of unbeing?

In the grey and cold abyss of loss
On a path not leading on
The thought is struggling on it's own
Oh, here comes the moon to shine
Eluding the sense of a warming embrace
It's voice cannot be heard

An object of affection can't avoid
The coldest deprivation of it's light
Starry skies enact the tragic mind-defect
Horrid scenes appearing as blank
As waters without breeze
Mark the dying flame with aeons of flooding rain

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