

Hyperborea

"White Noise"

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You wake up in eloquent silence
You try to look with closed eyes
You can feel the truth around you
But you still miss the path

Your wisdom is your weakness
With every step you hit a wall
You always fail to create a pattern
That describes the world around

You search your own reflection
In the endless ocean of pain
Confusion, imperfection, lack of will
Is what stops you to dive and swim

Your life is a conscious blackout
You try to crush the thing you were
Slowly you dig deeper in yourself
Looking for something with no name

The only thing to find is - white noise.
Don't talk to me, inside of me
I find my worst enemy
Paragon of disbelief
Incubating pain and grief

The shapeless fear in my veins
Is keeping me from being sane
My consonance is a fainted ghost
I grope for one I miss the most

Incertitude in my own self
Elusively it breeds and dwells
Like carcinoma deep inside
It waits for a ringbell to come alive

Again I strive to flee away
Not once I've tried to free my brain
I keep digging down and down
Effortlessly drifting around

The only thing I find is - white noise.

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