Vanished

Pallbearer

All the distant nights
That vanished from my mind
Hang like glistening knives
In the back of my mindI can almost see
The phantoms gone in the past
What could I ever trade
For all that's escaped in time?
What can dreams be if nothing ever lastsIn a future where everything's made of glass
Each moment carves a piece away
Of the sculpture shaped by the passing of daysHands ever change the days
As monuments turn to rust
In the grasp of the infinite
All mountains crumble to dust
Arising from nothing
The short dance of existing
We're always shifting
And always becoming

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