

# Atom Heart 243.5

## Dark Tranquillity

Still alive  
All knowing eye  
Beneath your stream of words  
Your rapid stream of words

Though none will  
Ever live to share  
The radiant stream  
The promised hues  
From which your picture fell

Re-seal the components from atom hearts  
Revert, non-owner of worlds

As uncommunication becomes the manifest  
Our alien, architectural skeletons in unison collapse

Death rode these silent caravans  
And steered them to the ?(o/a)?I'm of the world.

Their diaries and withered letters  
All devoted to the art of dying

The enterprise, academy  
The crafts held in our hands  
All devoted to the art of dying

No room to arrange  
The final row of masks  
Drenched in chameleon-ink  
For the grand charade

The tongues that burn in you  
The slowly altered language  
That colonized your heartland  
Advanced through broken doors

And they still believe in you  
They seem to see  
So many things

Booked in your pestilent eye  
Your stale lids, your iris punctured  
By tongues licking a lie

The enterprise, wolvenlore  
The cursed seed of man  
Plunged through the tunnels of uncreation  
We reach out to move the landmark,  
Hands seeping down from the chronicles of time  
The quill now blunt  
The scribe devoured

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