

Disengagement

Insomnium

What solemnity can be found in this death?
A traitor's smile, the honour of betrayal
How comfort could be found in the dreariest of nights?
What solace for guilt-driven mind, tarnished heart?
Two crestfallen figures clinging together in fathomless dark
In maelstrom of despair dimming each other's shine
And half of his blood runs like mine - kindred spirit to me
But the gleam in his eyes remind of the one who is gone forever
When dreams carry me past this life, to thin
shrouding mist
I rest in silence, in place lifeless and desolate
Long are midwinter's nights as the will to live has died
Evanescent the unwarming light, evoking memories of life
Of the life long lost, buried in ashes of love and joy
And half of his blood bleeds like mine - kindred spirit, yet
free
But the gleam in his eyes abates for my guilt shackles him too
What sublimity can be found in this love?
Weakling's trust, the moral of deceiver
There's no future for a son under this burden of grief
No leading to walk aside this tormented ghost
Two crestfallen figures clinging together in fathomless dark
In maelstrom of despair father suppressing the only shine
As the end is slowly looming our paths must now
diverge
Pressure slowly easing, shackles unchained, uplifting
Beyond many a weary league
Where dimming light gives birth to evening stars
At the treelines of distant, devouring woods
Await my demons, embodying this longing
Better to sleep now on stranger's porch,
find home on foreign soil
Brighter the sun to a forsaken child than to a father in despair
Disencumbered from this grief with the most cruel way
Deserted to be alone, abandoned to be free

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