Disengagement

Insomnium

What solemnity can be found in this death?
A traitor's smile, the honour of betrayalHow 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 shineAnd half of his blood runs like mine - kindred spirit to me
But the gleam in his eyes remind of the one who is gone foreverWhen dreams carry me past this life, to thin shrouding mist
I rest in silence, in place lifeless and desolateLong 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 joyAnd half of his blood bleeds like mine - kindred spirit, yet free
But the gleam in his eyes abates for my guilt shackles him tooWhat sublimity can be found in this love?
Weakling's trust, the moral of deceiverThere'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 shineAs the end is slowly looming our paths must now diverge
Pressure slowly easing, shackles unchained, upliftingBeyond many a weary league
Where dimming light gives birth to evening stars
At the treelines of distant, devouring woods
Await my demons, embodying this longingBetter 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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