

## Dead Silence

Abney Park

Dead silence falls a cascading shower of indifference  
Isolation calls no self-  
acceptance, no means for honest reverence  
Into the void self-annihilation, futilistic egotism  
Until now I've toyed with what seems inevitable destructionism

Is this the end of my life?

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Stabbed in the back, ice cold steel between my lower vertebrae  
Not the first attack, I'm an isolated captive with the ones who  
would betray  
Too late for pleas, my companions are filled with animosity  
Knocked to my knees death will bring an end to this uncertainty

Is this the end of my life?

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