

Phantom Days

Dark Tranquillity

It doesn't make it any less real
Once you feel it
Rage with the fire of insight
These are the days that

Favors the emotional, an amplified belief
When effective and unbiased I want my eyes to be
It might be lost and gone to memory belong

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Behind the reason once we nullify intent
Ignorance be just when defeatist minds prevail
In dreams they slip away yet this feeling lingers on

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What remains of indecision determined by resolve
Vicariously through others I see what I can be
It might be lost and gone to memory belong

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