

## Scythe, Rage and Roses

Dark Tranquillity

Fast fading roses  
Non-lingering words  
Scythe be my instrument  
Through dreams I now rage

No guidance is me offered  
No forgiveness thee is promised  
Now van distance be a factor  
when engraved in me thou art?

Nourished by the soul my flame  
shall serve to torch the earth

Denial serves me

That fire cannot burn  
with flames of no origin  
That star cannot bring guidance  
without force or form

One is darkness  
The other silence  
Without silence the darkness  
looses its splendour

Sweet bliss that sleep now giveth  
tempt with forgetful night  
Ever haunting that image within  
swear to the answers denied