

gentle storm / thundering silence  
inferior force / uncontrolled calm  
vital unlike / logic/chaos/logic

the tone of which his birth ascend  
the beat that of a heart descend  
repeating in the infinite  
an insight made it clear  
order stormed the surface  
where chaos set norm  
had there always been balance?  
...surely not  
therein lies the beauty

it was solid  
yet everchanging  
it was different  
yet the same  
so I starve myself for energy

the song around his soul will bend  
the notes that in this hole will melt  
crawl out of science  
a dreamland if you dear  
disorder clawed the boundaries

we're ordered to stand clear  
was it always different  
...never the same?  
therein lies the beauty

as there were no witnesses  
there was nothing to be told  
as nothing could be grasped  
the story could unfold  
superimposed on the elements of anger  
/ fear / anxiety / hate / despair / remorse

so break from all that fear hold fast  
exposed now turn to all you lack  
let echoes be the answers  
return from all the screams  
wordless now the last attack  
so silent it hurts to listen  
was it always solid  
...to never change?  
therein lies the beauty