

Silence

Esoteric

I lift my head, but there is no reason to move
Time
Takes from us the years we build
What can be lost within a day

Words may pass
Time has no mercy upon truth
Crushing all in its path

Reason is lost here
Leaving us alone with the questions
This bizarre metaphoric game
Unravels like some predestined curse
Each player sees the charade
A hapless parade of what must be
But still we play

So many lines
Entangled amongst frantic visions
Cascade this horrific journey

And where does this plane take us?
To escape?
To lose that which makes us?

Emotion never dies
It only becomes distant with time
Memories fade, onward towards bitter end

My head it aches
As yet another day unfolds
Faces of anger
Ironed into my skin

And to pass away, knowing only silence