

The Cosmos In A Box

Inked In Blood

The silence terrifies us.
We can't stand the sound of our own voices.
We are addicted to distracting ourselves
Anything to keep our minds from becoming still.
What humanity truly fears is hidden in our insignificance.
Our pride won't save us from this discovery.
Where our minds end remains existence.
The blood of these questions will spill outside of our fortress
es.
Desperation is the blade we use to kill, and we kill the silenc
e
To pacify ourselves to the point of self-denial.
Terror comes when our egos reach their end
And we are faced with the problem of existence.
I won't believe that this is happening; but there is no coincid
ence for me to rely on.
With the silence comes awareness - with the silence comes the f
ear.
Your heart of stone.
Give me my fix: for I can't stand the silence, the terror drive
s me mad,
For I won't face the questions, this problem of existence.