

Fog

Vanhelga

I see it, it's in front of me
This white mist of concealment
No, wait, it's everywhere, cold and obscure
I want to devour it but they won't let me

Apathy strikes me as I feel it against my skin
Nothing can be found here nor within

The rules of awareness stands in my path
Never can my low life ego manage to devour it
In this dark place where nothing is what it is

Apathy strikes me as I feel it against my skin
Nothing can be found here nor within

Awakening from my slumber the mist vanishes
Behind the trees of mathematical rules
In black hole emerge and I jump in

Apathy strikes me as I feel it against my skin
Nothing can be found here nor within