

# The End Of All Light

## Verse

You can chalk it up to manic tendencies.  
Attributes she has also given to you and me.  
A lasting black cloud hovering unapologetically  
that serves to crush pure thought and pollute all that is humanity.  
We are self-serving, slaving away to please ourselves.  
We are the kings and servants all in one:  
Some more, some less.

"No dawn will come tomorrow.  
Darkness for a decade.  
Hold the ones you love close.  
I can't say for sure when the sky will clear  
but it will, for a while."

Her words move through me like a wave of fear crashing down on me.  
The panic strikes as strong as a god.  
The Tsar bomb: overhead to free me.

Empty shelves still stand where she used to keep her records,  
theoretically speaking.  
We will spend every minute of every hour,  
of every day, of every year,  
replacing that vacant space mixed with our love and our fear.

"Understand that you will meet death before actual death."

"No dawn will come tomorrow.  
Darkness for a decade.  
Hold the ones you love close.  
I can't say for sure when the sky will clear  
but it will, for a while."

Her words destroy me like a wave of fear crashing down on me.  
The panic strikes as strong as big brother.  
The satellites: overhead to oversee.

A life so low and undefined, covering all vision:  
a true rage that is blind.  
We are naked, without shelter;  
and when this pill is forced down our throats,  
we become numb.  
A welcoming numbness that lies dormant until our end comes.  
But this is not the end, you see:

"No dawn will come tomorrow.  
Darkness for a decade.  
Hold the ones you love close.  
I can't say for sure when the sky will clear  
but it will, for a while."

Her words destroy me like a wave of fear crashing down on me.  
The panic strikes as strong as big brother.  
The satellites: overhead to oversee.