

Evoken, A Caress Of The Void

The moaning comes from upstairs
I hear them, as if
Upon the threshold of awakening
Ebony tides sweep me away again
Not waving, but drowning
Skyward glance through eyes sinking beneath the surface
Spiraling through indistinct memories
Meanings lost in the primal depths
A caress of the void: the scream falls still

Reality null - The landscape dissolves
Abysmal galleries of depthless gray
Realm of decaying logic

The moaning has turned to screams
Whilst somewhere beyond, a voice drones the mad narrative
Of souls astray - reliving their mortal pains
Silhouettes writhing in murky air
Until a familiar voice whispered into my ear
One word was all that was spoken
Shattering the mirror of this fleeting oblivion
Into a thousand shards of broken light