

Skyclad, Karmageddon (The Suffering Silence)

Awake at the "Souls Midnight" I seek that I may find
An amicable separation from this state of mind
My sins so unoriginal they cannot be forgiven
An overwhelming sense of doubt from me all hope has driven.

Ships at night we pass each other by one stormy crossing
Now in dry-dock solitude we reminisce and wait
For "trade-winds" that will guide us
'cross the ocean that divides us
Pray that time and tide unite us not one moment too late.

With all my coins cast in your fountain I have wished on falling stars
Remembered times together when the minutes seemed like 'ours.

The strangest things can happen on the way to paradise
Where the grass is always greener on the other side of life.

Forever held in this dilemma - I see no escape
When misery awaits me down whichever path I take
No "prima-donnas" are allowed in this "menage-a-trois";
So will someone please accept us for the naive fools we are.

Caught between the Devil and the deep blue sea
I'm not waving - I am drowning (someone rescue me!)
Life's tides drag me always deeper down - I'm sinking fast
The question is no longer whether I will die - but how long will I last.

I scream out to the brooding stormclouds heavy with despair
Yet know they hold no answers - there's no silver hiding there.

Destiny has turned the key and locked the gates of heaven
But Kismet is the combination to my Karmageddon.

Contemplation on my isolation - immolation by my desolation.

I spiral down the cortex vortex - though to live this live I shan't be forced
I'll break my vow of silence - race towards the holocaust
Absence makes the heart grow fonder (where the heart lies - there is home)
But I am lost and have no shelter - nothing I can call my own.

This soul consumed by inside outrage never had a choice
An anger cloaked (choked into silence) seeks an estranged voice
To excommunicate my conscience - relieve the condemned
And summon courage to admit that all good things must end.