

Arcturus, Hibernation Sickness Complete

Probing a voiceless void
Searching for a closure
Poisoned tentacles from the past
Are tumbling fumbling closer
Mood set
On full scale regret
Peaking an all-time low
Distorted patterns no sight with this lantern
But a bleak recollection of something undone
A banished vanished presence
Of the unspeakable secretive kind
The uttermost shame is its essence
The septic transforms the shell-shocked and blind
A nightmare released, a terrible disease
Lurking behind a thin wall of sleep
The jail-bars of a stigmatized keep
Across the crumbling layers
A tricky haze of control
Beyond matter the untouchable scatter
The cracks are beginning to show
Small gaps out of time with riddles entwined
Looking over my shoulder for some kind of cover
All I can find to bring peace of mind
Is that this bloodstained route
Will carry the strangest of fruits
Not to turn away tainted
But look into the deep and weep
Hibernation sickness complete