

Axamenta, Threnody for an Endling

(05/29/1879 A.D. London, England)

So there I stood in a corridor of pain
Solitarian and lost, between walls of peeling paint
Now she has lost the lead through the Sane
In the sigh of her faint
Her eyes, her stare - a horrible glance for my mind to bare

Whatever had me led astray
I seemed to have aged overnight
In less than a day, lost all sense in disarray

And yet a light was shed on the dread
In this lonely world
My lonely world of grey
Peeling grey

My words they wandered on the verge of her comprehension
"I'm the Chain's broken shackle in this delphian dimension
I found the darkest cogs in the wheelwork of Creation
Endlings, Knottigher, Chainreaction, Incogation"

Who thought I would fear
What stirs there
Underneath

But now the door I opened
The redemption from our shell
It fell shut behind me
As the rusting bars of my cell

Listen, I have it all figured out
The room is too big for us to even find the entrance, OK?
So we seek the exit. But you see, I have found the entrance!
I'm on the threshold
I have to go now...

I'm leaving now
My fear has caught up with me

Now I pine away
Lost, between these weary matted walls
It feels like I am screaming
Silence...
Silence!

And now, the door we passed through
The secluded entrance to our shell
It fell shut behind us, But I...
I will open it in my ... farewell