

# Burst, The Immateria

A silver sky and I lie down  
You don't provoke me anymore  
These hours try  
And I go down  
And horror yields a door  
The light outlives the setting sun  
End a day to shun  
My senses slip  
A lie begun  
From all to none  
The black as painted by the moon  
Colour filth from which we've hewn  
Beckon hell it ends too soon  
All wanting hope and ruin  
The storm that rose the crushing gale  
Awaken into dismal pale  
My senses blank, the sleepers veil  
Where and why the burning fail  
A nightmare catalyst  
Harness delusion