

Craft, The Silence Thereafter

The feeling as if cold, jagged steel was carving your flesh
The knowledge of order, chaos and all in between
The awareness of a cold world in which no one breathes
And with yearn

The loneliness of a universe of unlimited creatures
The indiscriminating hate, the curse of being a god
The melancholy of ghosts haunting wherever we go
We are their castles

The phantoms of other times finding it's ways through the mist
The useless excellence of a world without soul, without hope
The violent, ghastly storms of rage
And the silence thereafter