

# Memento, Abyss

never will you find the reasons  
sand is just a broken stone  
love it changes with the seasons  
in the dark I read the lines upon your hand  
junkies, intellects and preachers  
all addicted to your clans  
caged by ribs sits the believer  
with less friends than fingers on one hand  
when silence speaks free  
when no ones home  
when cold and lucid  
when bruised and torn  
look into your abyss  
nothing tastes like this  
look into....  
is what you see here what you wanted?  
no soft lens, no violins  
like the gray eyes of a dead man  
the mirror always stares  
I've got a little riddle in my head  
what's the little riddle in your head?  
look into your abyss