

# Pagan Lorn, Silence For A Day

As an uprising son  
(It hallows)  
As a tragedy of facts  
(It hallows)  
As an unfailing glory  
(It hallows)  
As a melody of trust  
(It hallows)  
This burden  
A companion of mine  
My mindclaw  
Breaking my speech  
A mask of panic  
Hiding the flesh  
Not more inside than inside  
In a time of restlessness  
My existence is brought into ruin  
How dead can life be  
I am the core of pain  
Discontent smothers life  
Weakness controls being  
All this shame on my small world  
Can I deprive myself of the unwanted  
Screaming tears  
Cutting my eyes  
Me between it  
And yourself  
Right at the end  
Before I started  
Let the worm grow  
Up to the deadline  
Will you trust me as I am now  
Will you respect me as I am now  
A fact cannot be handled as a lie  
It should be proclaimed as a warning  
No end to see and my time runs short  
A taste of fear enters my mouth  
When it grows up you can never know  
How to deal with it or how to name it  
As my show ends and the lights go down  
I will be the martyr of my weakness  
Spit it out  
Admire your work  
Contentment occurs  
Hope you will not find my weakness in it