

Tidfall, Soil Of Tomorrow

Lifeless as life itself.
Spiritless as spirit itself
I have turned on the world
I have turned on the matter of being

When humanity fades to become what humanity is,
Existence become the ever beginning desert.
And all but the truth is the burden to bear,
What an emerald stone / what a desolate truth.

The carrier of a blackened sun
The sun of renewal
Salt is the seal which have sealed the night
It's vaultes to be opened by sadness alone.

Painless as pain itself.
Scarless as the scar itself.
The world is not what turns around.
The world is not what goes around.
All that's left is the grief,
Of an existence of searching the night sky.

The carrier of a blackened sun
The sun of renewal
Sad is the constellation.
Where the vaults lay hidden.

And if I dream of this shining.
I await death's call.
The calling for mortal flesh
To fertilize the soil of tomorrow