

Under Black Clouds, Signal To Noise

From my armchair I look into the future, see the darkness rising
a tidal wave that takes my thoughts and flood them into the past
on to the shore of puzzled memories, torn and forgotten
now forming just the silhouettes of a pale story I once heard.

A tale about 999's last days in december
when the people of Rome all gathered in the dark and cold
to watch a great clock's hands ending the dial's top
thousands of eyes hypnotized by the midnight strikes.

But suddenly it stopped right inbetween - and all was silent
some people died in hopeless fear, was this the end of time
as silence burst out into madness, screams and tears
will the Four Horsemen be our fate, or panic rip out minds?

Silently the clock went on, a new millenium born
and silently the night now shows me it's oh so absolute form
but soon comes down scratching the monolith black
as slowly spreads the story's meaning in me as a zodiac sign did.

Sure I will die within few months and with me all I swallowed
yet unlike thousand years ago time will not stop - I will be followed
and though I wish I do not have to go - I'll give you me and my world
to be alive with you as long as you are. It's worth signal to noise.