

# 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.