

Withered Beauty, Veil Of Nothing

(Bryntse, Bjrkklund)

Darkness
All that is before my eyes
Nothing
Lives inside my eyes
Visions
Of what could be out there
Questions
Eager to know, yearning for sight
Lifeless
Eyes that can not see
Unseen
Images of what could be
Strange
Illusions often cross my mind
Searching
Answers hidden far behind
In my eyes, the landscape dies, never ever exist
What is sight, what is light, how could I know
Blind since birth, condemned by earth, left in cold
alone
See with hands, but never lands, life can be so bad