

# Wizard, Calm Of The Storm

Running: through a blur of motion  
Out of context; I've lost my ground  
Only destruction in my mind  
Obeying another senseless command

My senses: divided  
Providing no useful information  
Waiting for my death  
With indifferent anticipation

I'm the calm in the heart of the storm  
The steady axis in this dance of death  
I'm the calm in the heart of the storm  
My existence; re-created breath by breath

Chaos all around  
Human limbs rearranged  
A collage made out of living flesh  
Perception of reality now estranged

Sudden motions in my periphery  
I turn around too late  
It's time to shake the hand of fate  
On my tongue the taste of death