

# 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