

## Bluntness

Asgaroth

There's no heart in no faint solution  
There's no last, just a pulse that aain now fades away  
Bereavements? no third nor fifth repetition  
(the odds and evens of a present pain)

Beneath a cortex to please the pleasant  
it's this step down I built...  
ruled in selfrules  
it's your lifetime's point  
the stage in a blissful pain,  
just a stage...

Recall your cyphred bluntness,  
for which you were meant to please.  
Dragged out by a miliard thoughts,  
it took your time to turn to me.  
All in all, all's to be lost,  
To travel down within the coil.  
Frailty, misconception,  
a lost strifle in a season's end.

It took your time to turn to me...