

Embrace true emptiness

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Behind the eyes the beast in man is never far
Dormant until we accept what we are
No saints. No grace

There is no relief from the mountains of grief
Intricately, assembled stone by stone
The art of deception, in theory and practice
Smothers any compassion we could hope to salvage
There is no progress, when forward motions just a test
Of another mans lust for greed
The will to resist disappears in the midst
Staining the sky in eternal misery

Intertwined in end times
Wondrous webs of deceit we weave
Behind the eyes, the beast in man is never far
Only dormant until we accept what we are

Don't save me
There's nowhere to stay
That doesn't bear the scars of yesterday
Don't save me
There's nowhere to stay
That doesn't bear the scars of yesterday

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The last lights drift
Deep down into the spiral
Where same and denial
Are forever and final

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Nomad on an orphan earth
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