

Cross to Bear

Misery Index

Transfixion, a sickle to the neck
Disfigured by the malady of man:
Time, prevailing
A cross to bear; our end

Finite, our fascination
With death, to behold
Our lives in consecration
We dwell... in halls of the night

Transcending the path
With our crosses to bear
Transcending the path

Finite, our fascination
With death, to behold
Our lives in consecration
We dwell... in halls of the night

Opened wide unto the core of our being
Poisoned minds, in the gyre turning

Unlatched inside, the gate is swinging
The pain subsides but the fire's still burning

A cross to bear

Perpetual
This sallow affair
Interminable

Intertwined and locked in despair
Obsessed with death, the affliction we share
Gashing out the jaws, the visceral sound
The heed the call
The call from the underground

Consciousness
Suspended in stone
The blackness
Calling us home

We are but sirens with our crosses to bear
And stones to cast out into the air
A faction bound by possession
A faction bound by aggression

Our cross to bear
Our cross to bear

Weight, the burden
A cross to bear