

The Others

Sarea

So you paint your roses in gold and shame
To cover the costs someone else will pay
Building the city on blood-filled shores
And now you know

Comments of somber tone
Set aside this violent soul
Creeps up to compensate
Grew up and ran away

Came back, and all for nothing
This place is filled with lies
You try to walk but your hands
And feet are tied
And no one knows your gone

Come back to the others, go back, belong
Your pride is a weakness,
Searching for a home

Push back, don't surrender
Give in and disappear
Both ways are bound to happen
What's done means nothing

Let it out, let it out of here
Get out
Paint and shame for your roses

This empty vessel,
A creature hidden down below
The 'cause of what you feel
Is searching for a home