

Laments Of An Icarus

Textures

Now it's always been a riddle
Misanthrope, you always pursued a valid reason
You know, to be wrong with a reason
You are what you are
But your ever present subliminal self bends the black
You sleep so tight
But dreamless
Facing forward

Dawn's edge, the supplement to destiny's ender
You smother all the words you have never said
with a mouth filled with empathy
Words can be an enemy
you can never say you're sorry 'cause you're a pretender

Unpretend
Fall from grace
Unconcealed
Just a phase
Summer's bruise
Turn a wrench
Bottled thoughts
Blind eye stare

Look out of the window
You stare in the face of a widow
Drink up, like a lover
You recreate all that's over

The turn of the tide
You're used up
Just take it like a man
All you must do is confess
The truth is a knife
You are but one
One straight answer

What is it? Sculpture of an obsession
A sound so profound it sings you back to hell
The system's architecture
Frames the antidote's gift
Winter, summer, cycle moves erratic, follow me Aphrodite

Faithless
The one broken
The one who can bend a spoon with his will
Bow down
Here's my antidote
Priceless honest reaction (come on, come on!) Take it, take it, more!

Just another day in the rain, and a sure shot
Inside the game
Walk the dead man directly to his grave
Without morning, without nothing
Be the same
GO!

Divide by numbers, all uncovered
Narrowed down from three to none my brother
And the nearest beacon cries "I'm sober"
But the truth remain unspoken
Cynic without anger
And a lover without passion
And a fighter with a complex
Worship your own cancer
And a lesson without meaning
It a lesson for the feeble
Branded by all-in-one frights
Antagonist, become my downfall
I'm just a man and I can't grasp it all