

March Of The Clones

The Autumn Offering

Stupor of fools
trapped in a paradox
slip back
dream state
flesh crawls as your body rots away
angels with broken halos
a sawn song
burn away the day
its not your plight
so why even try
a trap in every word you say

now your left to pick up the ruins
she holds you captive in lies

i cant see the strings
yet i feel them pulling slow
ive got hell inside of me
im falling down

how could you feed me poison
how could you take my dignity

she holds you captive in lies

the clones keep marching on....