

The Fractal Effect

After the Burial

This is where you pick yourself up brush off the ashes.
Clear the smoke and soot from your eyes.
Their word brings desperation just look around you.
Renewed vision reveals the lies.
My truth will be my own.
You say it doesn't matter get used to fear.
I tell you that's the problem get used to the lies.
They mislead your pride.
You blind them with your light just strand this from the mind.
You say it doesn't matter get used to fear.
I tell you that's the problem.
What its done to you the way you live your life.
Pick yourself up.
What its done to you the way you live your life.
A state of empty bliss and empty state of mind.
A state of empty bliss pulled into the depths dragged out with
the tide.
My truth will be my own and not the one they gave me.