

Horns And Feathers

Alghazanth

In the aftermath of another escape from reality
Exhausted you lay, circled by nothingness
You sank so deep... lacking the strength to surface again

Miracles and revelations, or just hallucinations?
God tends to speak only at the moments of weakness
As ruins are easier to conquer

Guilt batters with a killer's fist
Forcing you to confess your supposed sins
Hoping for heaven, afraid of hell
You sealed your decay with a shallow prayer

How real can this revival be
When it's merely compensating your low self-esteem?
Life-long submission seems to be the price of faith
So, will the bleeding hearts give more than they take?

Drifting with the winds out at the sea of deceit
The fear of god is all you have
No sign of the promised salvation
An addict to punishment and restrain
Paints horns and feathers within the same frames

Helped up from the pit
And thrown down into a deeper one