

# Tragedy

## Counterparts

Take comfort in the cadence of the bond we share  
A visionary born and raised to see with an unbiased sense of sight  
We pause just for a second to properly embrace the radiance  
We are the anointed dipped in filth  
Taught to cower in fear of being identified  
But tragedy will find us

I'm held captive by my spoiled soul  
I won't allow it to affect my stride  
The procession will proceed as we're gifted with our own idea of peace

So find yourself in me  
I promise I will keep you as we harvest the passion that remains  
Make my skin your sanctuary

I make a pact with the earth to draw life from the living  
Make my skin your sanctuary  
Leap to the beat of my blood  
So place your hand in mine, drag your feet across the tops of trees  
Breathe easy knowing that the branches will support you  
And the weight of your complication

In the midst of the ruin that surrounds us  
We communicate but only in tongues  
Our lips will welcome the caress of the crucifixion  
And we stain the wood with defeat

I am not a mortal, I am a metaphor for moving forward