

The Distorting Light

Immolation

Turbulent images, what's false and what's real
A world viewed through a filtered eye
Conceal the truths we refuse to believe
Cloud our vision, distorting it all

The wicked and corrupt surround us
Their perpetual horrors so blurred
Creating the visions that mislead us
Hiding the terror we're not meant to see

War torn and ravaged
Justify the death
The dead will never challenge
The means to our end
Dark light so blinding
The truth is never clear
Our paradise of wonder
Crumbles before our very eyes

Feel its hot rays shine down upon us
Its scorching radiance forms burning apparitions of fear

A world turned on end
Where devils become Gods
Born into the chaos
We seek the divine

Cast in its light, soothing and calm
But what will we see when the light is gone