

# Living In The Valley Of The Shadow Of Death

Panopticon

Grasping in the dark cold hands  
The voiceless phantom mythed in torn pages of a  
decomposing tome  
The pages wither like burned flowers in a summer  
drought  
They fall into dust

While questions arise in perpetual wanderlust...  
Of unanswered questions and empty gestures  
Mandrake saviors and eyes sewn shut  
This living in fear

Fear of freedom  
Fear of letting go... of things  
The novice angel's somber strings...  
Golden gates and choirs of angels sing praises to a  
heavenly host who's overlooked in arrogance the true  
majesty of the world

There is no God in buildings  
This divisive, cunning method of control  
Ignorance. Oblivion. Ungratefulness and greed  
Forever wanting more when the table buckles from  
building plates so over filled with the beauty of this  
world

Death is my final gift  
The leaves that fall nourish the soil with their  
decomposition and the oak will feed from itself  
again...  
And the world thrives  
Relish the wilderness

There are no forests in your Heaven  
There are no forests in your Heaven  
There are no forests in your Heaven  
There are no forests in your Heaven

Because Heaven is within