

When the Bough Breaks

The Agonist

Alone... she was... and we face this journey alone...
Helpless and weak, dependent on others' decisions
And needs. But who's to say what is right?
To protect a soul or to save a life?
Is it a plague or a gift
the ability to create in the way of the Gods?

We are instinctual artists.
Atlas had nothing on what we've got.
When half a race carries the weight of existence and society sh
uns most circumstances.
Reputation screams to conform and cast out anything deviating f
rom the norm.
The only way to believe your lies is to spread them far and spr
ead them wide.
Creating like a limitless universe... but boundaries are what d
efine size... Wake up.

Remember nightmares by sharing them upon gaining consciousness.
A flooded nation is soon to spoil so wave your flags west! Equa
lity will
Never be attained when blaming Eve for the sins we've gained.
A fighter until the end
but sympathy only kicked in once she was dead.
The sacrifice of a life, or rather and exchange, instead.

Pity, regret and sorrow turned to hope,
but even then the newborn winds up dead.
Black white, right wrong.
Quite a simple hypocrisy. Since when is an accident a responsib
ility?
If you play God once,
I can play God twice.

Give me the decision and I'll handle the fight.
Materialism now subsides.
Tradition exists when no one has the guts to change.
Someone asked me what difference one can make, one day.
For we're the moss; the Earth the stone, so let us do as did th
e Tree.
For silence will long be ignored, and action recognized quickly
.

What if? I should have... Hindsight always haunts me.
A thousand Judases could never stop me.
Slings and arrows disappoint and taunt me.
But I'm not wrong, and I'll sacrifice everything just because I
know the way since the beginning..

Hindsight always haunts me, and then the bough breaks.