

# Handbook for the Recently Deceased

Arsis

When I surrendered,  
became what I am not.  
A false facade of splendor,  
led me here to rot.

On your back you showed what you were worth.  
And that lie spoke a thousand words.  
Where is your righteousness?  
Just point your finger backwards.

Where is the splendor and grace I had known?  
In light of this deception,  
I fear this filth is now my home.

I have abandoned all hope,  
because only the dead don't lie.  
With the beast of our memories,  
we are just wasting time.  
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Souls torn, ravens flap and faith had left forever.  
Before me now is anguish for beauty tethered.

There is only evil inside all this pain.  
One shroud of remembrance will always bear this stain.  
And though I beg forgiveness for what I became.  
I never knew why beauty was in chains.

Are there no reasons or even words at least?  
Our time is out of season,  
It's buried with the recently deceased.

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