

Martyred or Mourning

Arsis

Bow to suffering and suffering embrace
with crosses below and life is so
I came to know my fate.
I will find the kind escape.
Alone, with regret and crosses,
I will find the kind escape.

When reason eludes you,
and your logic contorting.
Terrified of solitude,
are we martyred or mourning?

Time is but a ghost,
stirring the eyes of unrest.
Regret built his fortress,
and guilt became my only cross.

It became my only cross.
Is it not enough to prove?
More that you loved and all you loved not,
will show its truth and surely rot.

(Knight)

Eliminate the fear,
of taking your own life.
Hanged me out to dry,
and left me there to die.

(Knight)

When reason eludes you,
and your logic contorting.
Terrified of solitude,
are we martyred or mourning?
Always a heart below and life is so