

Distraction

Balzac

A stabbing sensation
Tightens around our actuality
From illusion that knows no hesitation
Leads to a loss of all memory

Pushed to god-like limits
Destruction and regeneration reverebate
Even if you escape it's path
An eternal night overcomes

Left in it's current state
It makes me sick
Recklessly, entrusting the dark
Liberal desilusions, Paranoia

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