

If cunning was our birthright
Then falsity became our sport
Beings like trellises of roses
Vines, whose beauty so splendidly hid
The vicious biting of recompense
Ours alone to bare and grit
Self-designed deceptions
Jutting out of our skin
Warning all passers-by
"Careful, I'm beautiful, but you wouldn't like what's within!
For while reveling in my form, you'll only bleed from my sins!"

Perhaps the change began in the springs of our infancy
Watered with poison, stunting in its toxicity
Or cutback too much in our pruning
Trimmed with shaking hands, selfish neuroses
Left jagged with self-loathing, insecurities
But we don't have to let it dictate...

Shake the death from your bones
Shake the death from your bones
Shake the death from your bones

Shake free of the yoke, our mental oppressions
No longer frozen, the key in our possession
Swing open your cell, break off that rearview
Even as the tree grows out of the heart of stone
Our past will not dictate how tall we will grow

Will dwelling in the negatives
Ever bring about the light?
Will living in the darkness
Ever expose what's right?