

## Signs of Discontent

Candiria

### Chapter one

Coloring, blistering, peeling the shell of the mask I'm in  
Do you speak in tongues that haunt the mind?  
To feed and deprive

Dry, blood, rain they shatter to pieces  
Once again in the midst of wolves  
Devoured to pieces

### Chapter two

Grasping the air to breathe  
In three combine the tragedies  
The agony of the gardens ingesting  
Persisting world of fleas

Streams of resolution  
No longer issued worthwhile  
Comprehending the absurd  
No time for restitution

Innocent blood stains dry  
Open the sores that rape the eyes  
Ashamed and fully naked  
Repeat the process to defile the body?

Turn away sacrifice the unclean  
Cut your flesh from your mind  
Devils in disguise, reprise, burned, swollen

### Chapter three

This life of mind but a vapor  
Specks of dust on a journey  
Blown by winds deceived by laws

The beautiful things  
Cling to the ropes  
Do you have eyes?  
Eyes set on the things that will curdle

Spoiled verbal trophies that will desert in full  
Your hope a dying gasp  
Peasant, your lips are filled with the poison  
Of the asps