

Scavengers Await

Communic

Desolation freezes my life
As the roots stir deep inside
Whispers words of affliction
From a long hidden lide
Faceless I am
Like a silently ticking lunacy clock
Lost the grip I thought I had
To a passing morning star

Catatonic shock
This machine will keep the lungs alive for now
As blurry eyes loosing shimmer
Of wisdom inside
I observe from above this bed
Where friendly shadows gathered by
Passing a whisper of prayers
Falling to my deaf ears

In the depths of night
You'll hear the cries
From the room of the sleeper
From the end of the hall
Where the scavengers await

So intense the strains can be heard
From the valley and hills surrounding
That snake that waits for the feast to take place
Inside this hole in my chest

In the depths of night
You'll hear the cries
From the room of the sleeper
The Scavengers await
By the bed them shadows remain

What have I become?
Shattered in ruins and stane
Came taste my undane deeds
They may never be

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Where did my life go?
Did I conclude my goals
I see this canvas is left there blank
Impoverished hope
All the thoughts that I have stored
Now I'm weak and destitute
They may never be...

Soon I, will flee this burning world
A pile of dirt I leave behind
From this material race through life
As the vultures gather by

Sharpens their greedy claws
Tearing a hole in me!

Where did your pride go?
Now as the curtains fall
My legacy is chiseled in a cheap old stone
Resting on them bones

My mouth is empty and dry
And silent from your spew of dust
No matter how hard I try
I can't even describe
Afraid of what to come
Beyond this crossroad revealing remedy
Will there be a choice left for me
To take right there

Please promise to honor
The remains of what I have achieved
Stand proud of our name
And the wounds will heal someday
Because that was me
That was me and my identity
That was me left there waiting
Shipwrecked and abandoned in time

There will be a time to leave
As the moon cast long stern shadows
Across the face of old undone deeds
Still gracious in defeat

In the depths of night
You'll hear the cries
From the room of the sleeper
At the end of the hall
The scavengers await

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