

## Subterfuge

Dááth

It's your fault, you tell your tales of loss  
You claim that's not your fault  
But you don't see yourself, inside your tomb  
Your mind's unable to solve  
The end shall never resolve  
Your filthy thoughts rejoice  
In its lie...

Your face is covered in  
Webs spun from words without worth  
Entangled in my world  
I digest my offerings

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Lost consumed inside - madness  
Bile, spewing forth - fountains  
It exudes petty - failings  
You're so blind for too long

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Tomb...  
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