

The Misfortune of Virtue

Elvenking

Blind human beings
Loading on other's shoulders the fruit of their fears
The holes in their souls are filled by thick delusions
Shallow assumptions and words rubbed in the face
Of the ones who cannot bear the weight
Of this mess - the distress - and the anguish

They claim they've chosen light over the dark
Darkness my beauty, the only comfort of my life

I am the one, my soul cast in amber
Forever one, adrift on a crimson sea
From the ashes all stains mend and disappear
I am the one, in a sweet deathly slumber
Far from the sun, in the shade of a fallen tree
Misanthropic, the way of the pagan Lear

God grant me the gift of tolerance
For I alone cannot bear the burden of communion
I'm not willing to sharpen the perception they all have of me

I despise the ones that seek the truth in set phrases all written in vain
As with a previously owned dress they try - to fit in the words
They retrace others' lives, absorb their light
And rebuild their own frail peace of mind
They assail and censure - with a haughty and blatant smile

Their arrogance, audacity, mistrust
There is no place for me, I let all of you go

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Answers don't grow on a tree fed by fatuous conjectures
There are more things in death than in any of their unconditional relishing
lies
In a world that has gone beyond, leave your memories behind, Undertaker
And rest, forever endangered, forever alone

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Who does not comprehend can leave
The gathering is now closed, the invocation ended
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