

Too Feign Ebullience

Evoken

Turn back, they've turned your blue skies black.
The only light that shines will burn you,
this is your final chance to flee.
Only the dead seem to find rest.
A tree without a forest.
Remember most of all, (the) first to slain are the frail and weak.
Through and through, absolute truth and definite lies,
equal to each other are equal to all things.
I could see it, smell it, taste it, yet the creeping clouds
fell to the earth.
As if a phenomenal wall transformed into a quickened horizon.
Pulling us closer toward the warming sun.
Attached to this flesh, once was skin is now mesh.
I witnessed light from those who died,
ascended to a failed divide...
The light that's given to us, a hell for hell, it's never glorious.
To end here would compromise a legacy.