

derailing losses ticking away
a clock striking dead the hour of decay
the blue of fixation lacking functionality
a thought of response tracing rationality
rehashing convulsions I've met with betrayal
the spirit misguided walls built so frail
you transparent causes your rubber like skin
darkness in light seething within
ramblings in sequence

regretting to relate surreal in conception
indeed you built your truth over harsh deception
negating the stance you so firmly stood
the reaction to loss is everything but good
your ramblings in sequence with tragedy inside
the risk is far too great no one can decide
your perversion of thought has you looking beneath
at the sore of a soul the trivial unleashed
your measure of life your dealing within
your distorted truth
who will give in

the severed emotions with nerves of nothing
continually evolve to service something
we all stand to watch the results of our quest
to mismatch the positive for lies manifest
refusal of the know burning up the lives we fear
faces turn to stone quit before the goals we near
managing the fall of all the things we thought and knew
keeping to ourselves the presence of the few

i will not back down in the face of your device
you cannot see fact when it's you whom you despise
tossing out your will when your spine cannot reform
a typical little thrill I will not be torn

a parody on truth this game you've created
it leaves only room for the one who's negated
it seems to derive from a blind denial
but certain facts remain it's you against survival
evasion of fact the final result
the equation set forth your own little cult
judging the spirit in speculation
evidence discarded what a sensation