

## Cross to Bear

## Misery Index

Transfixion, a sickle to the neck  
Disfigured by the malady of man:  
Time, prevailing  
A cross to bear; our end

Finite, our fascination  
With death, to behold  
Our lives in consecration  
We dwell... in halls of the night

Transcending the path  
With our crosses to bear  
Transcending the path

Finite, our fascination  
With death, to behold  
Our lives in consecration  
We dwell... in halls of the night

Opened wide unto the core of our being  
Poisoned minds, in the gyre turning

Unlatched inside, the gate is swinging  
The pain subsides but the fire's still burning

A cross to bear

Perpetual  
This sallow affair  
Interminable

Intertwined and locked in despair  
Obsessed with death, the affliction we share  
Gashing out the jaws, the visceral sound  
The heed the call  
The call from the underground

Consciousness  
Suspended in stone  
The blackness  
Calling us home

We are but sirens with our crosses to bear  
And stones to cast out into the air  
A faction bound by possession  
A faction bound by aggression

Our cross to bear  
Our cross to bear

Weight, the burden  
A cross to bear