

Shadows and Depth

Misery Signals

We are the torchbearers In a cold uncaring world, we seek warmth
to feel alive To feel anything at all

Calloused hands lifted toward empty skies Drifting bodies on a
desolate plane And you, the righteous, listen

Know that those who walk closest to the light are often left blind
Casting shadows, casting stones So far from where you began

How can you judge the quantity of love that it takes to make something
real? To bring warmth, we must set this world to flame
Watch as the cruel dictators of morality choke on ash and cinder

Together as one A beacon in the expanse of Lightlessness We are
the torchbearers