

Hear, can you hear them coming?
The voracious hounds surround
There's no sense running
No hiding out, they will hunt me
Down, life worth living
For the taste of fear, a trail of
Tears leads them near
Scents of my flesh ripping
But I'm still here

Excavate my earth
Exhume my corpses
Parading your dismay
Of a face contorted
I laid them to rest
You attempt new life
To display your virtue, garner the eyes
Let it die

Let it die young
Let it die young

Behind the glass
Barricade yourself free
Strong in isolation
Weak upon your feet
Reinvent yourself
An effigy
Painted face, a guarded place
To force your beliefs

Paragon
From a distance, you just play your part
In your own fiction

Paragon
From a distance, you tell anyone
Who will listen
From afar a quintessential being
Your facade is your existence

You dare not swim in your salt and your sulfur
High above the ruinous faults of your brothers
Give them something they can turn to, human unbeing
The world will look upon you and learn nothing, nothing

Let the graves be graves
Let the graves be graves

Are you searching for your life at their gallows?
Are you searching for your light in their shadows?

Paragon
From a distance, you tell anyone
Who will listen
From afar a quintessential being
Your facade is your existence

Ripped apart by corruption and power
Breeder's of hatred, subdivisions of greed
See your reflection
All access to platforms to spread their disease
In a world that's bleeding
Be a cell that clots, watch it renew
The peace comes in pieces
Let the inception of war end with you

Let it die
Let it die young, young