

Blistering sun
Eclipse the light
Valley of nothing
An ambient wasteland

The truth
Is prolific
So the cherry's picked
One by one
Until there is the sum of
A different tale
From the weak and the frail

Designed to divide
All who lay eyes
Upon deceit
So simple yet sweet

Liars they come
In all shapes
But one
Believe what you see
Through the iris

Do not listen
To words of strength
From the spineless

There are those capable
Of creating anything
Then there's some
Who only can run
From face to face
Only to imitate

Shape shifter
Face switcher
Page lifter
Gifted grifter

God in the Heavens
Your presence seems mundane
Have we lost the connection
Between both our planes