

Echopraxia

Rolo Tomassi

And here again where ends are meant to meet
Tried and tested methods for the wild and restless
A trial in the strength of our morality
A vessel to embrace immortality.

And what I've witnessed is no great loss
Wits beaten hollow, failing on reason, all consciousness knocked
Your body is a crime scene and the tape reads "do not cross".

Endless monsters I saw come to life.

A clarity in the mistakes of others
Uncountable apologies we owe
The best examples are found in mirrors
You don't need to fill these silences.

Unthinkable acts, we traded innocence for
Something we're not sure of yet.

A love, drip fed in a flood.

Is your consciousness clear? Were you born to fight?
Are you pure of heart? Do you worship the night?

Is it luxury? Were you born to fight?
Do you lust for blood? Do you worship the night?