

The Separation Of

Scarlet

Tyrants are in the room...
And all of us are reduced to syringes full of their favorite drug,
That knocks doors off their hinges...
They glide through metropolis draped in lost entourage...
Climbing the grandest of stairs with their deadly seduction drawn...
They've swallowed their personalities down...
With their faces painted on...
Awake from your dream!..
Singing their heavenly songs...
Convincing they do no wrong...