

The Whisper

Solstice

Deafening silence in my ears
Remove the filth from my canals
Filter out the blasphemy
And focus on the whispering

The Whisper

Underneath my suffering
I feel the breath deep inside me
Exhaling the void
Devil on my shoulder
Slithering its fork-tongued words
Drowning in conviction
Focus on the whispering

Pointing at the enemy
Reveals the truth in front of me
Consume within my disdain
No more self-control remains

Master
Anoint me with your misery
Whisper
Filter out the blasphemy

Devil on my shoulder
Slithering its fork-tongued words
Drowning in conviction
Focus on the whispering

Decrepit breath of innocence
It burns the skin of ignorance
It bleeds my conscious inner-ear
And soothes the questionable fear