

Cycle of Suffering

Sylosis

Who's tipped the scales against me?
The balance outweighed perpetually
Crushed by our own tombstones
And a harsh reality

And it washes over me again
The feeling of fire against cold skin
Awaiting the relief
But only finding penance
And there is no fighting for air
When there is no will
As there are no subtleties between foes

It's so clear to see
As the blind belittle
Yet follow each other
Some of us were born to suffer

I've felt the waves of pain
Crashing against me
And with no sign of escape
It's too overbearing

There's an enveloping despair
And there are demons beneath our skin
You can't point the finger unless
You've pointed it within

And no atonement
Can ease the inevitable
There's something to be learned
As we connect to the unknown

I never saw the light
Till I was already out of the dark
And when I thought I'd left it completely
The void dragged me back

An endless cycle of suffering