

# Poison for the Lost

Sylosis

You've no authority  
Just a malignant tongue  
You're not so eloquent  
Without the pages you stole from  
No messiah  
Not fit to serve  
The pupil never becomes the master  
If they never learn

A self proclaimed healer  
Self made cult leader  
You can't fix the broken  
If you don't understand the problem  
A sorry state of affairs  
Oh god what a mess

Your time is up

What is the intent?  
Healing or arrogance?

Poison for the lost  
Corruption of trust  
Out of your depth, save your breath  
Climb down from your cross

Poison for the lost  
Corruption of trust  
Can't remove your ego now  
Take off that fucking crown

In the age of the narcissist  
We speak with a clenched fist  
All the subtlety is lost  
And your validity stops now

Your time is up

Poison for the lost  
Corruption of trust  
Out of your depth, save your breath  
Climb down from your cross

Poison for the lost  
Corruption of trust  
Remove your ego now  
Take off that fucking crown