

Awakening

The Absence

We are all withered away in this suffered position
with the choke of the truth
the long unseen, the short believed
if this is enough I'll distance my hands
from heavens touch
I cannot believe my eyes are seeing
the breach of ours undone
because the road to hell has become far to long

March through the darkest light
destroy everything in sight
to the bane of our being
all eyes open the awakening

Decide now if you want in wrong
a shallowing grin is sure to become;
lies that shift the storm
become blankets to man well worn
ripe with stench and rot
feeling the burst, awaken with pain
with all to the wayside now
we are destined to be below the freeze

Now that these pages turn
there is nothing but regrets gone distant
so now that these pages burn
it's one more thing that I won't regret