

The Promise

Thou

Surrender to a ceaseless path
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frameless heads on nameless walls
Submit to the scourge pit
Carving the lines across an age'ed face, giving misery its place

Ragged men in ragged clothes
Silver thorn and bloody rose
Pride that has come to define
The martyrdom spoiling our minds

My triumph's a desert, barren and tame
Who was the promise for?
Laborious tasks that are futile and vain
Who was the promise for?
Meaningless bonds that succumb to the years
But who was the promise for?
Now we're washing the sand with our salty tears
Who was the promise for?

Forsake the ceaseless path
Escape a hollow shrine of crumbling halls
Layers of mold on toppled walls
Emerge from the scourge pit
Carving the lines across an age'ed face, giving misery its place

We're still ragged men in ragged clothes
Broken face and bloody nose
Arrogance comes to define
The shrillness entwined in our whine

Exhausting a thought for a lifetime of pain
Who was the promise for?
An animate corpse that is toiling in vain
Who was the promise for?
A silence so loud that it rings in our ears
(Who was the promise for?)
Now we're washing the sand with our ghostly tears
Who was the promise for?

Blind leading blind
Never feel the laughter
Search through time
Nothing reveals the answer
Blind leading blind
Never feel the laughter
Search through time
Nothing reveals the answer

Unmoored
Adrift in a nebulous void
Unmoored
Sink in a depthless void