

The Decadent Requiem (The Awakening)

Tragic Black

A statue of glass suddenly breaks
while you beg for forgiveness for your mistakes.
Hiding alone under your face,
condemned to stay in this chaotic place.
Think to yourself and see what you've done.
You've taken the lives of your daughters and sons.
Sent off to church, to school and war.
Conditioning them since the day they were born.
To inform and conform, mold to society's like.
We all can see right through your disguise.
With our disbelief we realize
you're developing faith collecting profits from lies.
You tried to distort our pure inner sight,
but we discovered ourselves deep down inside.
In the blackest place under the shadows tonight,
we will bring in the darkness to show them the light.