

# Diffidentia

## Pain Of Salvation

(I will never submit to all the things you've said god!)  
No!

We're breaching the core - we're breaching the core  
We're breaching the core - we're breaching...

To taste it  
To touch it  
Cut my hand  
To crave it  
Enslave it  
Pluck my eye

I can never submit to all the things you've said God  
If you want me dead, I'm right here God  
But fear is a funny thing God  
In that it gives you the strength to resist just about anything God  
And friend turns to enemy  
So easily  
When you defend your legacy with guilt  
And talk of blasphemy  
God  
You know  
You created a golden cage for you sheep  
A stage too wide and deep for us to even see the play  
But hey  
You know what they say about catching the bird  
But you can't make it sing?  
You lose the bird the second it loses it's wings  
Just like I reckon you will lose your herd  
To choirs of "I am, I am, I am"  
And mountains and mountains of money and things!

We're breaching the core - all breaching  
We're breaching the core - still breaching

Animae:  
"Help me I'm starting to fade  
Save me I'm drifting away"

Imago:  
But we can change  
We can change...?  
I said we can change!

We can change, we can change - still breaching...  
We can change, we can change - still breaching...

I hold it  
I'm never  
Letting go  
I settle for rash rather than risk going to slow  
I sought it  
I killed it  
But now I know  
I'm left somewhat broken but I won't let it show  
Hear me now!

Animae:

"Man is shattered

I am shattered

My shards have become shards of their own

Pieces of pieces, impossible to put back together

Spending their lives seeking a context they were always a part of

And so, they leave the context

And we shrink

I fade

And nothing more can be learnt or taught

I have no choice but to leave them to their own devices

I have come to understand one thing and one thing alone

One little piece of understanding

Glowing through this void of blankness and clean slates

Like a beacon of hope

Or just a reminder that I was always wrong:

Searching for yourself is like looking for the house you stand in

How could you possibly find it?

It's everywhere

It's all you know

And there are no other points of reference"

Animae:

Help me I'm starting to fade

Save me, I'm drifting away

Help me, I'm dying now

(Imago: What are these stains? They stay, stay when it rains...)

Curtains before my final bow

(Imago: ...burning my skin. It's burning... burning... burning my skin!)

Drifting, just drifting away

(Imago: Burning... Take it away, it's burning me... Burning my skin!)

Leaving with all that's still left to say

(Imago: Now life... now life... fails our kin!)

I failed

I failed

We failed

We failed...