

## Ghosts Of Grandeur

Across The Sun

The time has come again like clockwork  
As swiftly the manifest arises  
So too does it flee  
Preying upon constitution  
Free will to recognize the tyrant  
Blinding my need for self preservation

Unknown to the wretched perpetrator  
A darkness plagues this once joyous heart  
Calloused by scores of constant anguish  
At the hand of the most revered

No longer will confusion hold me  
Reaching for the strength to stand tall  
Knowing I'm better off without  
Pretending you're even there

Forging ahead with new found freedom  
Relinquishing burdens taking hold  
Seeing clear for the first time  
Breathing in new atmosphere  
Proving my need for self preservation  
Has conquered that which seeks  
To void the spirit within

Now known to the wretched perpetrator  
The darkness plaguing this joyous heart  
Has given up every ghost of grandeur  
And will no longer live in fear

You will not fail me anymore  
These walls I've built will never fall  
Your sickness seeping through my pores  
Will turn to dust and be no more