

The Illusionist

Across The Sun

The gloves have been removed
Let's see it to the end
May the better man prevail
With hopes that we can bring
Some closure to this nightmare
Never speak of this again

They say kill your idols
Yet idols are the source of inspiration
With one exception
When the chosen prove to be
Everything but what they are

Slipping through the cracks
Creating peace of mind
Quaintly slithers down your back
Undetected, creeps behind
Siphoning the very structure
Built upon false pretenses

Crumbled reality
Welcomes lividity
It's becoming real
Let's put a stop to this
The past reveals
What you have become

A boundless black oasis
Consuming swelling scorn
A helpless apparition
Refusing to make right
What's been destroyed by your hand

When all has been forsaken
I will be the one
To hold you to this promise
This war has come to you

There will no longer be carnage
In the house of brothers
This game of smoke and mirrors
Has been revoked