

A Feast For The Liar's Tongue

Arsis

What life lies beneath this thoughtless mass?
What dreams could be there?
What vengeful screams lifted from a severed tongue?
Could halt failure's progress?

A quest for pure beliefs,
leading us to blindness and silence,
and so we live dark and mortal days.

Dark and mortal days!

A quest for pure beliefs,
leading us to blindness and silence,
and so we live dark and mortal days.

You reek of failure, its grandest progress,
and have shown the way to dark and mortal days.

A feast, a feast for the liar's tongue!
A handful of grief to satisfy!
There can be no satisfaction in shame!
and nothing but shame in my deceit!

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and so we live dark and mortal days.

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