

# Slaves Of Consent

Dew-Scented

Existential demise  
We close our eyes to conceal it  
No air to breathe  
No time left, it's all over  
Awaken in denial  
Evoke a perpetual bane  
No way to justify  
This inhuman urge to degenerate

We only see what we wish to be  
But can't conceive what we perceive

I see the writings on the wall  
Where did we think this would end?  
We're on the verge to tragedy  
We are blind slaves of consent

The answer is in the mirror  
A constant threat's within  
Words won't heal but compound  
They don't speak the truth  
Disguise the guilt  
So nobody can see through  
How very foul all doing and undoing is  
When carried too far

All our fears come alive  
We steal a glance at destiny  
And all we sight is born of sin  
Bound to atone for infinity

The omission and transgression  
Unforgiven, unreleased adversity  
Words unspoken, solemn promise  
We praise the downfall drawing near  
As we approach our termination  
We are blind slaves of consent

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At the verge to tragedy

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