

# End of the Rope

Draconian

All the misery you create,  
and all the pain you shape...  
You are not to blame, my friend.  
Somebody filled your empty page.

Shaped as we silently wept,  
confined (as) transformation begins.  
The table was set and then we slept  
as architects of time

So much grief behind the facade  
and symptoms of certain demise.  
We drown in fragrant illusions,  
illusions of right and wrong.

We clench to a lustful saint  
digging graves on top of our lives.  
Stuffed with values til we choke,  
I guess we've reached the end of the rope

Through the mist, in the haze,  
the impending doom's upon us  
The dividing blade of nature  
and man severed our callow breath

The sun will set,  
set on the blindfolded

The self-appointed guardians  
are scratching at my door.  
We kiss their venomous lips  
and join the hallowed parade.

Flying on paralyzed wings  
wondering who we should be  
As tyranny becomes normality;  
We hang at the end of the rope

Through the mist, in the haze,  
the impending doom's upon us  
The dividing blade of nature  
and man severed our callow breath

The sun will set,  
set on the blindfolded