

## Through Infectious Waters (A Sickness Elegy)

Draconian

This flesh holds me captive and in quest of liberation...  
As the sheep flock in the dissonance, I tread in dissent.  
To the piercing light that sears our hearts;  
To the sickness that plagues our spirits...  
I cannot revere in this blind acceptance and falter in my comprehension.  
Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!  
Heal this restless spirit - that bestowed naught.  
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate - I consign!  
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...  
I consign this putrid flesh.  
Nothing here, nobody there...  
Erroneous illness shouting.  
The outcry reviles this tattered soil...  
Drowning the world in filth and distortion.  
Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!  
Heal this restless spirit - that bestowed naught.  
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate - I consign!  
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...  
I consign this putrid flesh.  
I'll leave my conscience to die.  
A barrenness of dreams and anticipation;  
Life and hope shrivel into the void.  
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate - I consign!  
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...  
I consign this putrid flesh.  
In this pantheon of sorrow,  
We are everything, yet nothing!  
And as long we're breathing,  
The burden devoid of conclusion!  
Unaided I slither - ravaged, silent and alone.  
I smolder in anxious strife; I decline these exhausted remnants of decay.  
The world is coming to an end; a vast ocean of disease...  
All hope is lost... or perhaps this is the cradle of salvation.  
I must tranquil these turbulent waters.  
No more expressions shall leave my trait...  
No further words shall be spoken.  
This illness they conceived broke my tired wings.