

My only son,
keep your head down.
When you walk before those tragic mirrors.
You won't see yourself, only your fears.
As they come true, consuming you,
spilling all the gold inside your head,
another year is harvested.

Phobos, they dare not speak his name.
And the day they forget will be the day your mouth gets,
Sewn up.
There is no god before,
his temple the night the stars his eyes.
He sees you.

His green glass hearts gathering dust,
All the lies they told you on a shelf in every tongue and dialect.
Just start at the shore, and let the waves chase you home,
as they fall and as they crest,
Into the black we'll all be swept.

We're all actors baby,
Tonight the world is your stage.
Why can't you hear them calling?
They're calling out your name.
Hail the goer, the goer, the goer goes.
Beyond the wall, beyond the wall.