

Of Rare Reform

Erra

This silver lining is only a mirage
Held up by the crooked spines of our pasts
As weak as a sheet of paper
Our paper spines will collapse
And we thought they would hold us up
We stare upon this empty junction
What's left for us to conceal
We're sowing seeds of destruction
This crop of lies we must not yield
Count on each finger the lives trapt
Suffering for what cause
Buried beneath your thoughts
Are immanent signs of light in dark
Suppressed by self contradiction
Now release this vile decadence from within you
Upon this place of emptiness
Each spark a spew from within your bowels
Begin a reign of elegance
From thought to mouth
From mouth to speech
Speak out against what we've been told
Lead our nation to a new place
Away from this pit of black
Count on each finger the lives trapt
Suffering for what cause
Billions alive and stagnant
Starving is now a habit
Stop this before we collapse
We can only last so long
Force fed to the point of starvation
Because lies are so unsatisfying.