

Scrape The Surface

Extol

Where will I return my misgiven motions
Quell and subside the quivering vigour
The inevitable thrust
That swells inside
And drives me off the edge
The bleeding ill that breeds me on mercy
Ruthless and sinister
Obsessive beyond my reach

Metamorphosis
Release me from fury
Metamorphosis
Transforming energy

Will I tread on broken glass
And undisguised
Set atrocities aside
Scrape the surface
Clean from abominations
With a single word
Conquer wrath

Disposed to the evils that haunt me in sleep
They shake the break of dawn
Careless and free
And spear me down
Relentlessly
Smitten with burns
They pierce my mind
They all own their own place in darkness
Light as they may seem as day

Scrape the surface
Clean from abominations
Let go the calamities inside
And respond to the streams of emotion