

The Final Skyline

MyGrain

What you want me to be is not the way I see
Realizing the need, it's not the will I heed
See the sight through my eyes bound for thousand of lives
Crawl through knives, stabbing lies, strip the mask of flies

Soundtrack to escape, burnt in the dreams
The show of tainted existence

Ignorance-painted stains on your body that bleeds - body of stigmas that feed
On hate and disgust for perpetual needs

The final skyline
Crimson bled of tainted existence
Sermons of all fed beliefs
Collapsing cloud fortress, structures of mind

Don't look down on your shallow grave
The grace of tainted existence
So obedient and out of control
Nothing and never we wanted to know / nothing and no one to save our souls
Chew up, swallow down, this chemical sacrament
I'm bursting in flames with every bite
Sound of screams in my head, nails in my bed
Crown of thorns pierce the muted self / Crown of thorns wreath the muted self

The boiling calm of my rushing veins
For ages I mastered the collective pain
Created the face of evil and gave it a name
No requiem for a dreamer - just pain

Absorbing the crimson sky in you
'Till it shatters, running out of blue
Puzzling the paradox of you
'Till it shatters, pictured out of true

Created face of god
Descendants' tears of blood