

## I Loathe

Neaera

I am the thorns that pierce you  
I am the leaves that heal  
I am the thorns that guide you  
I am the pain that heals

It is lies that we seek  
Illusions that we need  
The only way to survive  
Is numbly closing our eyes

I loathe  
The dumbing down, manipulation  
Decry  
The tools of the trade that make us kneel  
I fear  
The end of the circle, the all-in-vain  
Detest  
What you sell as the truth, as critical thought  
No more  
I will swallow your waste, your selfless Is  
Refrain  
From what you preach to survive

We are the thousand thorns  
We are the thousand leaves  
Sound the call to arms  
There will be no relief

Disdain  
Remains a reward I can't reject  
Again  
I lack what I need to adapt

Must I corrupt my soul to get inside?  
Must I derange myself to stay intact?

Must I corrupt my soul to get inside?  
If I earth myself, does it all end?