

Kiss Of A Sycophant

Nightrage

In the heart of a sycophant

In the shade of our forgotten past
When the truth is nothing but a lie
Self-deluded, believing that we will last
Overconfident that we will never die

A chaotic co-existence so vast
A poisonous breath from your lungs, a lie
This far from the truth nothing win last
Overrun by the reality, you defy

This amorphous, meaningless motion
A kiss of a Sycophant

This orifice, dried out ocean
The heart of a Sycophant

This amorphous
A kiss of a Sycophant

This dried out ocean
The heart of a Sycophant