

Prone Mortal Form

Only Living Witness

Who's at the helm
Of the purge that looms?
Should I bother trying to see
Outside of this room?
I can tell you now, I'll be left behind
On that fabled day
When the beggars will ride

The distant, crushing call to continue
Makes a heart sink willingly
Into a chemical bath
Every insecurity reminds you
Of the voice determining your choice of path

Believe me now, I'll be left behind
On that fabled day when the beggars will ride

If I champion misfortune, is it just
Just an extension of
Dismantling a pale facade
My disdain for convention