

Common Enemy

Orpheus

The colours are the same, the identity is now lost,
We play the game, their true nature is to hide itself.

Blind me from the truth,
Discard the blame,
Hand it down to the ones without shame,
Draw in your breath, it's sharp like a sword,
Pain from the poison, your mouth it is poured.

And now to this you've succumb,
A tantalising retreat,
Now into blackness you go,
Enemy of defeat,
The coloured shades of hate,
Now form around you,
But how much more can we take?
The world is starting anew.

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