

Living In The Valley Of The Shadow Of Death

Panopticon

Grasping in the dark cold hands
The voiceless phantom mythed in torn pages of a
decomposing tome
The pages wither like burned flowers in a summer
drought
They fall into dust

While questions arise in perpetual wanderlust...
Of unanswered questions and empty gestures
Mandrake saviors and eyes sewn shut
This living in fear

Fear of freedom
Fear of letting go... of things
The novice angel's somber strings...
Golden gates and choirs of angels sing praises to a
heavenly host who's overlooked in arrogance the true
majesty of the world

There is no God in buildings
This divisive, cunning method of control
Ignorance. Oblivion. Ungratefulness and greed
Forever wanting more when the table buckles from
building plates so over filled with the beauty of this
world

Death is my final gift
The leaves that fall nourish the soil with their
decomposition and the oak will feed from itself
again...
And the world thrives
Relish the wilderness

There are no forests in your Heaven
There are no forests in your Heaven
There are no forests in your Heaven
There are no forests in your Heaven

Because Heaven is within