

## Cast to the Pyre

Primordial

(Nothing seems to make sense, I'm tired of it all, I've stopped  
searching  
for meanings... there are none. Time heals nothing, all it does  
is make you  
more bitter, more twisted yet sucks the life out of you... leav  
ing you too  
apathetic to seek revenge. Revenge on a society that has lied t  
o you since  
the day you were born. Only humanity would fill it's days with  
so much  
fucking misery to prove to itself that it must be worth somethi  
ng. To  
who?... to who are you worth something? Who would ever fucking  
miss you...  
who will miss you when you are dead? I will tell you... no one.  
..)

It's time to cast out of net  
To call in all the old debts  
To stumble over all the harsh words  
And heal all the wounds  
To steal every glance  
Every darkened romance  
And cast it to the pyre

To rewrite the words, feign the phrases  
To finally finish those unwritten pages  
If I even closed the chapter on you  
I'm sorry, I never knew what else to do  
It's last call and the hour is late  
Time for the last nail in the coffin  
Then cast me to the fire...

[People, places, passages in time, seizing the moment even thou  
gh the slow burning pain may consume you...]