

# Callous Souls

Sylosis

Taste the blood and spit  
Out the clots  
Lick your lips as the world  
Begins to rot  
And it's a fading world  
That I want no input or part of  
Our own reflections are  
Sickening sights  
There's no escaping what  
We always try to hide  
I am fortune's fool  
The bitter fruit from the  
Devil's table

I carry the weight of it all  
And I'll drown with it  
Crown of bones  
Indistinguishable  
Now succumb  
Lest the reaper comes

Fear is a prison that floods  
With doubt  
As the waters rise accept  
There will be no doubt  
But we all drown  
In our coffins  
Anchors down  
Inhale mistakes and breathe  
Out the shame  
Close your eyes as the  
Blood begins to drain  
I am fortune's fool  
The bitter fruit from  
The devil's table

Thirst the seclusion  
I feel the silence like a warmth  
Entombed I'll lay  
With thorns on my grave

Face to the hardened stone  
Lie still lest the reaper comes  
Face to the hardened stone  
Pluck out the decay from  
The tree  
To remove it's disease

I am an open book  
Yet the pages are blank  
Held at arms length  
This is as close as you'll ever get  
I am an open book  
Yet the pages are blank  
Try as you might to evoke  
You will never know

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