

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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