

## Oath of Silence

Sylosis

Shamed by the weak and cast down in disgust  
A shell of a broken man without trust  
Preaching upon open ears of the deaf  
Depraved words uttered beneath your cold breathe  
Killing what's left of the embers of youth  
Scraping and clawing for a whisper of truth  
Sewing our mouths shut as nothing escapes  
Love and grave is a display of a man you once were

But unlike the hand of Midas  
What you touch with turn to shit  
Blood will flow between us  
And the ground will shake until you repent your sins

The touch of cold skin and the embrace of life  
In darkness dwells secrets in a holy disguise  
Nothing will soothe you, old hands will turn numb  
Silence will not speak

But unlike the hand of Midas  
What you touch will turn to shit  
Burn this fucking saviour  
Until you see the damage you cause