

# Laments Of An Icarus

## Textures

Now it's always been a riddle  
Misanthrope, you always pursued a valid reason  
You know, to be wrong with a reason  
You are what you are  
But your ever present subliminal self bends the black  
You sleep so tight  
But dreamless  
Facing forward

Dawn's edge, the supplement to destiny's ender  
You smother all the words you have never said  
with a mouth filled with empathy  
Words can be an enemy  
you can never say you're sorry 'cause you're a pretender

Unpretend  
Fall from grace  
Unconcealed  
Just a phase  
Summer's bruise  
Turn a wrench  
Bottled thoughts  
Blind eye stare

Look out of the window  
You stare in the face of a widow  
Drink up, like a lover  
You recreate all that's over

The turn of the tide  
You're used up  
Just take it like a man  
All you must do is confess  
The truth is a knife  
You are but one  
One straight answer

What is it? Sculpture of an obsession  
A sound so profound it sings you back to hell  
The system's architecture  
Frames the antidote's gift  
Winter, summer, cycle moves erratic, follow me Aphrodite

Faithless  
The one broken  
The one who can bend a spoon with his will  
Bow down  
Here's my antidote  
Priceless honest reaction (come on, come on!) Take it, take it, more!

Just another day in the rain, and a sure shot  
Inside the game  
Walk the dead man directly to his grave  
Without morning, without nothing  
Be the same  
GO!

Divide by numbers, all uncovered  
Narrowed down from three to none my brother  
And the nearest beacon cries "I'm sober"  
But the truth remain unspoken  
Cynic without anger  
And a lover without passion  
And a fighter with a complex  
Worship your own cancer  
And a lesson without meaning  
It a lesson for the feeble  
Branded by all-in-one frights  
Antagonist, become my downfall  
I'm just a man and I can't grasp it all