

Sanguine Draws The Oath

Textures

Turning away from everything that is near
Trying to fill the void that appears so clear
Could I see it coming - consuming all of me
It is time to decide - this is right where I stand

Could I just read the rhymes until I feel nothing more
Then it tends to be so easily - I will fade

These nerve-stretching seizures - phlegmatic to the physics
A desecration to the intellect
They are preaching their aesthetics

Waiting for this moment to redirect the pain
To make the forecast be compromising for
Parading int his pitch-black vulturous scene I will break
The oath of all restraint

Dream, before the time arrives
The earth will awake - anxious state of mind
Leaving this body motionless

Turning black once more - the eyes are wide open

"The great black yonder
Is pelting icicles upon my nerves
I melt them to rain
The water that flows out of the horizon
A clammy sensation of my persistence"

Casting the hunger for neurotic seizures
Serving the syndrome

Shedding the anger of everlasting darkness
Feeding the illusion

Despair is my own generous gesture to death

Turning away from everything that is near
Trying to fill the void that appears so clear

A seismic shock, unleashing revolution
Shedding skin, down drift exclamations
Hypnagogic state, endless lucid dreaming
Perpetual sleep, as we share the conclusion of

Shedding the anger of everlasting darkness
Feeding the illusion