

## Awakening

## The Absence

We are all withered away in this suffered position  
with the choke of the truth  
the long unseen, the short believed  
if this is enough I'll distance my hands  
from heavens touch  
I cannot believe my eyes are seeing  
the breach of ours undone  
because the road to hell has become far to long

March through the darkest light  
destroy everything in sight  
to the bane of our being  
all eyes open the awakening

Decide now if you want in wrong  
a shallowing grin is sure to become;  
lies that shift the storm  
become blankets to man well worn  
ripe with stench and rot  
feeling the burst, awaken with pain  
with all to the wayside now  
we are destined to be below the freeze

Now that these pages turn  
there is nothing but regrets gone distant  
so now that these pages burn  
it's one more thing that I won't regret