

Faceless Messenger

The Agonist

Truthful words are rarely beautiful.

Throw on a weak disguise.
Sugarcoat them with pride.
Facts remain the same.

And beautiful words are rarely truthful.

Tales of fiction lie on your tongue.
Let the sweet poison unravel.

Free to associate the bonds that we create.
With pretense at stake, exceed our limits.

You are the image.
We are the construct.
An edited society.

Hollow text inside your safety net.
Faceless redirected.
Eyes are the window to the soul
Where no one can hear me.

Isolated from within.
We fail to communicate.
Grasping to my social fence.
Is anyone out there?

The medium has become the messenger.
A distorted sense of knowledge.
Intercepted meanings with no trace.
Always moving towards a new direction.

Free to associate the bonds that we create.
With pretense at stake, exceed our limits.

Explore the new dimension
Inside this generation.

(Is anyone out there?)

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