

# Waiting Out the Winter

The Agonist

Which is more elusive  
Freedom or sanity?  
When one disappears  
The other follows so quickly

Certain species, races, beings are gifted, you see  
With the power to rob us of either  
Should they feel so inclined to bother

The land is run by a man-made set of rules  
Described as Holy or patriotic tools  
Ethics are invented,  
Although a consciousness is not  
Adamant beliefs are highly protected  
And when challenged frequently emerge victorious

You can't speak, think or feel  
Severed wings never heal  
So justifies the kill

Wait out the winter  
Under forced custody  
The static cold feels more like home  
Than this open-armed penitentiary  
And we embrace the comfort of lost liberty

So fictile is identity  
Without self-governance  
That's why free-thinkers always feel  
So lost and desperate

And I just witnessed my first death  
I watched the last escaping breath  
I just saw a life turn into death  
For them to claim it doesn't count  
Is reckless, blind ignorance

A cry for help - silenced  
I saw her go... I don't know where  
A frightened stare became a lifeless glare  
Suddenly she was no longer there with me  
Although I'm there with her  
I didn't know when it was okay to exhale  
The excuse-making race decides  
That breaking their own laws applies  
But taking ANY life is wrong  
I feel the pain for every one

Though you can stand, learn, still ignore  
The weight of knowledge cracks glass floors  
Ink runs quickly, blood runs slow  
So wait for the rain waters to flood the snow

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And we embrace the comfort of...

Disgrace yourself because you've caged yourself in  
Destined path's a dead-end  
Eyes take snapshots from broken clocks  
Motion slows to a sleep-walk  
And senses shut down with the frost  
And all is ending  
Mental hibernation