

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