

## March Of The Clones

### The Autumn Offering

Stupor of fools  
trapped in a paradox  
slip back  
dream state  
flesh crawls as your body rots away  
angels with broken halos  
a sawn song  
burn away the day  
its not your plight  
so why even try  
a trap in every word you say

now your left to pick up the ruins  
she holds you captive in lies

i cant see the strings  
yet i feel them pulling slow  
ive got hell inside of me  
im falling down

how could you feed me poison  
how could you take my dignity

she holds you captive in lies

the clones keep marching on....