

Reflection Opposition

The Famine

Waiting with baited breath. Smelling the stench of death. Parting with a severed head. Now we're all left for dead. Sediment to the surface. They all start rolling now. Rearing the side they always hide. Deliver empty promise. Outside, inside, paralyzed by serpents eyes. Transform, reborn, through the ashes we're reborn. We'll walk this line piercing through the righteous. Without a guiding light we've found our own. This fading glory is not now what it was. The path we choose we choose alone. Wasted is the breath of every word. Poisoned tongues and tempered veins. At the throat for endless feeding. Outlive, outshine, battle scar and battle cry. Transform, reborn, through the ashes we're reborn. Transform reborn.