

Destroying Cenodoxus

The Warriors

Searching low for a higher truth.
I hear the bears as the sounds break through.
'Til the music transfers to movement and the message
flows through the conduit.
Reaching out for an inward taste.
I see the mirror but I see no face.
That's the price for seeking solutions outside of you own
convictions.
Your own convictions.
It's no coincidence, inhuman with distastefulness.
Nothing so much as the dream of a sleeper.
Heading forward in backward land.
Backed by few with their hearts in hand.
Destroying the thought of perfection.
Embracing life, the vice and redemption.
A victim of his own self worth cast from society, a
judgment so stern.
Destroying the thought of perfection.
Embracing life, the vice and redemption.
It's no coincidence, inhuman with distastefulness.
Nothing so much as the dream of a sleeper.
A moral anecdote.
Self evident and hard to cope with, cope with, cope with
life.
Because I'm on the outside and I'm looking in.
Searching for the bright side, that's the way I live.
Destroying the thought, the thought of perfection.
Embracing life, the vice and redemption.
Shelter from what's already ruined.