

# Of Masks And Martyrs

## Undying

as we bleed you feast on what is left  
of waking nightmares, prayers best left unsaid  
sinking inside of the beasts we shall be  
feeling desires buried, dreams best left to sleep  
suffer the absence of beauty to know  
years beaten down, passions unknown  
the bitterest ashes are the souls unwept tears  
walls of your heaven and pit of your fear the heavens will fall and stars rain down  
on the backs of the broken  
upon those whose beauty is spit upon  
whose desire you spit upon  
if this is what your life will take from me  
if this is what your world will make of me these words which we cannot speak  
for the fallen are lost through the absence of dreams  
in skies that are ever bright we cast wishes into the darkness  
for the stench of your heaven clings to me  
and the stars weep for my shame  
this long, dark age has given us but faded memory - and all the words we will not write  
- and all the dreams that die tonight  
- and all the love in hearts grown cold  
- and all the beauty never known as heavens winds are rancid sweet  
as angels breath of carrion reek  
suffer the children as they will dream  
as empty souls breed worthless ends  
as bitter hands stroke passions spent  
hearts burned to black with the fires of prayers for the end and the stars weep for my shame  
this long, dark age has given us the faded memory  
of passions spent - give me breath to face another day  
if this is what your life will take from me  
if this is what your world will make of me if this is what the world has made of me  
then let it live with the consequences

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