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 fearsthe heavens will fall and stars rain down
on the backs of the broken
upon those whose beauty is spit upon
whose desire you shit upon
if this is what your life will take from me
if this is what your world will make of methese 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 knownas 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 endand 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 meif this is what the world has made of me
then let it live with the consequences

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