

# Merciless

## The Absence

I will not bear to watch  
While the animated sadness releases  
A cyanide touch for us  
So utterly devastating its measure glides  
The breath that is born of behemoth size Unveiled exhumed when everything twists into form  
For you to see all in a perilous mourn  
With long relentless devotion  
Grant of these open wounds and this heartless rip  
The drains are waiting for the loss of your blood Enter all simple solutions  
The center of this wasteland  
So barren and bleak, so feeble and weak  
With a quick flash of ice in your chest  
Like falling into a mine field face first Is this the snap of your filament  
Or the grimmest devout?  
Is this the snap of your neck  
Rung red and hung in this rope? I will not let this subside  
For the still beating heart that is buried inside  
The depths of old to the births of war The weak will beg, swaggering in descent  
The weak will beg, of instant revelations  
The weak will beg, in risk to repent  
The weak will beg for death again and again and again The shattered screams  
Of a people unfulfilled  
With the sight, with the sound  
The reign of steel, their blood unbound Is this the snap of your filament  
Or the grimmest devout?  
Is this the snap of your neck  
Rung red and hung in this rope? I will not let this subside  
For the still beating heart that is buried inside  
The depths of old to the births of war The weak will beg, swaggering in descent  
The weak will beg, of instant revelation  
The weak will beg, in risk to repent  
The weak will beg for death again and again and again The weak will beg, swaggering in descent  
The weak will beg, of instant revelations  
The weak will beg, in risk to repent  
The weak will beg for death again and again and again  
And again and again and again

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