

Miscreant

The Third Man

Vertigo is the leading force of will,
as many paths as its forced to fulfill
Billions of combinations to make them be,
a billion more to set them free
Take misfortune it stayed the same today,
another way to make the day fade away
Cast down abnormality, instead of seeing what makes them be
Sectioned lies end, truth be told as lines bend
A pretension fails to meet an end, Miscreant, what you know ends
What's been mistaken as an erratic being becomes a means for salvation
Prayer for a new day, a loss that sends us all away
A misconception that continues tragically
A fading hope that they will finally see
A kind of vision that will always be,
far exceeding their false security

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