

# Tenebrae

[Art Zoyd](#)

Command and repose and perfect posture  
Set up to segregate afflictions we foster  
The words fall dead, slip down the side  
The wounded risen up and taken from the worst ride  
Out in the cold when we speak solid breath  
We make our moves under cover of death  
Outside the walls with the sick and insane  
No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rain  
And I can see it's the same as before  
Condemned to suffer the seeds we have sown  
To the degree that we reject and deny  
Too greedy, too selfish to try  
Deadbolt the mind, unplug the phone  
Deny the promise of what's freely been shown  
Just turn away, pretend it's not there  
The strings of ignorance grown too sick to care  
Out on an island of self-centered spite  
Lay in our beds under cover of night  
Curl up and weep, narcissistic in vain  
No shade or shelter from the shame-flavored rain  
And without a shift in course  
We will approach our destination  
Can you deny it?  
Throughout the flames that scorch the civility  
Right off the page of a selfish history  
The tide turns to create it's union  
Now's our chance, time to disconnect  
Preserve some dignity, a system to respect  
It's been justified and relegated  
We bog down in our symptoms of despair  
Too far along to pretend we even care  
Pretend you fucking care

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