Aegis

Reso

The days are catching up to me
My unconscious fear unbound
Is it time to tailor fit the notion
That come Sunday I'm in the ground?

The obelisk fumes have occupied
Emphatically austere
A smelter pile made by the debt collector
Where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away

Can you hear him saber rattling
With bones I've left behind?
Obloquy is the bulwark of his implants
Am I your son or just a clone?

Dasehra, you were sworn to be
A window to my night
My subterfuge, just branches to the mandrake
Where the children should be seen, not heard

Even if there is no way back home

I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away

Under the aegis of cognition
I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature
I am dead, I will escape

Under the aegis of cognition
I am dead, I will escape

Engrammic marks of ligature
Am I dead, will I escape?

I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away
I'm not running away

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