Effort to Waste

Saccharine Trust

Drunk on the blood
Stuck to the rug
He vomits nostalgia
As the casualties
Watch him seethe
With careful curiosity
With a raw dialogue
An effort to waste
He gives his sermon
But his words are pointless
To the sober conscience
They breathe the same air
All is mind as mind is all
Flesh is stone as stone is flesh
Pain is real as real is pain
In a sad awakening
He finds a window
God its mourning
All thoughts pierce
As memories are scarce
And the cuts have dried out
But the terror or
The nights he lost
Still hands his head low
Drunk on the rug
Stuck to the blood
He vomits nostalgia
I waited so long for something to seem real
I had so many questions
I answered all my questions
When I seen your face turn
And I knew what was real
And I knew what was lost
Yes I know what was real

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