Progressive Entrapment

Arsis

You are the tightrope,
That is strung about my neck.
The hope of failed wishes,
That haunts and dwells upon the grounds.

And may the pain help me to see
The truth of nights' atrocities,
And the way to make you suffer.

I saw the coming of you, I saw the signs.
Your presence was progressive entrapment.
Follow the vicious circle, all life denied.
Your presence was progressive entrapment.

Flowing like a river of greed,
Thick with the hopes of blinded mortals.
And although our lives are entombed by prose
This one last wish now lays far beneath the rose.

I saw the coming of you, I saw the signs.
Your presence was progressive entrapment.
Follow the vicious circle, all life denied.
Your presence was progressive entrapment.

For fear of blindness, three words to trap us.
And your presence was progressive entrapment.

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