

Toba the Tura (ft. Chris Conley)

Forgive Durden

So you're Ahrima, collusive dreamer.
I watched the lamps fall, you pushed them over.
They say you're gifted, well I just see a scared kid.
They must have flipped it, your skills are latent.
O, you snuffed the glow. Replaced it with coals.
Threw away the throne. O, you snuffed the glow.
Replaced it with coals. Burnt down my home.
You had a life of privilege, hope and love.
But now that's all gone. Maybe the design's flawed.
So that's why I'm here, to preserve the remainder
Of what chance we have left at an existence.
O, the desolate dirt. The raw, scorched earth.
It's a trophy of your worth. O, the desolate dirt.
The raw, scorched earth. It's a scar of my hurt.

Your cold, wicked soul boasts a foul scent. No, a stench
The formidable taste of pure contempt.
Every dark corner will soon see the light. O, so bright.
The beaming flood will pour right through the binds.
My words will tear through the air,
Pierce through the despair,
To find your arrogant, throbbing ears.
If it's too much to bear, or to hear,
Or take, I'll be frank,
Let my inflection be crystal clear.
This mess that you've made, it's a six-foot grave.
It's a home for your lonesome bones that remain.
We'll disappear, but you'll stay here to rot
As The King of The Dark and Forgot. What have I done? Please make me your son.
What have I become? Destroyed all I love. O, what have you done?
Disobedient son, you've broken the trust of your father's love. The arid, fallow earth would be Ahrima's new
hearth.

He would remain while he watched his family strain,
And the girl that he loved, vacate to a new place,
To state over on fresh terrain.
And from his desolate throne he watched them compose
A mountainous wall of stone, to separate themselves from him.
A massive, jagged barricade to lock themselves in.
Theirs would be the Light, his would be the Dark.
For a century these halves would wait.
One world, set apart. Place your hand on mine.
Untie your mind.

We'll just disengage.

Float away.

Songwriters

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