

Alone I Stand In Fires

Disillusion

In awkward times at awkward places ...
Rogues in glitter robes, with fierce grimaces
Sneak around me glowering.
I should be running away
But I keep standing here in fires. Sinister choirs of whip-lashing demons
With circling vultures in a dreadful allegiance.
Singing out of tune in empty words and empty phrases
Heard it all before from a familiar face. And every tone cuts deep as rain in april
Every chord they form tears open the woundsBut today will be my day
When I stand up and be brave
Today it is me and my ire
Today I stand alone in fires. Was my heart one of a sparrow?
Caged in the prospects of disbeliever's eyes
Was I lurking in my own shadow?
For a minute free of compromise. So many years have passed inside the mussel
So many have defiled my realm
So many foreign tongues and unknown words
So many blether and blether and blether... Awoke. From sorrow sleep. And every tone cuts deep as rain in april
And every chord they form tears open the woundsBut today will be my day
When I stand up and be brave
Today it is me and my ire
Today I stand alone in fires.

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