

End of the Robe

Draconian

All the misery you create,
And all the pain you shape...
You are not to blame, my friend.
Somebody filled your empty page. Shaped as we silently wept,
Confined (as) transformation begins.
The table was set and then we slept
As architects of time So much grief behind the facade
And symptoms of certain demise.
We drown in fragrant illusions,
Illusions of right and wrong. We clench to a lustful saint
Digging graves on top of our lives.
Stuffed with values til we choke,
I guess we've reached the end of the rope Through the mist, in the haze,
The impending doom's upon us
The dividing blade of nature
And man severed our callow breath The sun will set,
Set on the blindfolded The self-appointed guardians
Are scratching at my door.
We kiss their venomous lips
And join the hallowed parade. Flying on paralyzed wings
Wondering who we should be
As tyranny becomes normality;
We hang at the end of the rope Through the mist, in the haze,
The impending doom's upon us
The dividing blade of nature
And man severed our callow breath The sun will set,
Set on the blindfolded

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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