

Descending

Synarchy

The river I'm bound to be found in
A rope chosen bound for the hang
When I'm blind and I think I see everything
 Convincing myself again
This God that I worship, a faded reflection
This Demon I blame, a flickering flame
 Conspire as one, exactly the same
 It's exactly the same
 Descending
 To never recover the pieces
 To all that we've lost
 Recover the pieces lost
 The pieces to all we've lost
I shudder to think of the consequence
 It's blasphemy, simple and true
 The tragic protagonist torments
 Convincing myself again
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