Frail

Ihsahn

The air is thick with strangers
Laughing through your screaming lungs
Imploding in your chest like deathAbsent exit signs ignite the flames,
The fear, the rage that tear down walls
Alas, in dreams alone they all collapseThese hoarders of paragraphs
And alibis and secret lies and hollow needs
And enemies that draw you in
These pillars of everything mundane
Are but a gateway to oblivion
Fever burning, weak and pale
Like vultures to the wounded they'll come
You can't afford to be this frail
They'll steal youNot cut out to follow
Nor fit to rule
A dethroned king of diamonds
In the garments of a foolThis jest of chaos
This irony of common fate
Some like dominoes
Some like angels
Apart
In love
From grace
We fall fall fall
Fever burning, weak and pale
You can't afford to be this frail
Like vultures to the wounded they'll come
To steal you
Deceive you
Mislead you
Erase you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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