

Denial

The Damage Manual

Something more graceful felt like leading you to war
It sounds so distasteful, more than what you're fighting for
More flights of stairs derailed, your ascent it falls so slow
Your body and love impaled on the spikes you left below
Grief turned to currency just like midas touched it
black
Like rage in its infancy, you're afraid it might turn back
A flag slashed by injured nights in a fist outside your past
Waves only eclipsed by fright in its glory at half-mast
You can't beat denial, it's the murder of your past
A line drawn hard and broken down
To lie outside your grasp
I fooled you by way of greed
But it opened up your eyes
Too deep down in your hallowed nerves
But it came as no surprise
Your silent servant dragged abyss across the ground
To wallow sleeplessly on everything you found
Afraid lasts a lifetime and it crosses paths with mine
Lost fades its energy, in the end we both but shrine
So ends disgraceful, ride me back to where I rain
Controlled and quarantined, impure, distressed and stained
Your war so makeshift, as if a path through broken seas
Your faith so restless as you turn to talk to me

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