

Anathema

Loudermilk

Come close to the unfamiliar warmth
Coy gesture
To paralyze
Beloved
Covetous
Stuns the brute with uninvited praise
The troubled times
The tear aways
Disconnected
But forever demanding
Cataclysm
The slate is clean
Anathema
It's rapture endearing
Occupied opposition
Modern day mayhem in its place
Trust your fears that deception will come
In the shape of chivalry
Antidote
To this apathy
Initial longing like needles to nerves
Converts into conquered
Kiss it goodbye
The beauty's conceit
In this house of suffering
What's been denied
Is now desired
Bound and branded
Deprivation provokes frustration
The copy kill preconceived
Impelled to convert
Amends from this solitude
Recoil victims from travesty
Cataclysm
The slate is clean
Anathema
It's rapture endearing
Bound and branded
By the crestfallen mark

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