Anathema

Loudermilk

Come close to the unfamiliar warmth
Coy gesture
To paralyzeBeloved
Covetous
Stuns the brute with uninvited praiseThe troubled times
The tear aways
Disconnected
But forever demandingCataclysm
The slate is cleanAnathema
It's rapture endearingOccupied opposition
Modern day mayhem in its place
Trust your fears that deception will come
In the shape of chivalryAntidote
To this apathyInitial longing like needles to nerves
Converts into conquered
Kiss it goodbye
The beauty's conceit
In this house of sufferingWhat's been denied
Is now desiredBound and brandedDeprivation provokes frustration
The copy kill preconceived
Impelled to convert
Amends from this solitude
Recoil victims from travestyCataclysm
The slate is cleanAnathema
It's rapture endearingBound and branded
By the crestfallen mark

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