

# Endogenesis

## Tristania

There is only one way out  
One word left to shout  
The last little slope to climb  
Then my feet slip again  
Your threatening voice  
Gets me back up on my feet again I will find the truth within your skin  
You keep feeding me distractions  
Feeding me lies  
But I know the truth is there  
In fragments  
in bits  
and pieces Tall and slender  
But your eyes are lustreless  
Your facade may glimmer  
Your surface may be smooth silk  
You've been convinced of your own illusions  
But your weary eyes unveil a sinner Running...  
Steadily you hunt me down  
Until my feet collapse  
Gasping...  
You never rest  
Struggling to breathe  
You try to sink me in the mud

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