

Anathema

Artha

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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