

# Signs of Discontent

## Candiria

### Chapter one

Coloring, blistering, peeling the shell of the mask I'm in  
Do you speak in tongues that haunt the mind?  
To feed and deprive Dry, blood, rain they shatter to pieces  
Once again in the midst of wolves  
Devoured to pieces

### Chapter two

Grasping the air to breathe  
In three combine the tragedies  
The agony of the gardens ingesting  
Persisting world of fleas Streams of resolution  
No longer issued worthwhile  
Comprehending the absurd  
No time for restitution Innocent blood stains dry  
Open the sores that rape the eyes  
Ashamed and fully naked

Repeat the process to defile the body? Turn away sacrifice the unclean

Cut your flesh from your mind

Devils in disguise, reprise, burned, swollen

Chapter three  
This life of mind but a vapor

Specks of dust on a journey

Blown by winds deceived by laws The beautiful things

Cling to the ropes

Do you have eyes?

Eyes set on the things that will curdle Spoiled verbal trophies that will desert in full

Your hope a dying gasp

Peasant, your lips are filled with the poison

Of the asps

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