

The Absurdity of Solace

Paria

Open the perilous shaped from another victim's silent cry

Count the days, count the nights

The window will open soon enough

Though masked by content

Hold steady ship the storm will pass

Much like I passed through your hands

Into this cellar I now call home

Reeking of Sacrifice

Paralleled only by the stench of condoloence

Prescribe me an antidote to ease the pain

Empty my heavy heard

I've been weighed down fo rson long

That words have lost all meaning

This was not part of the agenda and this was not part of last week's minutes

Learn to read between the lines

Seperate fact from fiction

And realize the absurdity of solace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>