

# 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 condolence  
Prescribe me an antidote to ease the pain  
Empty my heavy heard  
I've been weighed down for so 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  
Separate fact from fiction  
And realize the absurdity of solace

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