

Toba the Tura (feat. Chris Conley)

Forgive Durden

So you're Ahrima, collusive dreamer
I watched the lamps fall, you pushed them over
They say you're gifted, well, I just see a scared kid
They must have flipped it, your skills are latent
Oh, you snuffed the glow, replaced it with coals
Threw away the throne
Oh, you snuffed the glow, replaced it with coals
Burnt down my home
You had a life of privilege, hope and love
But now that's all gone, maybe the design's flawed
So that's why I'm here to preserve the remainder
Of what chance we have left at an existence
Oh, the desolate dirt, the raw, scorched earth
It's a trophy of your worth
Oh, the desolate dirt, the raw, scorched earth
It's a scar of my hurt
Your cold, wicked soul boasts a foul scent
No, a stench
The formidable taste of pure contempt
Every dark corner will soon see the light
Oh, so bright
The beaming flood will pour right through the blinds
My words will tear through the air
Pierce through the despair
To find your arrogant, throbbing ears
If it's too much to bear or to hear or take, I'll be frank
Let my inflection be crystal clear
This mess that you've made, it's a six-foot grave
It's a home for your lonesome bones that remain
We'll disappear but you'll stay here
To rot as the king of the Dark and forgot
What have I done? Please make me your son
(What have I done?)
What have I become? Destroyed all I love
(Please make me your son) Oh, what have you done? Disobedient son
(What have I become?)
You've broken the trust of your father's love
(Destroyed all I love) What have I done? Please make me your son
(What have I done?)
What have I become? Destroyed all I love
(Please make me your son) Oh, what have you done? Disobedient son
(What have I become?)
You've broken the trust of your father's love
(Destroyed all I love) The arid, fallow earth would be Ahrima's new hearth
He would remain while he watched his family strain
And the girl that he loved vacate to a new place

To start over on fresh terrain And from his desolate throne
He watched them compose a mountainous wall of stone
To separate themselves from him
A massive, jagged barricade to lock themselves in
Theirs would be the Light, his would be the Dark
For a century these halves would wait one world, set apart
Place your hand on mine
Untie your mind
We'll just disengage
Float away

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