

The Foe Sublime

Burst

Feigned, the image of a world unfolds
Deluded but divine
It sees us mocking gifted grace
A stolen self will not succumb See your face in the mirror
It's your image on a face of another
See your principles constantly wither
What is this will but a riddle? In splendor we were born again
Renewed and whole, a chance reborn
Sustenance, we've found
Yet we tear it from our minds So find a way through these foes
With your tears scattered around the wound
It scares us not, this path's design
Run these demons gone amok
Astray

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