

Merciless

The Absence

I will not bear to watch
While the animated sadness releases
A cyanide touch for us
So utterly devastating its measure glides
The breath that is born of behemoth size Unveiled exhumed when everything twists into form
For you to see all in a perilous mourn
With long relentless devotion
Grant of these open wounds and this heartless rip
The drains are waiting for the loss of your blood Enter all simple solutions
The center of this wasteland
So barren and bleak, so feeble and weak
With a quick flash of ice in your chest
Like falling into a mine field face first
Is this the snap of your filament
Or the grimmest devout?
Is this the snap of your neck
Rung red and hung in this rope? I will not let this subside
For the still beating heart that is buried inside
The depths of old to the births of war The weak will beg, swaggering in descent
The weak will beg, of instant revelations
The weak will beg, in risk to repent
The weak will beg for death again and again and again The shattered screams
Of a people unfulfilled
With the sight, with the sound
The reign of steel, their blood unbound
Is this the snap of your filament
Or the grimmest devout?
Is this the snap of your neck
Rung red and hung in this rope? I will not let this subside
For the still beating heart that is buried inside
The depths of old to the births of war The weak will beg, swaggering in descent
The weak will beg, of instant revelation
The weak will beg, in risk to repent
The weak will beg for death again and again and again The weak will beg, swaggering in descent
The weak will beg, of instant revelations
The weak will beg, in risk to repent
The weak will beg for death again and again and again
And again and again and again

