

Bitter Sweet

War of Ages

Death over life.
A blueprint you have drawn.
Silence over sound.
Your casket awaits six feet deep.
Rage over mercy.
The blood drains from your wrist.
The champion holds his title no more.
Six demons wait patiently for their chance to attack.
You claim that no ones around.
I say look past the gun.
Lift the veil and see all that share their love.
Don't feel that death is the way.
The deaf try to carry a tune while the blind fall on their face.
But adversity will never slow them down.
Now look inside.
Wipe my slate clean.
Stop this tonight.
Value everyday as precious and worthwhile.
A change you'll see when black turns to white.
Let it go.
Blood stained walls.
This blade is dead weight at best.
Grab your throat.
This body hangs by a knot.
Burn your mask.
God tear these scales from my eyes.
Pure at heart this burden haunts me no more

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