

“Abstractions”

I've severed ties with God, to try to reach the human in me, no voices to be heard
Call my faith a fraud, and damn my soul for not believing, the tables sure have turned
I've severed my facade, accepted fate as it may take me, no pain to be endured
What if we just end up lost? No end to justify the means? What if no heaven is secured?

I've got no occult inhibitions, I've got no sheltered soul to sell
They pride themselves on slitting throats, don't manifest any antidotes
I think that we should educate ourselves

Dive into my trite demise, butchered words hard to define
I guarantee that all you'll find is an egotistic prick
And if you would rewind without prying out my lewd insides
It's everything I can't unwind; it vows to make me sick

I want so badly to believe you're there, to believe you hear my prayers
And keep me close when I need it most, give you means to brag and boast
But I'm beginning to believe you're nothing more than a means for control
That there is no hell or heaven, there is no reaping what you sew

Collide into my self-design, a bonded heart, an unbound mind
I guarantee that all you'll find is a superficial mess
If you would be so kind, to leave me with my reasons why
It's everything I can't deny and nothing you can't guess

Prided myself on superstition, maybe I'm just an empty shell
What concept proves a foolish plan? Believing in God or in man?
The power hungry or heaven and hell

I'll strengthen ties with God, to try to reach the soul within me, our voices to be heard
Call my stray a fraud, and blame my fall from lack of breathing, a lesson I have learned
Constructed my facade, as if it never failed to please me, no relapse to endure
I know I might end up lost, no end to justify the means, I'll search and find my cure

“Urban Desolate”

I find myself marked on the streets and the pavement
A vandal of a cautious flair, a burden for the world to bear
I was a maker before I was a taker, evolved into a monument
Hands of a god, I salvaged dreams, broke them without care

The earth reflects in gray scale, absent of greens and blues
By chaos and distortion, I drew the lights from the people
I laughed in the faces of the faithful, what do they have left?

Wandering souls, searching for somewhere they hope to feel whole
Seeking a friend for the end of the road, anything just to not walk alone
The cup of the elite runneth over, but their perks were not worth an absent soul
It's astounding; how cash can change the ways the honest make decisions
The worldwide wasteland, our manipulated planet coping in remission

Continents sink, philosophers think, the man's going to jump; he's lived on the brink
Ghost towns, chemicals, abandoned terminals, living like animals, the weakest of links
Children of the night, sleeping under bridges, conversations under streetlights

They made me their hero and I brought them destruction
They asked for a cure and I brought them infection
I destroyed this world, thinking I had a knack
Oh, the things I would give to turn the clock back

“Parallels”

God, what have I done to deserve this?
God, is a little mistake never worth it?
Before I even had a chance, what was meant to be?
Before I had the eyes to see the days a soul should surely see

What's a mother's love to those who watch from up above?
Does she ever think of me? Was I ever even loved?
I never had a world to know, or held my loves or let them go
No goals to uphold, I left the stage without a show

I was sent to you without a chance, without a story to tell
No reason why I took the knife, no reason why I fell
No reason to believe I'm more than just an empty shell
No reason to settle, I know that feeling all too well

All I've ever known is loneliness and empty spaces
Watched the planet turn with its people and its places
I'd give my seat in heaven just to see their faces
And if I grew to die, I'd surely die with a smile

They all seem so happy, so loved and free of care
For eternity I see them, how on earth can this be fair?
I envy their vast aesthetics as I do their mass suffering
While considering your word, I find it quite puzzling

So I ask you lord, why was I deprived of chance?
Who are they to decide based off a manmade stance?
If you created all men equal, why do you keep me here?
Why let the living play God, why not strike them with fear?

I want to wear their skin and breathe the air they breathe
Shove it in my mother's face that there's a lot more to me
And listen to her plead, "I'm sorry, it would've ruined it all!"
As if a child constitutes whether or not your dreams will fall

I sleep and dream that I exist, lucid travels in my bed
I can't wait to greet the living; I can't wait to meet the dead
Call me crazy, call me vain, or call me blatantly insane
But if I had to die, I'd surely die with a smile

Mother, if you could hear me, I saw what you deserve
That I'm angry and my motives may be more or less absurd

Pull me from the darkness, save my soul from being free
I've seen the side you crave to find, it means nothing to me

I want to see their faces, just want something real
For if I live a life and die, it's something I can feel
I want to fill the spaces; I want something I can feel
For if I live a life and die, at least I'll know I'm real

“Black Silk Denial”

Father knows not my struggle, nor would he understand
That being born into the most inadequate of destinies
Has prepared me with little strength to carry his weight
Lest I prevent his everlasting glory by selfish hands
I bask in the carnal prosperity of the royal families
And reap fame and fortune by revelation of fate

But the smiles only last in the pleasure of good company
The women and the wine taste sweet in focused ecstasy
And then it's just another night in a quiet little hotel suite
In between silk sheets, I find that time is quite the enemy
My final days spent drunk, my final nights spent restlessly
Bless the subtle truths designer suits can't keep discreet

Hell is knocking at my door, saying heaven's on its way
That I better grow up fast and procure my rightful place
Apocalyptic veins of damned bloodlines pay the price
I am a stain that scalps the earth, yet I never had a say
In the weaving of my destiny, they never gave me space
But if the Devil doesn't sleep, neither will the Anti-Christ

“Reactions”

Infinite by nature, atmospheric by design
We gathered our minds in attempts to be free
Derivative of free thinkers gone before their time
We'd illuminate the dark fields, cast our spell from sea to sea
The bane of true control in the eyes of our enemies

Buried off the coast, in the ocean I sleep
The night I was born I awoke in the deep
Awakened by burdens of living like sheep
The weight of the world through the eyes of the meek

Lust proved a maniac; seduced the sick she could
Abandoned raw honesty, lost to keep the money good
She takes your focus quietly but she's quick to make her mark
She'll sweep you off your feet before she leaves you in the dark

Pick apart my fingernails and wrap my ribs around you
One minute in my flesh would warp the charm and wit about you
One week inside my tortured mind would morally astound you
The lacking pause in cracking jaws is business the profound do

Call out my name as they crush my bones to powder
Reflect in our cause as they deconstruct my chest
Void of reinforcements, or any naked chance at all
Our motives will inspire stagnant souls as we fall
Adored not in triumph, but in freedom we will rest
Stand stronger than before as my cries become louder

They call us architects, building worlds with our words
In pursuit of something far outside this life to feel
Far beyond the bounds of our conscious appeal
Delusion clouded our concepts of right and wrong
Searched for somewhere we felt we belonged
Only when we stripped this world from our skin
That's when we felt human again

The hearts of the kind will never know peace
But I've woven wisdom in earth and cosmos
Judgment has come, lest we call out to God
Separation of believers by passion and fraud
First and foremost, at my worst and utmost
I am lost, yet at peace, I am last, but not least

When they pull apart my body, my name won't persevere
For just as surely as I came, I will surely disappear
But when they bury me, the dark will not obscure your worth
For when you need the light, I'll bite my teeth through the earth