

Farewell from the Gallows

"Aletheia"

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Another frigid morning to awake
Arising from my slumber to find a piece missing to a
puzzle
Government conspiracy religious fantasies
Is there any fact in everything in which we believe

Covered up for far to long was a canvas who's painting
was not yet done
It was a painting that was brought before my eyes
I searched and it was the purest thing that I found
In this frayed world of bent color

Clues left in distinct places
A finger print among this very ground that we walk on
And there were so many who tried
To cover up this knowledge that was right before us
Before our very eyes

God is the artist of the picture we call life
So many shades, so many tints
So many colors that we have yet to see.

Look in the mirror and you will see His masterpiece.
The painter is the picture that He creates
How long will it take for you to see
The interpreter is the picture that he destroys

It has been confirmed
The more you look the more that you discern
And we all know for those who can't see
It's our direction to reveal

Take your place
Stand your ground
Or will your lies
Still resound

What are we living for
When we've been thrown upon this earth

Shattered we come, but we will prevail to find Alethia

Could you bring some color to this world
Could you bring some color to these eyes

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