

Anadivine

"Closed Arms, Clenched Fists"

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Are you the victim?
How have they made you hate?
Rest easy on your pillow of false beliefs.
Sleep silent tonight.
You know where you are heading.
Your hate has died down.
Burn well.
You cast a shadow upon others when you justify.
You kneel and worship on the alter of hate.
You wear your mask because you are so proud of what
you stand for.
Let down the shield and show the world the ignorance,
show them the truth.
You've burnt down your convictions,
Now only ashes and false hope remain.
Stand under the fire and stare upon your sins.
You cannot purge your hands of the blood.
Burn tomorrow for today, burn well.
Reflections seem so transparent, the screams echo
beneath me.
This hate has driven the nails into open hands.
Closed arms, clenched fists are all that's left behind.

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