

Confession Of Faith "Wither"

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I slowly turn laying virtue asunder
Entreating love come hither (to me)
Standing before her clad in disease
I see all things wither in her
My fleeting eyes see her with deathly pallor
My worthlessness brings me here to lie
I fill my cup over with deceit
I see all things die
In her eyes I see hordes writhing without aim
In her eyes I see tears that are only for my shame
Show to me love for it's nowhere to be found
There buried shallowly beneath the ground (in her)
In her eyes I see hordes writhing without aim
In her eyes I see tears that are only for my shame
Here I stand complacency upon my lips while harboring
Fear and loathing, self-deception
Vanity whose lips are so sweet
Then I feed these pale children
Cowering before me like dogs
I take their hands and lead them down
To view the setting of the sun
Where myself and the world
We decline as one

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