

DAM

"City Of Envy"

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The flake of strong intake and lies despise the wake of
a dream,
This stream: this seam of bowels and psyche,
psychically forbade a tie,
Withheld the lie of a million burning voices
Of old.

Flowers with half a burn must turn...
Must turn, and brain to wait...
And brain to wait so talk...

Lances will bleed the body to burn, and grin will the
spirit within;
Spit in the eye of one who cares and dares to walk at
my side:
Oh glorious pride...
Underlining the flaws within... could they win?
Cursing a friend to hasten the end of a farce called
eternity...
Of a farce called eternity.

Flowers with half a burn must turn, and brain to wait so
talk to me...
And brain to wait so talk to me.

The facts that permeate this act
Crown us all with wretched hate,
Lay waste to all that is known...
And lay the wicked on their throne:
Willing erosion of sanctity;
Bleeding the eye in which my vision holds
Of old,
Such molten strings of destiny...

Behold!...
A hail of burning voices.
Close at my side and strong, they help me burn inside;
Vexed noble spirits show me there is hope for human
kind...

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