

Dew-Scented

"Slaves Of Consent"

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Existential demise
We close our eyes to conceal it
No air to breathe
No time left, it's all over
Awaken in denial
Evoke a perpetual bane
No way to justify
This inhuman urge to degenerate

We only see what we wish to be
But can't conceive what we perceive

I see the writings on the wall
Where did we think this would end?
We're on the verge to tragedy
We are blind slaves of consent

The answer is in the mirror
A constant threat's within
Words won't heal but compound
They don't speak the truth
Disguise the guilt
So nobody can see through
How very foul all doing and undoing is
When carried too far

All our fears come alive
We steal a glance at destiny
And all we sight is born of sin
Bound to atone for infinity

The omission and transgression
Unforgiven, unreleased adversity
Words unspoken, solemn promise
We praise the downfall drawing near
As we approach our termination
We are blind slaves of consent

The answer is in the mirror
A constant threat's within
Words won't heal but compound

They don't speak the truth
Existential demise
We close our eyes to conceal it
No air to breathe
At the verge to tragedy

I see the writings on the wall
Where did we think this would end?
We're on the verge to tragedy
We are blind slaves of consent

All our fears come alive
We steal a glance at destiny
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