

Draconian

"The Quiet Storm"

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We stumble through life
Shedding the same tears,
Forming the same stream,
Asking the same questions,
Dreading the new day
It's so quiet here,
Still violence is speaking;
I close my eyes.

A storm is coming, a spiral of conversion;
Broods from the core of our stone wielded luster

Yes, a storm is certainly coming...
Feel the surge!
Rapidly we reach for clenched hands to save us

... and we see ourselves for the first time
As the ones we truly are,
As we bleed, as we die!

Hands emaciated folds around our hearts
As we stand in line to leave this life;
To embrace the fear, to wear the crown
Of an empire never meant to be

Walking in circles,
Reaping the afterglow
A human affliction drowning the undertow

I'd rather understand from where my tears derive,
To accept the sadness of knowing,
And relieving the long lost hope
Than pursue the tarnished ways of man.

But we exist here... and we cry at night

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