

Draconian

"Through Infectious Waters (A Sickness Elegy)"

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This flesh holds me captive and in quest of liberation...
As the sheep flock in the dissonance, I tread in dissent.
To the piercing light that sears our hearts;
To the sickness that plagues our spirits...
I cannot revere in this blind acceptance and falter in my
comprehension.
Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!
Heal this restless spirit – that bestowed naught.
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate
– I consign!
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...
I consign this putrid flesh.
Nothing here, nobody there...
Erroneous illness shouting.
The outcry reviles this tattered soil...
Drowning the world in filth and distortion.
Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!
Heal this restless spirit – that bestowed naught.
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate
– I consign!
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...
I consign this putrid flesh.
I'll leave my conscience to die.
A barrenness of dreams and anticipation;
Life and hope shrivel into the void.
Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate
– I consign!
Heal my heart, my weeping soul...
I consign this putrid flesh.
In this pantheon of sorrow,
We are everything, yet nothing!
And as long we're breathing,
The burden devoid of conclusion!
Unaided I slither – ravaged, silent and alone.
I smolder in anxious strife; I decline these exhausted
remnants of decay.
The world is coming to an end; a vast ocean of
disease...
All hope is lost... or perhaps this is the cradle of
salvation.
I must tranquil these turbulent waters.
No more expressions shall leave my trait...

No further words shall be spoken.
This illness they conceived broke my tired wings.

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