

Draconic

"The Amnesia Transmissions"

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Hope wore the mask of a cherub
And though it's eyes were censored, wings dismantled
Everyone seemed to smile with purpose and passion

Transmit to me the strength to see
In waveforms that remain undiscovered
Guide me to the brink
Save me from the swarms arms, deny the locust

Compel the signal to react
Tonight it's song is tragic

Hollow and weak
Falling down
Bound by the deepest mistakes
Once frail and lost
Now I'm found
For the transmissions sake

Clenched fists the meek will inherit
Without a dime to savor, crumb to salvage
All souls may die alone, with no one to cherish

Forget the truth of spoiled youth
The transmission shines even stronger
Echoing of ghosts
Spilling your ambitions, leaving you numb

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