

Endwell

"Forgotten Wolves"

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Abandon in hopeless droves
were the forlorn ones/the sorrowful
bereft of love/devoid of soul
no chosen ones/we rise and fall
we are the woes of thousands
the desolate/depressionists
low and behold/cold is your world
walk with four walls around me
cut off from all your scorn
deprived of all but loathing
this life's worth so much more
all this will cease to be/my rage begins to peak
no more pride choking APATHY
now more alone that you thought you could be
all my suffering/the lies that I live and breathe
self-reproach for the darkness in me
self inflicted catastrophe
when the darkness no longer exists
just the void caused by its excess
soon the ground beneath starts to break
feel your foundation growing weak
the reality will soon set in/your fears have become your
end
when reflection is cloaked in despair
and the end has never been more clear
all the bridges that you've burned out of SPITE
have left you stranded and on the wrong side
now your joy fades into grief
with everything in it's WRONG PLACE

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