

Burst

"The Foe Sublime"

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Feigned
The image of a world unfolds
Deluded, but divine
It sees us mocking gifted grace
A stolen self
Will not succumb

See your face in the mirror
It's your image on a face of another
See your principles
Constantly wither
What is this will but a riddle?

In splendor
We were born again

Renewed and whole,
A chance reborn
Sustenance
We've found
Yet we tear it from our minds

So find a way through these foes
With your tears
Scattered around the wound
It scares us not,
This path's design
Run these demons gone amok

Astray

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