

## Byzantine

# "Deep End Of Nothing"

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Listen closely to the sound of treachery  
Look deeply into the eyes of lechery  
All fall to knees being to worship me  
The brazen son of man I shine of pure idolatry

The trouble with your prayers  
Are that they reek of last resorts  
I waste not tears on hollow grief  
In a city without dogs the wolves become the overseers  
It takes a thief to catch a thief

Pain lays not it's touch upon the children born of shame  
Your faith awaits to be unearthed  
Release the blackened dove for there was never light  
above  
Panning for echoes never birthed

Life, liberty, and the pursuit of ignorance

[Solos O], Skip, Wolfe, Tony]

I shall feel nothing no compassion exorcised form me  
My mortal coil laid aside no emotions ever to bequeath

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