

## Across Five Aprils

### "The Illusionist"

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The gloves have been removed  
Let's see it to the end  
May the better man prevail  
With hopes that we can bring  
Some closure to this nightmare  
Never speak of this again

They say kill your idols  
Yet idols are the source of inspiration  
With one exception  
When the chosen prove to be  
Everything but what they are

Slipping through the cracks  
Creating peace of mind  
Quaintly slithers down your back  
Undetected, creeps behind  
Siphoning the very structure  
Built upon false pretenses

Crumbled reality  
Welcomes lividity  
It's becoming real  
Let's put a stop to this  
The past reveals  
What you have become

A boundless black oasis  
Consuming swelling scorn  
A helpless apparition  
Refusing to make right  
What's been destroyed by your hand

When all has been forsaken  
I will be the one  
To hold you to this promise  
This war has come to you

There will no longer be carnage  
In the house of brothers  
This game of smoke and mirrors

Has been revoked

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