

Across the Sun

"Ghosts Of Grandeur"

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The time has come again like clockwork
As swiftly the manifest arises, so too does it flee
Preying upon constitution
Free will to recognize the tyrant
Blinding my need for self preservation
Unknown to the wretched perpetrator
A darkness plagues this once joyous heart
Calloused by scores of constant anguish
At the hand of the most revered
No longer will confusion hold me
Reaching for the strength to stand tall
Knowing I'm better off without
Pretending you're even there
Forging ahead with new found freedom
Relinquishing burdens taking hold
Seeing clear for the first time
Breathing in new atmosphere
Proving my need for self preservation
Has conquered that which seeks
To void the spirit within
Now known to the wretched perpetrator
The darkness plaguing this joyous heart
Has given up every ghost of grandeur
And will no longer live in fear
You will not fail me anymore
These walls I've built will never fall
Your sickness seeping through my pores
Will turn to dust and be no more

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