

## **Last Chapter "Coma Crowd"**

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Clouding our sleep...  
Years discord the unbelief  
Words. All you've said  
Wishes worn through the seam  
Scarring the ears  
Caustic whispers from you  
Only ourselves: left with the tears

Mindless and empty, false and absurd  
In coma lies the the crowd  
Their sleep disturbed  
Stirring our dream  
Endless days, stars at night  
Fear becomes wings for your darkened flights  
Your friends are here to celebrate a serpents choice

Only yourself, left with the tears

So insincere, lifeless shades of selfishness  
Delicate death, accelerating taste of lead  
The pointed search, in vain now has ended  
Their hollow selves left with the tears

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