

My Own Grave

"Hail The Blind"

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Demeanor constraints programmed into our system
Disfigured traits genetically sustained
Lies enshrined, an echo from the grave
The primal instinct of self-preservation

Broken, scorned and battered underneath the ruins of
time
Lies one righteous truth, a world unknown
Unseen by man and his necrology
Survival founded on that ignorance is bliss

Raise the horns, darken the sky
Drink to deception divine
Hail the blind
Throne of rats, carrion grows
Pieces of a grander design
Hail the blind

The words of the righteous, an endless stream
Of poison for the weak

Tempting lies shining clearer than the truth
Blank perspectives in a symbiotic maul
Rain hell upon their slopes and be their beacon
Mortality disposed, immortal by their blood

Mortally disposed
Immortal by their blood

Raise the horns, darken the sky
Drink to deception divine
Hail the blind
Throne of rats, carrion grows
Pieces of a grander design
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