

# The Damage Manual

## "Denial"

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Something more graceful felt like leading you to war  
It sounds so distasteful, more than what you're fighting  
for  
More flights of stairs derailed, your ascent it falls so  
slow  
Your body and love impaled on the spikes you left  
below

Grief turned to currency just like midas touched it black  
Like rage in its infancy, you're afraid it might turn back  
A flag slashed by injured nights in a fist outside your  
past  
Waves only eclipsed by fright in its glory at half-mast

You can't beat denial, it's the murder of your past  
A line drawn hard and broken down  
To lie outside your grasp

I fooled you by way of greed  
But it opened up your eyes  
Too deep down in your hallowed nerves  
But it came as no surprise

Your silent servant dragged abyss across the ground  
To wallow sleeplessly on everything you found  
Afraid lasts a lifetime and it crosses paths with mine  
Lost fades its energy, in the end we both but shrine

So ends disgraceful, ride me back to where I rain  
Controlled and quarantined, impure, distressed and  
stained  
Your war so makeshift, as if a path through broken  
seas  
Your faith so restless as you turn to talk to me

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