

Program The Dead

"Numb"

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Opportunity rears as the night casts the shadows to
chafe the day
Anticipating the ease to plot his ways
Willing to instigate injustice and drink the grapes
And illustrate the character found born to fate
Drive the knife in deep to try to penetrate
As I convulse rendered numb from my state
Hands are tied my mind is fried
Shatter my comfort resulting control denied
Your intention's no secret in my absence
And the nightmares concur with the flashbacks
The scene is set for confusion the conflict oppresses
Deceptions a fruit of your wrong guesses

Begging to plant your seed
Begging to manifest death
Begging to plant your seed
Begging to violate

Rest with your eyes half open
And cringe at the thought of the face who blindsides
To thwart your case With no escape from the justice
prevailing
The winds of death now die without failing
To beg and plead to find a way to feed themselves
Of old habits resurrected and bare
Your lies lack evidence
You think twice about precedence
Reality's gagged by the forces that force the gate
And I'm reminded that I'm the one to hate

Begging to plant your seed
Begging to manifest death
Begging to plant your seed
Begging to violate

As I sort through my infinite mishaps I see how small I
remain
The illusion has faded And what's left is a searing pain
Disappointment throbs with each breath that divides
my path from the things

I've sown And I'm left broken As I search for home

Pierce straight past the addage the cliches of fools
That fool themselves by the games that pass the days
Home is not a residence to hang your costume
Or check your face for the spoon
But home is your mind set But home is your heartrest

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