

Sevenchurch "Perception"

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Why? Who am I? Perception. Perceptions. Sincere uncertainty cloud my mind. Monolithic burden blind my eye. You gave your love to me. It should have set me free. All alone, so alone. Environment breed sanity, twisting my perception. Breathe deep harsh reality, I am but reflection. Hurting, feel so hurt inside, keeper you made me what made you? Product, products fail your teaching, teacher you made me, I beg you tell me how does this end? Where credence dies, empty must lie. Weakness revolve, constrictive hole. From education man is misled, so they believe, as they were bred. Priest continue what nurse began, thus the child impose on man. And all perceptions are corrupt. Grant me. Release. Faith. Grant me peace. Sanctum's spirit come to me, crucify our legacy. Portrait of imperfect life, no sanctity, no paradise. Perception. Reflection. Hope, your hope. Care, your care. Love, your love. You, you gave me life. Need, greed, you made me. Innocence bleeds ignorance, mind in blood immersed, circle ever turning, nothing lasts but thirst. Choke each bitter layer, of dust that hides the stain, development, familiar traits, concealed not contained. Do you know me? Do you see? Do you see, flaw or fake? Face to face, fate to fate. Action programmed, can't abandon, disregard all preconception. Searching, seeking, sole perception, wake inside my own deception. You know me. Deception. You know me.

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