

## **Silence The Epilogue "Hysterical Chanting In Tongues"**

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These icons tend to manipulate us from within observe  
this disease,  
Proximity clenching it's teeth again.  
Now I am facing your barricades encased in flames.  
This could last us a life time with both versions  
endorsed,  
We covet all the status quo with the syringes left in our  
hands.  
The sun killed it's child in the name of change  
And placed two coins on our eyes  
Now drown the captain of your sinking ship or make  
yourself a statistic.  
Our hearts in their cave leave our chest a silhouette,  
I am folding space until it fades away like the sun.  
They cannot face the whites of our eyes.

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