

This Is Hell "You Are The Antithesis"

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You're nothing more than shallow
With a tongue lodged in your cheek
What is it that you're saying
Shrouded in a cloud of smoke
You're not coming through
The lines are crossed and the static numbs my ears
Your turn of phrase rings hollow
I can't trust a word you say
What are we to do when the last great poet
Has thrown down his pen?
If you can't move me now then I swear you never will
Just going through the motions while the audience is
still
I can hardly feel the passion that you've stolen from
this room
You're nothing but a mockery of all I hold so true
You've nothing invested, you've got no soul at all
I see you for what you really are, you're not fooling
anyone
A coward in a flashy disguise
What are we to do when the last great poet throws
down his pen?
Who can we turn to for the words we scream right
back?
Where do we find solace if were never shown the way?
What happened to the authors who have something left
to say?
Look inside yourself, and if you find there's nothing
there
Be cast into eternal exile miles from here
Never to be seen again
And don't find your way back
Proclaim your pain
Bring them to their knees
Were making room for those with a clearer vision
Let the inspired voice be heard
Give us your life
Show us something more

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