

Thyestean Feast "Olivions Bliss"

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Silence, for the moment absurd draws near
Defiance, reaching for all that is pain

Fear of fate to feed
Souls to my own belief

There were no ardours watching as you tried
To broke phantasm bounds prescribed
You gave your life in fear of torment,
Reverence held for shadows of figment

Sins that scoured meaning before philosophy
Errant nature that forever was meant to be

Through mirage at last you see
What can't be forgiven, where prayers lead
Olivions bliss
Abiding slumber so deep
No memories reach your sleep

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