

Under Eden "The Savage Circle"

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We've summoned up the suffering
Sufficient for eternity.
Never felt before on flesh,
Like lying in the serpent's rings.
Infest, corrode and conquer them,
The thoughts that breed benevolence.
Desensitize the warning nerves,
To numb self-preservation sense.

Expressions of their self-awareness,
Black holes spun to be the canvas
Absorb emotions' fiery colors,
Displayed for empty sockets' stares.
Devoid of common sense perception,
Oblivious to lost reflection.
No inward glance for absent vision.
The savage circle twists within.

It's a primal world's dying dance,
Celebrating martyrs of the mad.
A hollow core devoid of sustenance,
Paralysis so statuesque.

Condemned at birth to roles of war,
To run a self-destructive race.
Witness to the grave misfortune,
"destiny" our epitaph.
Struggle for a stronger handhold,
Iron grasps, unshifting stance.
Deny the mercy set aside.
Safe silence from the chamber's blast.

Brace your soul for the storm
Whipping 'round in the night.
Anchors tear from their bonds
In the dawn's burning light.

Winds of winter rush down,
Waters torn from the void.
In the face of the deep
Hear the dying cries"

One last look to the sky
As it falls overhead.
Sun and starlight obscured
As true nightfall descends.
Final words come in short
Calculated commands.
Not the cold grip of death,
But by our own hands.

Deception of the highest order,
Filtered down to those below.
Unsuspecting nameless faces
Cast as pawns, the dice are rolled.
Bittersweet the victory,
Achieved at costs too high to count.
We dig our graves and step inside,
The savage circle twisting on.

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