

My Ruin "Heretic"

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As I feel the warming sun upon the earth
I stand outside the gates of my birth
Wise men know the answers, see them raise their
stones
I stand here alone

Inside of the city gates, they gather round
Too enthralled by their designs to hear the sound
Voices of the dispossessed; they cry for hope
But they cry alone

Where is the voice inside to comfort me?
I plead. I cry for you
I'm lost within the fields of emptiness
So blind, paralysed
Don't leave me here to die

We're lost within the fields of emptiness
So blind, paralysed
Have we been left to die?

I have seen the morning sun
I have lived under the glow of life
Am I lost? A darker path I walk alone
Too weary to return; too weak to carry on

There must be a way to see you
I shy away as the hypocrites' whips crack
Their words, their wisdom, mean nothing to me
anymore
My hope torn like rags on this beggar's back

They lead you up the hill as one accused of blasphemy
Observe you coldly, as they tie your body to the cross
And as you bleed they search their souls and find no
guilt within
Self righteous killers- never knowing what they've lost

Still I want to stand before you
Still I'm locked within this cage
I want to see beyond their cities

To the place where only you remain

Still I falter when I run from you
I see an image of your pain
I want to see beyond their cities
To the place where only you remain
I see
Your pain
Look beyond their cities
To this place

I bleed I cry, I plead for you

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