

Saint Avarice

"Visions"

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Four walls surround him
A young boy with a vision of hope
Cascade the shade through the boards it awaits
A chain held throne with the means of escape
First fist through the glass
Blood runs from his fist down to his hands
He tries again but fails
The board's held in tight with nails
The struggle begins to take hold
He cries and he hides inside the shade alone so cold
The cycle must continue
The subject here is torture
Entrapment is now blissful
Receive all but self destruction
Insanity starts to take hold
And fear has welcomed itself in the room
The boy sits there tattered and torn
In the fetal position as he is reborn
Unaware of the beasts underneath
His eyes drift away as he sleeps
Don't drift away
You may still have a chance to escape
Just try again
The first board's slowly giving way
No more nights wishing daylight would come
There's no fun in expecting the pain so run
Let each hit be for all you've received
Rip away at the boards and uncover the freedom
beneath

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