

These Nights of Plague

"Times Are Going To Change"

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Pick yourself up, brush off the dust,
They tried to squeeze the life out of you.
Milk your tears for their satisfaction,
You're bigger than this, better than that.

You have weathered their pain, their might,
But times are going to change.

Starled, you are in doubt.
No fear in theirs, no trust in yours.
You start to run, but trip to fall.
In your shame, drowning in your pity,
As you grasp at the last chances,
The last hope finds you.

Shattered, broken, smeared,
You're a fucking hole,
Empty, filled with nothing.

Gathering a lost thought, escaping your destiny,
Rising, taking at what you please.
Finding a purpose, another world within,
An old smile, unfamiliar to those who hurt you,
Reminding them, you will shatter, break and smear,
Rejoining your place in this life.

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