

## Day Of Gray "Cyanidal"

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Lightless burning candle scenes, exposing suicidal dreams.

With true denials ever madly, bleeding through ever gladly.

In my ear the worthless squawk, putrid air of mindless talk.

Forsaken, so called tasteful, the improvidence of the wasteful.

Given bitter cancerous caring, as passion is without sharing.

Eyes sheltered, waterless, are true when empty and pitiless.

Never are broken tears to mending, nor the solace of an ending.

Left to choices of what pays, with dogged fears of forgotten days.

Callous eyes of selfish hounds, no regard beyond their bounds.

Caught in leashes veiled strictness, answers to their blind witness.

I can't stand your mindless philosophies,  
and the things you worship reek of insanity.

I can't stand your desire to make us homogeneous,  
and the things you do are cold and callous.

I can't stand your oblivious hypocrisies,  
and the things you live for rot society.

In blinding blackness of the sun, see the madness to be spun.

Insanity's love for crippled saneness, truths lost in its plainness.

Weakness given to the weary, paleness of whom sees so clearly.

Safe in covers they are under, given candies of worthless wonder.

Accolade to one who dances, with out music to false romances.

Cluttering clear and open spaces, giving rise to imagined graces.

Invisible minds sing to masses, the merry sheep with empty glasses.

Not under foot or underway, when to stop, is to runaway.

In sunny sightlessness, are the fools with vacant cheerfulness.

When lives are like reins to an empty bridle, they are cyanidal.

You're so poisonously suicidal, you're cyanidal...and I  
I can't stand it, I can't stand it...oh...

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