

Miguel Migs

"Disintegration Of Conscience And Spirit"

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We can bridge the darkness
If we learn to bleed
Divinity is only a question away
Yet elusive in it's subjugation
Because there are rainstorms
Even in heaven
The sound they make is a thousand screaming voices
In mournful chorus, suffering blindly
Uncertain of their fate as their destinies waste away
Shrouded in the haze of ignorance
We can bridge the the darkness
If we learn to bleed
Divinity is only a question away
Yet elusive in it's subjugation
Because there are rainstorms...
Bring them lies
Bring them pain
For this day
Shall be great
Red slicked with purification
Lain waste to, pre-existing
Testaments of this Universe
We can sculpt the idols
If we bridge the emptiness
If we surpass the diffidence
Bring them lies
Bring them pain
For this day
Shall be great
Red slicked with purification
Lain waste to, pre-existing
Testaments of this Universe

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