

Battered Ornaments

"Derelict"

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Fall into broken sleep and,
You feel mislead
Get it off your chest
Scrape it off your hands
What is this illusion?
Is the only thing that's...

It suits your life
It shapes your lie
You morph to fit
To please the eye

Let me hide within you,
Or eat your heart out

It seems now that you left your faith behind you
Push the envelope, sharpen the pain
Well, what binds us separate mind and flesh
Decisions been made
I won't save me

You feel it
I accept...
Become it
My own fate...

I can map this void
Channelled trough my core
Wrapped around my spine
Trickling from my pores I,
Find sense in solace
Show me what it's...
In your liquid eye
Your minds abyss
I mark this point
It's where it ends

I will dig inside you
Feed off your emotion

It seems now that I find much more in this,

Blatant rambling than there is to it
It's too late for me to make a stand
I won't stop, won't fit won't bend,
I won't break

I fear I've got too much time to reminisce
Reject. Recoil. To close the mind's eye
To hold a doubt and salvage the wreckage
A world apart
Unmake to recreate
Derelict

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