

Battered Ornaments

"Oblivion Awaits"

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Indeed, the more I give,
The more I want back
In truth I have nothing
(Don't try to shut this out)
My God. Truly I wither
(Dissolve)
This circle of ashes

Sleep
Let me sleep when I'm dead
My ruin in the end
My circus. My stigma
(This seed is sown now reap your oath)
Awake
Let this hail my ascent
Oblivion awaits
The thoughtless and idle

No pause. The sand rends the glass
You wait and you loose it
(Don't try to hold it back)
My life. My all
I'm transparent
(Erode)
The walls I've created

My strength
Let it boil
Let it tear on me
Let it build
Let it infuse
There is nothing left here to save,
Or remember anymore
Silence
Leave it numb
Leave it unspoiled
And the words kept coming on
But we will not stand down
Oblivion awaits

