

Damage Manual, The "Denial"

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Something more graceful felt like leading you to war

It sounds so distasteful, more than what you're fighting
for

More flights of stairs derailed, your ascent it falls so
slow

Your body and love impaled on the spikes you left
below

Grief turned to currency just like midas touched it black

Like rage in its infancy, you're afraid it might turn back

A flag slashed by injured nights in a fist outside your
past

Waves only eclipsed by fright in its glory at half-mast

You can't beat denial, it's the murder of your past

A line drawn hard and broken down

To lie outside your grasp

I fooled you by way of greed

But it opened up your eyes

Too deep down in your hallowed nerves

But it came as no surprise

Your silent servant dragged abyss across the ground

To wallow sleeplessly on everything you found

Afraid lasts a lifetime and it crosses paths with mine

Lost fades its energy, in the end we both but shrine

So ends disgraceful, ride me back to where I rain

Controlled and quarantined, impure, distressed and
stained

Your war so makeshift, as if a path through broken
seas

Your faith so restless as you turn to talk to me

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