

Apiary

"Descent"

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This mirror reflects the truth struggling just a piece of mind everything you are slipping through your hands wishing a thousand deaths upon your hope fate will burn your future to the ground leaving you inside this mess suffering everything that you want to be figment of your imagination slow decline weakening demise just a spreading disease desecrating burden on life inside your mind false inhibitions erase memories troubled past shallow existence meager attempt a plague still following me go away save me from this martyr striking down with vengeance so I bleed the truth inside your mind false inhibitions a plague still following me go away saving myself the pain I bleed the truth.

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