

Human Abstract, The "Self Portraits of the Instincts"

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By burden of blood we saw reflections of who we are
As the knowledge that burns in our hearts takes charge
Blessings made at a house in the distance
An unworthy authority looking to find a worthy culprit
Accounting lost, stranded hindsight, words were not
enough
Repeat the cycle with devils in your veins
More than simply shaken, a line divides
Blood ties are forsaken, grudges still are found
In kindred we are bound. So deep in our blood, ages
come, ages go, never freed
Never, thats what you told me
Time and again we have them down on their knees
Beg for mercy, beg, time and again
How many times will I be called to feel this rage?
How many times will I be taken to that place?
No peace of mind until the seas run dry
Forced to inflict these scars, reflections of who we are
A legacy carried on too long

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