

To Die For "The Tired Youth"

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["To save a man's life against his will is the same as killing him." - Horace]

Youth will seep into an unjust sleep, eating ashes of it's love.
Seduced yet convinced to rise in the liberty of closed eyes.

See the dust in the wounds of the ones who have quit their bodies in frenzy.
Answering the suffering with laughter.
They're not so few and they are moving.
They'll get you while they can, going to make you scream,
And beg for more.

Youth will seep into an unjust sleep, eating ashes of it's love.
Seduced yet convinced to rise in the liberty of closed eyes.
Wicked hearts grow tame.
I hear voices, but they ain't calling my name.
I was not prepared and now it's time to let the others shine.

Breath crushed out of the patron above, with hollow eyes,
Whistling with each intake.
An assassin's eyes now idle from caring.
My every word will convert the saints to swearing.

Careless for the consequences, hunting heartaches.
What makes you valuable is how you treat my mistakes.

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