

Anacrusis, Present Tense

[lyrics by K. Nardi/except*]

Twisting the images
Watching them grow
Into what they are not
Forget we forgot as they fed on what's real

The path I fell onto
Of tears wades through
Await the demise
In sorry disguise from the things that I feel

Time does not exist
The days as thin as mist
Deep within my eyes
There is a heart that died long ago

What is it going to take to get through to you?
To open your fear-blinded eyes?
Because there was this fear that would tear at me
That by our own hands we would fall

These clouds can pass no light
Just silhouettes of tired life
Sorrow begging, why?, for answers miles and miles from the truth

Endurance and patience lost
From fighting this holocaust
Destroying within and eating its way from the core

Time does not exist
These days are meaningless
Deep within my eyes
There is a heart that died long ago

What is it going to take to get through to you?
To open your fear-blinded eyes?
Because there was this fear that would tear at me
That by our own hands we would fall

*Forgive this heart
Long stagnant with its blood
For it is here, within my suffering
That these, the altars of the soul have creaked
Suffering Hour...
Suffering Hour...
Suffering Hour...
My darkest hour is now

What is it going to take to get through to you?
To open your fear-blinded eyes?
Because there was this fear that would tear at me
That by our own hands we would fall

[* Taken from 'THE SUFFERING HOUR', a poem by TOM D. LISKEY]