

# 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]