

Autumn Leaves, The Surface Anger

To feel as emotions die
To see when the dark deceits your eyes
The create though creativity fails
To eliminate when the cry for mercy prevails

And the earth is ours, it's the emperors touch
We are the ones, the material gods
Love conquers all, still we underestimate
The embedded instincts that forever lie awake

Relentless when corroding the ties that bind
A slaved soul within a free state of mind
Domination, rationalistic philosophy
Is the direction of tragedy

I think therefor I am
But in heart as animal we still stand
Stimulate hate with a temper
That shadows the surface anger