

Dorling, Dark Age

Sitting up and rubbing tired, rested eyes,
The conscience rises to intercept the lies
The secrets of the competition pleasure are revealed
Escaping from the mighty cage that once was locked and sealed
Despite living in hell, this saint has kept his head quite cool
Seething, he could no longer sit there like a fool
Angered, restless, shamed, tired and torn
Locked up in that cage since the day that he was born
Suffering in silence, his fate would not be known
In a society where everybody, on the inside, isn't on their own

Waking up to see the light
Grab the heart strings
Pull them tight
There's a pain
Inside my chest
As artificial face gets laid to rest

Outbursts no longer controlled, measured, sensible and kept in check
He laughs and looks me in the eye, as he tightens the noose around my neck
Grab my arm and take me away
Show me thoughts of yesterday

Tomorrow could have been much brighter
If he hadn't reared his ugly head
He's trying to prevent the sinning
And trying to make me repent instead
I'll try to pretend that I like it
So defeat doesn't cloud my soul

So when I cry
Turn out the light
Spare my foes
The ugly sight
I'll kick and thrash
Until he's still
Only he can win
My mind is ill

My mind is ill
So I'll kick and thrash
Until he's still

The ugly sight
Not seen by my foes
There is not light

His triumph over me
Has improved my social grace
For once the bad man has been put
In the one and only place
Where he cannot hurt the loved ones
ANYMORE
NEVER AGAIN
No, Not more.....