

Flesh Field, Disillusion

I walked the earth.
I trekked through endless sacred places.
I searched them, all of them, far and wide.
I'd never seen so many pretty little faces
All waiting patiently.
Waiting to die.

I wait for something.
I wait for anything to heal
This world of all its wounds,
Of all its hate so I can feel again.

Disillusion in common place.
Confusion; Our fatal flaw.
Retribution; Our sacred god.
Conclusion: There is no law.

We are slaves to apathy,
Wishing we were born without eyes.
We crusade for trivial glory.
We only care about what we despise.

You tried to teach me.
You tried to reach me through fear,

The fear of what you are,
Of what you see,
Of what you hear inside.