

Mortal Treason, Beneath The Shadows

Steadily it pumps, over and over, knowing only the present, past forgotten, futures unknown.
Deep inside we all have fear.
not knowing what's next scares us all.
If I could only overcome this beast.
It has become my life's goal.
Your pills, your weak minds can't heal me now.
I must walk alone.
Your thoughts of me, they'll fade away.
What's real will remain.
Why all that's false rots away.
Walk away from yourself.
Spit in the face of all men.
Turn your head up to the sky.
Confront the coward that lurks beneath the shadows.
Call him out.
Slap his face.
Walk away.
The truth remains the same.