

Scarve, Emulate The Soul

To observe and reconstruct
Defragment our very thoughts
To write the unspoken words
For every truth lies in between

To detain substantial essence
So determined in their crime
Just an instant of awareness
For a lifetime of being dragged behind

While the chaos keeps crawling
And devouring, they gather
Like vultures coldly beholding
A world forever lost

On the path to magnificence
All unives has dissolved
A cosmic multitude of one
Grasping to bypass impurity

And as I turn my face
Towards the ones who stab me
Stab me from inside
Every flaw is brought to light

For every truth lies in between
They infiltrate us with no reason
Other than to watch us crumble
Become dust as we deserve

This nauseating weakness seals our fate
Dissected to serve a cause
A vulgar emulation of the soul

Emulate the soul