

# Scarve, Freaqualized

Best to crawl and leave no trace  
These dusty paths call for a chase  
Escape the sweet machinery  
Thrusting oil like blood to burn in me  
It cooks and boils and strives to prosper  
Passive, I submit to failure  
As I sense the sudden strength  
Of one who knows and longs to hold my hand  
Plummeting beyond control  
Captured, force-fed, overruled  
Stretch your arms and pull me back  
Before clarity invades my eyes  
Grab for gold that glows and gleams  
And caress a truth beyond belief  
A freight to dump on virgin grounds  
To remain sealed and never to be found  
Told about the paths you walked  
Stolen, trampled, left behind  
Bring your light astonishing  
And once again be part of mine  
...But better crawl and leave no trace  
And shut your ears and hide your face  
The sickening truth I've given birth to  
Is dwelling with fury, is out for you