

Scarve, The Seed Unsown

Darkness nor helplessness
Have ever bloomed so lustfully
And feasted at the sight delicious
Of my lifeless substance sprawling
Softly I caress death
In this godforsaken hole
Cringe as it cruelly hides
The shattering wisdom behind
How the masters wander
How in self-esteem they bathe
How their misconceptions
Set all respect ablaze
Remains of my conscience
For the lowest bidder
Pumped onto plains unknown
I am the Seed Unsown
Vast knowledge is my loan
I am the Seed Unsown
How the masters wander
How in self-esteem they bathe
How their misconceptions
Set all respect ablaze
I am the Seed Unsown!