

# 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!