A.F.I., Narrative Of Soul Against Soul

To the wounded:
I have seen the self image
they've forced you to reduce to shattered glass,
with the only remaining value lying in it's jagged edges.
But the few who warrant waking for await their recognition.
No fear of death but with fear of life,
your weakness kills everyone.
So live.
Angels for everyone.
For no lack of searching I can't seem to find one.
Angels in everyone.
What of all their promises?
Can't seem to find much more than lies.
Angels in anyone.
A permanent solution to a temporary problem.
Before I'd lay me down to rest,
I'd throw away everything to live.