

After The Burial, The Fractal Effect

This is where you pick yourself up, brush off the ashes
Clear the smoke and soot from your eyes
Their word brings desperation, just look around you
Renewed visions reveals the lies
My truth will be my own
You say it doesn't matter, get used to fear
I tell you that's the problem
Get used to the lies
They mislead your pride
You blind them with your light
Just strand this from the mind
You say it doesn't matter, get used to fear
I tell you that's the problem
What its done to you, the way you live your life
Pick yourself up
What its done to you, the way you live your life
A state of empty bliss, an empty state of mind
A state of empty bliss pulled into the depths
Dragged out with the tide
My truth will be my own and not the one they gave me