

Bloodlined Calligraphy, Begging the Blind

Is it our convictions that separate us.

The Scene that we live for should liberate us.

The eyes that you stare with are sore and searing.

The words that you speak I'm no longer hearing.

Two lost minds draped in fear, pray for rain to save them.

Bury your deceptions, let them slowly die.

Burn your deceptions before you wonder why heaven caved in.

It is time for you to see the error of your ways.

Get on your knees and pray, turn yourself in the right direction, while you are still in your youth.

You must burn these deceptions if you want to see the truth.