

December, Token Gesture

In this image you're standing so flawless so utterly perfect
Yet something is wrong that cannot be placed
A weapon are your words preaching to convert
The very ones that you claim to be trying to save
Passing judgement a blanket statement
Encompassing nothing exacting the strictest of penalty
If your will wasn't flawed would you be overcome by your pain
And is this bleeding ulcer still you faith
A token gesture a bloodless clot
Dragged underneath the swallowing ocean
Failed apparatus delaying the inevitable
The end of your world begins with your next breath
Will the weight of your soul drag it all
Down into the wasteland of the sky
Funeral pyres seeding the whole of the universe
Constantly breeding this arson
Coward accept your own judgement and take a step forward
Volunteering for the end
With this breath turn regret into bliss
And let the world fade away into decay
A token gesture a bloodless clot
Dragged underneath the swallowing ocean
Failed apparatus embrace the end