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