## Draconian, Through Infectious Waters

This flesh holds me captive and in quest of liberation...

As the sheep flock in the dissonance, I tread in dissent.

To the piercing light that sears our hearts;

To the sickness that plagues our spirits...

I cannot revere in this blind acceptance and falter in my comprehension.

Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!

Heal this restless spirit that bestowed naught.

Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate I consign!

Heal my heart, my weeping soul...

I consign this putrid flesh.

Nothing here, nobody there...

Erroneous illness shouting.

The outcry reviles this tattered soil...

Drowning the world in filth and distortion.

Forfeit my injured soul, this affliction I respire!

Heal this restless spirit that bestowed naught.

Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate I consign!

Heal my heart, my weeping soul...

I consign this putrid flesh.

I'll leave my conscience to die.

A barrenness of dreams and anticipation;

Life and hope shrivel into the void.

Heal this heart that approached the world, as I relegate I consign!

Heal my heart, my weeping soul...

I consign this putrid flesh.

In this pantheon of sorrow,

We are everything, yet nothing!

And as long we're breathing,

The burden devoid of conclusion!

Unaided I slither ravaged, silent and alone.

I smolder in anxious strife; I decline these exhausted remnants of decay.

The world is coming to an end; a vast ocean of disease...

All hope is lost... or perhaps this is the cradle of salvation.

I must tranquil these turbulent waters.

No more expressions shall leave my trait...

No further words shall be spoken.

This illness they conceived broke my tired wings.