

Faith And The Muse, Rise And Forget

I woke up tired, I woke up down on my knees tonight
My eyes were wet and I felt so dead inside
A grieving fragment of myself, distorted memory
Choking tears as I slam the door again
I swallow rage, I taste its wisdom
Nomadic fears force sanctuary
I drink in truth, I spit out meaning
Ever possessed by the collective psyche
On dread subconsciousness we spin and turn
Inherent images strap us in position
Autarchic instinct commands the assigned performance
The abduction scene, the sacred horn dance
I am enthroned, I am imprisoned
The mirror speaks to my third face
Regeneration, eternal mindless
The questions wax, the answers wane
Suffer; celebrate
I sing my praises
I curse my name
Suffer; celebrate
The spirit comes to life
Ancestors reanimate
Seduction leading straight from logic to nightmare
Virility misdirects the hunter's primal need
Extractions from a butcher's masterpiece
So split my skin and make me bleed
I woke up tired, I woke up buried by dreams tonight
Compelled to kneel before another faceless beast
An ancient splinter of myself - these are not my memories
Mutated visions, theaccentric reasoning
Suffer; celebrate
I sing my praises
I curse my name
Suffer; celebrate
The spirit comes to life
Ancestors reanimate