

# Martyr A.d., The Fault Of The Human Condition

Lay down  
My heart in front of you  
A chalice will you take it  
A separation that causes a dream demonstrated  
What does that make me?  
A frightened postured boy  
I wallowed in a stream  
I chose to writhe loving  
every second that stretched to eternity  
Will you take this listening to every line?  
Again?  
Finishing your goals  
That your hated  
Life holds for you  
There were characters  
There were nothing else  
And that's so clear  
I wallowed in a stream  
I chose to writhe  
Loving every second that stretched to eternity  
Never have you realized this pain  
Never have you conceived endings  
Never have you believed  
Believed in me  
There will be no direct ties  
Last words from your mouth  
Were expressionless and meaningless  
Again I'm fooled