

Paria, The Absurdity of Solace

Open the perilous shaped from another victim's silent cry
Count the days, count the nights
The window will open soon enough
Though masked by content
Hold steady ship the storm will pass
Much like I passed through your hands
Into this cellar I now call home
Reeking of Sacrifice
Paralleled only by the stench of condolence
Prescribe me an antidote to ease the pain
Empty my heavy heard
I've been weighed down fo rson long
That words have lost all meaning
This was not part of the agenda and this was not part of last week's minutes
Learn to read between the lines
Seperate fact from fiction
And realize the absurdity of solace