## 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 condoloence 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