Shane Hebert, In A Manica

How can you stand there like a weakening fire awaiting the final end? If you consider still hanging in there You will wither in each and in every way

How can you stand it?
Say can you mend it?
Don't you pretend that
the world is a better place?
If you're in denial
life is worth while
You can rely on
there's comfort in exit ways

In a manica the reaper comes around

And the winds they sweep my manic funereal ground Some deranged and some devour to haunt me down in my darkest hour Yet another mind of the Devil's design

When we gather our frail souls beyond our persistence When we cope for our lives with fantasy When we cover our eyes and mourn our loss of existence When we falter, deprived and out of dreams

Do you see there are times? to read in the lines?
And trust me you will find the things that you know will hurt you so
You can't deny that anymore, you can deny that no more!