

Skinless, Dead Conscience

To be named, we've come to the flames,
to seek a judgment, to tell a fortune
It's hard to change, you cannot get away,
the further you run the quicker it finds you
Seeds in seeds to be, the past is now and the future's gone,
still trying to figure out what went wrong
A ritual to be burned by flames,
a plea for peace and a prophecy to fulfill
We build our lives upon a legacy of lies,
the past is now and the future's gone
Creation myth, we should all be dead,
I always dreamed I would see this day
Relax and watch the world fade away
Guilt is a plague and it must be destroyed,
suffer because we cannot change
Cower and hide, from things in your mind?
Pick yourself out of that corner and fight
We struggle on, fighting against instinct, we've fought for so long
Instinct is not truth, steps away from taking it back
With few words, or none at all unravel the threads, prepare for the fall
A circle is made with no points on all sides,
deciding the truth and directions we'll find
Guilt is a plague and it must be destroyed,
suffer because we cannot change
Cower and hide, from things in your mind?
Pick yourself out of that corner and fight
Seeds in seeds to be, we build our lives upon a legacy of lies
Destiny is completely ethereal, far away but close to the flames
I walk the earth, but my conscience is dead