

The Human Abstract, Vela, Together We Await T

A story without a name. a desert journey that we became.
Another test of our power overcoming on a black day.
Appalling how they're running for the honor like a campaign.
To be the leaders of a Phony dead scene in a magazine.
I always figured there was something more.

Gone, so many friends and lovers
So far, nothing to show in turn

They'll take it all back, all those empty words.
I'll show the dregs where all their slander has led.
If it takes my whole life, for all the tears that i have shed they'll take it back, I'm making a pact.
They'll take it back, I'm making a promise.
I'm eager to the task, exposing all who wear a mask.

It must be done.

The storm yet to come binds us as one. through it all, loneliness and adversity, failure and injustices
So pry, you won't be finding a faker, nor will an opportune moment arise.

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