

I Loathe

Neaera

I am the thorns that pierce you
I am the leaves that heal
I am the thorns that guide you
I am the pain that heals

It is lies that we seek
Illusions that we need
The only way to survive
Is numbly closing our eyes

I loathe
The dumbing down, manipulation
Decry
The tools of the trade that make us kneel
I fear
The end of the circle, the all-in-vain
Detest
What you sell as the truth, as critical thought
No more
I will swallow your waste, your selfless Is
Refrain
From what you preach to survive

We are the thousand thorns
We are the thousand leaves
Sound the call to arms
There will be no relief

Disdain
Remains a reward I can't reject
Again
I lack what I need to adapt

Must I corrupt my soul to get inside?
Must I derange myself to stay intact?

Must I corrupt my soul to get inside?
If I earth myself, does it all end?