

Faces of the Deep

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Surprises that can be found in so many places
Elusive a breed they usually prove.
Misfortune lurks around the most expecting corners
Laying in wait to pounce and distort the groove.
Premonitions of so many ups and downs in life
Of whether they will shock, delight or move.

Bad habits that linger or are soon put to rest
Subconscious ways of raising the shield.
The best traits of each soul whether rare or in rivers
Battle those with hatred in their field.
One by one desires are disintered but cut out
The conflict and backlash that it yields.

Fear and animosity are the drivers of the world's ways
Tools for control employed in every seen division.
A feeble bid to rid society of its evil ways
Only compels them to deny their intuition.
Logic, patience and courage die through outlawing contrary ways
Keeping their hands tied and overriding decision.

The climate of fear that overhangs
The lives kept bludgeoned and without voice.
The tenseness that radiates all around
The paranoid thoughts cast with no choice.

Security and position paramount commodities
When the authority is in command.
The ability to think or question what's past the four walls
Is something they call sin to reprimand.

Instant justification with the faces of the deep
Despite these faces having never been seen.
A stake to one's will and sanctions built upon conjecture
Phobias formed out of threats from the blind keen.
The threat of punishment for deviation or instinct
The perfect way to keep the populace keen.

Awash with riddles that can never be answered
Puzzles that can never truly be solved.
Lost in time is the valid meaning of it all
Beliefs that go to waste without resolve.
Amoral treatment and inequalities
And bloodshed they delight in and evolve.

Bloodstained morals and stupidity remain dominant
Overtaking science as wisdom's word and way.
Wise and productive creations and discoveries walk
Only to be crushed by the first member to say.
Invisible daemons still retain a tight stranglehold
Allowing them to ride roughshod on logic's day.

To greet them with open arms upon departure, that's what they wrote
Victims of a cruel deception that vilifies pleasure.
Supplicate to a spectral being who rules with an iron fist
Delighting in punishing through forceful pressure.



The masses adhere to the decrees of something manufactured
And bow down to the manipulative insight of deranged minds.
A misguided and very convincing mistake still reigns over
Continuing onwards despite having failed its true purpose blind.

Forced into the mind with no choice or chance to revoke
Passed down through the centuries is a mask of fear.
A man made virus that soon takes control of the self
Attaching to the mind's weaknesses like a peer.
Complete control is the one thing they strive for in life
With no comfort on the cold nights of fear and tears.

Basic emotion and desire is seen as a terrible sin
A belief so far from what really makes up the mind.
If it cannot control emotion, it tries to get rid of it
Consciousness also bears a guilty wish in their bind.
With no senses and no remorse ever expressed in the time gone by
Vehement power can be expected to wind.

Time passes by and it becomes increasingly obsolete
Reflecting only a single period in history's course.
Restless application to the modern world often falls flat
No more than another try for their own gain to uproot the gorse.
The harm to society may eventually be undone
It's time to end the castigation and the use of brutal force.