

Sanctuary

Ben Moody

Father never warned him
of the dead that live within,
tearing through his skin at last.

Heavy head in battered hands,
the tortured boy kneels.
Praying to an empty god
to see his end tonight.

Father never warned him
of the dead that lives within,
Tearing through his skin at last.

I am not your sanctuary,
I am not your alibi.
Try and break through the walls around you,
Beat me with broken hands.
I will silence you.

Just beyond the shadows waits a darkness.
Only you, my child, can bear this gift from me.
I leave you now to claim your place
Across the great divide
All shall suffer me.

I am not your sanctuary,
I am not your alibi.
Try and break through the walls around you,
Beat me with broken hands -
I will silence you.

I am not your sanctuary,
I am not your alibi.
Try and break through the walls around you,
Beat me with broken hands -
I will silence you.

I am the enemy.

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