

Escape Artist

Arsis

Take hold and feel the flames that we control, this hell can feed our shame and cleanse the soul
And though I choose to walk this path
And face the plague of reason's wrath
The graven songs and tortured words
Of a thousand liars shall be my bible

The art of self denial
A bloody hangman's trial
All ways to praise the works
Of the escape artist
This cold resistance cannot fail me now
It holds the pleasures sick perfection won't allow
And though all self has been denied
I've reached the level few have tried
And at the side of the beast
I am seated for the famine feast

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All ways to praise the works
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These eyes are longing for release
Yet the coldness follows me
These eyes are longing for release
This is famine

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