

# The Demons That Could Be

Bleed The Sky

Name your poison  
On this broken floor  
I've seen this end before  
You are in this trap alone  
Don't think for a second you're going home  
Rigid fingers won't make it right  
Close your eyes while you pray for sight  
Only pain in this disposition  
Keep returning your strength for this weakness  
I say fuck the system  
Use the wisdom as the catalyst  
Then we'll burn it all down

Do you feel ready?  
My back is turned on you  
So pure and fitting  
The demons that could be are killing you  
You're most unwilling  
Eyes roll back with the burn of a companion  
In hell you're drifting  
The demons that could be will make it right

Doomed to this subtle end  
Attachment not a friend  
Feel sick you're the witness  
Comprehension fails you  
Now it's death entails you  
This phallic shit must stop  
It's mockery sends out the closing crop

Facing westward  
You must travel alone  
Take one last look at it's bitter laugh  
And one day a priest will release you

I will no longer be your sober fantasy  
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