

Stick Figure

Byzantine

Welcome to the skin you wear again
The weeping wounds you try to amend
Liar screaming hollow amens
Your conscience disappears each time you sin
New life is a possibility
No one is here to see you bow to me
Throw up your hands to the skies
And welcome the new lords of your demise

On your fear we feed
And this is the way we bleed

No love just hate my fist your face
The tears they pave my indoctrination
Your knees the pain it comes in waves
You can't be saved because I am the way
You can't be saved because I am the way

Lie to my face not my back
I'm not a stick figure
Pray to my face on your back
Three-Dimensional figure

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And this is the way we bleed