

Dead Bury the Dead

Candiria

You suffocate all
You're dying so await your fall
You're begging like a pig for crumbs
So lick the plate clean until your lips are cold and numb
Off with your own head. Change your footsteps.
Why do you choose to bury your father and sons?
Let the dead bury the dead; your father and sons

The dead bury the dead.
The knife is to your own neck. Follow me.
Taste the life. Leave all that is dead behind.
Dead bury the dead.

I am wretched skin in vain but I will not collapse
My foundations will not crumble or see decay
When the last candle burns out will you find your way?
Will you stumble? Will you regret your path; your name?
The dead bury the dead again, again, again.

Bury the dead.
The knife is to your own neck. Follow me.
Taste the life. Leave all that is dead behind.
Dead bury the dead.

Are you dying from inside?
Are you suffering?
Progress is a choice in life.
Face down, don't turn your back on me.
Where's your dedication? Your fight?
The annihilation of your pride.

I want! I want! I need! I need! and I want!
I want for you to open up your eyes
Envision all that is unseen.
You will follow all that is revealed.
You will follow because your light is growing dim.
You will fall in what is yours.