

No Servant of Mine

Counterparts

In you no passion bleeds
A shell that's thin and withering
Did you misplace your flame
In pursuit of a new hell to help you heal or burn the same?

Dedication makes a martyr out of me
While you're afraid to offer flakes of skin
Your fire dies, dependent on the embers I provide
Shield your blaze from beads of sweat

No servant
No servant of mine
Turn your back and flee
Bending over backwards to be sure we watched you leave
No servant of mine
Turn your back and flee
You are not owed more than the shoulders you have burdened

Contentment breeds in our disintegration
Like bitter pills digested by the sick
I wish you luck and hope you've found your medicine
(Pray that it kills you quick)

The chase has clouded your perception
Beg to be buried in the sky
Dependent on the embers I provide, your fire dies
The same mud buries both of us alive
And still you search for different shades of dirt

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