

## 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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