

Your voice is a thunderstorm. Give me a volcano for a heart. I was raptured out of the exodus of broken men. I will be an awful weapon in your hands. Refiner make me, make me gold, pure as glass. I am found in places I don't want to be. Oh my God it's all the same. Erase my name. I'm changing my face. The truest of colors just bring me to shame. Oh you can turn these kings around, lay them down. They end with my heels snapping their necks. I am coming clean. May spirit drain flesh just like glass grates on skin. My shadow withers like a corpse as I run towards the sun, I'll never stop. I will never ever stop. He makes me old, pure as glass. Stop. I'll never stop. We won't stop. Until our bones break and our hearts just stop. We won't stop. Until our bodies warm the ground and the night is called by the howling of these dogs. Lurchers. We're becoming, we're becoming lurchers. Oh turn these kings around, lay them down. They end.