

Life Lymph

Highlord

You love yourself when you come, nobody else
The return to the womb is incomplete
Your enemies will always live around you

When the worst is still in your head
Needing a place for your brain, to rearrange itself
I yearn to be the centre and the gravity point
I carved Babel tower with golden runes
Ascending from my blood the spirits' life
My harp will have silver strings, will you ever care?
It's not the meaning what I'm looking for
Just the point of no return

Maybe only those who leave know it all
Life's lymph is still green like blood
Feels like a tree being chopped
Feels like the trip has stopped
Please scar my brain with your tongue again
Please use my life as you best prefer
Get ready, we'll walk on the edge
This time we've got nothing to share

Stop it, live it, enjoy it once again
But remember once I was so pure
So pure...