

Swallowed down. Is this my last stairway?
Still I feel a needle thru my flesh
that brings smoke, it bars the view,
cleaning remorse out of me.
Pure denying.
I became a survivor
at one with these spires that feed me on.
My own shelter for cold stung my face,
yet I can't, I won't move.

Snake of God, have mercy on me.
What's left behind for me?
Choose my path, gather my past,
wash it away with lenient venom.

Forever grateful
of keeping me warm.
Do what you will.

Shout my eyes,
draw my soul up
and start again.

Snake of God, have mercy.
Snake of God, have mercy.
Snake of God, have mercy.
Snake of God, have mercy.

Wires feeding and snaring together,
but it's all I ever had.

[Solo: Enrico]

I am a survivor.

I am at one with these spires.