

# Hail The Body, Burden The Spirit

Konkhra

Hail the body, burden the spirit.  
Twist your mind, through all spheres.  
Test the texture of your soul.  
Strain your lifes indignity.

Fill your cup, crave your right.  
Drink and swallow largely.  
Make your ways the right way.  
Force yourself on her.

Breeding the way life goes.  
Death is the ultimate reason.

'Cause you have no faith,  
You say it's the end,  
But you underestimate,  
The power of dreaming.

I've seen the other side,  
I saw my farthers ghost.  
And stripped of pride,  
An entity infinity.

The pain you feel,  
Is under your skin.

Soon to cover your body,  
As you hide from all.

Filled your cup, craved your right.  
Drunk and full to often.  
And your ways were wrong ways.  
Remembered as you lie.

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