

Blood Red And True

Leviathan

Blood red and true
The mind this time and awaiting end faint as it is
Only her voice remains
In this desert hollow echo of surrogate ritual
Lies must forge on
Destination unclear
Through kill to win anything
Blood red and true
Kill for non-fiction
Through moving up to this bottom
Grant me down here
All falsehood and plague
What's left of ritual
The thousand times you die
This plan, this time
The thousand times you die
This pain, this time
The thousand time you die
This pain, this time
Desert echo this plain
What's left of ritual?
Desert echo