

This is all yours if you want it  
My sick landscape, dry and fevered  
My survival and the hunger  
Growing older in a heartbeat

You took us by surprise  
Stepped in where no one goes  
In forcing open doors  
you sacrifice us both

This is all yours if you want it  
This is all I ever offered you

Hoping against all sense  
(We bite the hand that feeds us pain)  
Hoping against myself  
(There is still pride inside our veins)

Underneath our sores and blisters  
spines of silver that won't listen  
Your perception is not flawless  
We are dying while you watch us moan  
Hoping against all sense  
(We bite the hand that feeds us pain)  
Hoping against myself  
(There is still pride inside our veins)  
Biding my time

The perfection has turned sour  
in the moment of salvation  
Every minute is pure torture  
This is mercy, if you want it

Hoping against all sense  
(All meaning rots and slithers grey)  
Hoping against myself  
(We bite the hand that fed us pain)

This is all yours if you want it  
This is mercy, if I have it

Biding my time