

## A Banquet For Traitors

Oh, Sleeper

These feet are so far from clean  
I'm undeserving of the strength, the strength in your arms used  
to save me  
But years passed when I saw Eve next to me  
She's wrapped in low-cut, dripping sensuality  
I remember the host, but it's been so long since we spoke  
My son, you can hold perfection in your arms if you wish  
But I sit at a banquet for traitors, placed here between a thief  
and a liar  
Just run, you can hold perfection in your arms as I slip  
But I'll make you the god of a liar, because I've been both a saint  
and a viper  
I'll make you the god of a liar  
I am a lie, just like the traitors that cry for forgiving replies  
but keep their grips held tight  
Though my eye's on Eve, you're ready to bleed as if I'm royalty  
,  
but I am no king. I am no king  
His life spilled like a tide so divine  
It was a blood-  
soaked feast that never ceased as his veins dripped empty  
With such violent grace, the waves hit my face and in painful clarity  
I turned fearfully,  
What makes you think you can deserve me? What makes you think you  
can deserve me?  
My host fell to his knees as paling lips pushed his plea  
My son, you can hold perfection in your arms if you wish  
But I sit at a banquet for traitors, placed here between a thief  
and a liar  
Just run, you can hold perfection in your arms as I slip  
But I'll make you the god of a liar because I've been both a saint  
and a viper  
By grace uneven at the banquet portrayed through death, this life  
is saved  
I am no king. I am no...  
Open your eyes, child, your sea is changing