

Breathing Blood

Oh, Sleeper

Regaining consciousness under a swinging moon,
he speaks of alliances that beckoned me long before the womb.
I've caused more wounds than I'm worth. I see now, you must not
have heard...

I am the natural born killer.

There is freedom past your history.

"This air won't fill my lungs!"

Because you should be breathing blood.

See, this death, it was your victory so...

"Teach me to fill my lungs!" ...never stop breathing blood.

I had it all so very wrong, but I fought... I fought with only
song.

God, I've tried... I'm trying like a beast all alone, but my wo
rds... my words have aired in poison.

Please teach me how to breathe because this air keeps failing m
y need.

Fill my lungs with what won't bleed from my enemies.

He said, "If death is victory how afraid of life can you be?"

I'm born a war machine not knowing which beckon to heed.

Will I rise as a tool for glory or be lost in dormancies?

I've regained consciousness under this swinging moon.

You filled my lungs and each breath heals this killer's wounds.

There is freedom past your history.

"But this air won't fill my lungs!"

Because you should be breathing blood.

See, this death, it was your victory so...

"Teach me to fill my lungs!" ...never stop breathing blood.

I hear him speaking to me. For the first time he cleared my hea
d... that's when he said,

"Only cowards keep dormant their sleeping strength, and soon yo
u'll find,

only the fearless will reach their potential's peak."

(What will wing these words if even the air is poisoned?

If the air is poisoned, what will wing these words?)

"Tell me, if death is victory how afraid of life can we be?

If death is victory how afraid of life can we be?"