

Sleep takes its hold with a sinking pull. And now that I'm alone,  
this burst of light  
fills my lids and I'm awake to the songs of horror.  
Your ill-bought greatness, he's seen it all from the frame.  
One day you'll reap the seeds of a shadowed past, and I can only  
hope I'm there.  
You tried to satisfy the thirst of a thousand ages,  
But built a stack of bones as your monument to dead vanity.  
It's just a shrine to the words you use to wreck. Tell me, How  
can you sleep?  
How can you just welcome the wine and throw out your nets?  
You throw out your nets and set fame to bait the noose. Set fame  
to derail what's innocent.  
Why spare the life of inglorious waste? Why let him live?  
He's just hunting your own! How can you just sit there and watch?  
"Because I love you more than you know. Look again and tell me  
what you see!"  
In the window was me. The massacres were all me!  
Oh God, please! Please! deliver the penalties for all of this from me.  
I'm not finding justice, no warrant for mercy...  
don't give up on me. Don't give up on me!  
What happens when I turn and run again? And again, and again?  
"I will forgive you."  
And what happens when I lie to your face?  
"I will forgive you."  
Oh my God, I can be so defiant to someone whose arms stretch to me.  
"I will forgive."  
Don't give up on me! Don't give up on me!  
"I have forgiven you!"  
I'll awake to new purpose to fight this body.  
No longer will I play the dark shepherd.  
Let not my words be ripped from the throat of a horror.  
Oh, forgiver! Where is justice in letting me live?