

Claws Of A God

Oh, Sleeper

Brace yourself for the climb is steep
You'll need every ounce of brawn
For the mountain won't stop 'til you bleed

Beware of headlines that volume the growing deceit
That justice will not begin to breed without smoke
Breed without smoke

Keep close things you learned from the fall
Cast your wounds to heal without flaw
Keep close things you learned from the fall
Cast your wounds to heal without flaw

Beware, beware for there's a zealot unleashed
And sighting the end through a scope of righteousness
That's blinded by blood on the lens, he won't stop
Until his claws reach his faults and he sees he's not the

Hands of God
He'll choke on the smoke
Choke on the smoke

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Keep close things you learned from the fall
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Cast your wounds
Cast your wounds or you'll choke on the smoke
Choke on the smoke, you'll choke on the smoke
That you breathe from your own code