

His Name Was Bishop

Oh, Sleeper

With the dawn brings vision of the crawling field.
Riddled with vain attempts. All in a corpse, so familiar but not my own.
This is the difference, between you and I. We are the captive fighters.
But cuffs must hold stronger. Stronger than skin.
Oh, but until the drops number the floor I'll pull.
Cause I saw the gates, I saw the gates.
And they're guarded by a greedy shield and the most carnal of edge.
This is the difference. You've left on your own, so forlorn.
What have you done?! You've traded the chains, and bought yourself a new crown.
Now there are no bars! Now there are no bars!
When lips reveal the knives a victim from light, becomes feed for the parched.
Bishop, you're as far from the cloth as the dogs. And we share that familiar thirst.
Bishop, mouths wet with the thought of meat, to tear and taste.
But will it quench? Because it never does.
Oh our crest is the same, but it's a lie when you wear it. It's a lie!
For the chain and the drops lure. And you, the captive fighter, with victory off your tongue.
That's what you did when you made your own crown. That's what you did!
When the weak looked up to you! But you wore your own crown.
You fraud! Light the pyre! A fraud has been found!
Let it be known, this war will not be won without fire, without loss, or without a fight.