

Bad Blood

Phinehas

Grieve that your body's so worm-eaten inside
Crawling with infection, fed by your lies
Drop into the pit you dug with your pride
Now you're nothing but a slave
You polish yourself
As if you were a monument
Reaching high like a tower to hell
And the ground concedes

Pulled from the earth like rotting roots
Purge the demons draining your veins
Pride in your heart deceives you
Dragged from the depths of a dying world
Purge the demons draining your veins
Pride in your heart deceives you

Keep your teeth before your tongue
Or you'll claw for divinity
Your filthy rags: a disgusting crown
The offspring of an unhealed wound

You wear your skin like a scoured corpse
After you heave you return like a dog

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You had love
But your heart is not your own
Grace is not beyond you
But you walked away

The heavens will expose you
Hell-bent on destruction
Hell-bent on escape
Show us there's nowhere to hide
Show us fear