

## Weight of the Dead

Swallow the Sun

"I lost the last of my hope on that night  
when the morning never came  
Staring in the eye of all those ghosts of loss  
And like the plague it crushed me  
On the eve of a new moon"

I'm made of filth, of lies  
No clean blood runs in me  
I've turned to everything I hate  
Black blood and dirt in a human shell

Leaving these trails of betrayal  
Cold lifeless flesh, a so called man

Choking on the pain of others  
In my own lies I drown  
Happiness was all I reached for  
But sure, no one deserves it  
That dim light I still held, finally faded

There was so much in me that I trusted  
But so little I knew  
The weakness I held was stronger than anything  
And it turned me into arrows for the ones I truly loved

Forgive me for falling  
I know you all trusted in me  
But I'm made of filth, of lies  
No good blood runs in me

Forgive me all, no more hope