

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