

I will not bear the watch while the animated sadness releases
a cyanide touch for us
so utterly devastating it's measure glides
the breath that is born of behemoth size
unveiled exhumed when everything twists into form
for you to see all in a perilous mourn
with long relentless devotion
the grant of these open wounds and this heartless rip
the drains are waiting for the lost of your blood

Enter all simple solutions
the center of this wasteland
so barren and bleak so feeble and weak
with a quick flash of ice on your chest
like falling into a mine field, face first

Is this the snap of your filament or the grimmest devout
is this the snap of your neck rung red hung in this rope

I will not let this subside
for the still beating heart that is buried inside
the depths of old to the births of war

The weak will beg, swagger in decent
the weak will beg, of instant revelations
the weak will beg, in risk to repent
the weak will beg, for death again and again and again

The shattered screams of a people unfulfilled
with the sight and with the sound
the reign of steel, their blood unbound

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