

The Heir Of Empty Breath

The Receiving End of Sirens

And the solemn verse resounds...
Heavy lies the twisted crown
As it hovers above
The disgrace I've become

Like a blemish on otherwise perfect skin
Like a scar from a sore
Like a stain that's set in
I wallow in what I could have been

Take me away
Away from this place
Come like a thief in the night
Be a rapture and take me away
From these sentiments turned sediment
From this crude cast of our intent
From the boulder we can't set aside.
Come like a thief in the night
Be my vision and take me away

With all the pigments that you've shed
(So pale and porous)
I'm the heir of empty breaths,
Of sulfur and sweat,
I'm the king of what could have been

I have wed my regret, she's my blushing bride
Like an ache
Like a cramp I can't lose
So I wallow in what I could have been

Be a fleeting glimpse
Of what could have been
That comes to me
Every now and again
And I'll just pretend to carry on, carelessly

Your glimpses are ever fleeting
You're the crutch on which I'm leaning
Come to me
Hold me up be my stilt, my splint
Be my brace, be mine
So I can carry on, carelessly