

Release, I grant you permission
Immerse, submerge, submerge and rise
Emerge to snatch one's last breath
Hydra-lung will deaden the cries
It is time to make the transition
You were never one to abide
Absurdly ignored premonition
Now let the struggle subside
This - the knife that has skewered my heart
This - the flowing river of blood
This - the morbid thought in my head
This - the crimson stain in my bed
My heart bleeds for your confession
The truth, the youth, a kiss goodbye
To covet the lasting impression
The river's slaughter swallows your pride
The current consumes the almighty
I must confess the tide will soon rise
Drowning your thoughts of escape
How foolish of you to surmise

This - the knife that has skewered my heart
This - the flowing river of blood
This - the morbid thought in my head
This - the crimson stain in my bed
This thing that crawls from inside me
Expanding, stretching my sanity
This - way things have to turn out to be
There's no sun, left in your eyes to see...
This
Emotion spill into the river
Flowing, drifting from side to side
Clutch the offering hand of the Reaper
As you become the pale River Bride
This - the knife that has skewered my heart
This - the flowing river of blood
This - the morbid thought in my head
This - the crimson stain in my bed
This - way things have to turn out to be
There's no sun, left in your eyes to see...
This
This
This