

Wall's bricked with books  
Pages bricked with words  
Each mark has been stained in your honor  
Ground shadow staggers restless  
From the window cross the candle to the corner  
My blood and water's warm as you near me

I'm not begging for mercy  
I see no love of mercy in you  
I'm not begging for mercy  
I'm only waiting for the sound  
Of the morning birds  
To send you away

Wax is cooled, hard  
Sights is going past the yard  
In this house I make more shadows than you  
Stand there in your hate  
While I drink from the second burgundy  
And you can rattle the glass cross your belly

I'm not begging for mercy  
I see no love of mercy in you  
I'm not begging for mercy  
I'm only waiting for the sound  
Of the morning birds  
To send you away

I'm not begging for mercy  
I'm not begging for mercy  
I'm only waiting for the sound  
Of the morning birds to swallow you