

King's Cross

Will Haven

the archetype illuminates
my future's slip
on a hopeless deathtrip

stop a nothing
convalesce on the spot
inert until you rot

throw your cross
like a steak into the chest
on a hopeless deathtrip

crashed, scattered
blood on the filthiest hands
your worst nightmare is this curse

darkness, no governance surrounds
in pocket's all what's left
on a hopeless deathtrip

two can play this game
jockey for superior numbers
up the flames

throw your cross
like a steak into the chest
on a hopeless deathtrip

truth can't win this kind of fight
deception is your light

there's no hope
on your own

and now the archetype illuminates the slip
of my future on this deathtrip

truth can't win this kind of fight
hold the light