

Bleed This Body Clean

Xerath

No longer is the state my cradle
No longer does it pave the way
My state exists to deceive me
No longer my saving grace

My state it is but a machine
This machine will bleed my body clean
My body is one, my flesh is cold

No longer is the state my home
No longer the will of stone

Aside tax and poverty
I plead for riches of dreams
The last that should befall me
In the life in which I am naïve

My body is one, my flesh is cold