

## 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