

Knee Deep

Angelmaker

His landscape has been scorned with death
Once a city now laid to ash
A decaying father has left his bastard son
With addictions by his side
Chased away, consumed from his fixations
This man's life went down in flames

Chased away what he's created

His hunger grows

There is no end to this life of fixations
Dear father, I'll be waiting, saved you a seat in hell
There is no end to this life of fixations
Dear father, been waiting, saved you a seat in hell

He will remain a walking corpse
His legs will move forward
Addictions itch at his throat
But only to crave more of the blood he seeks

This man only thirsts for blood, the blood of his child
This man only thirsts for blood, the blood of his child
This man only thirsts for blood, the blood of his child
This man only thirsts for the blood, the blood of his child

He stands knee deep in the blood of his bastard son

His life with addictions stay by his side
His life with addictions stay by his side

When buried, his tomb will breathe
His hands will rise
From his shallow grave
Begging only for sleep

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Dear father, I'll be waiting, saved you a seat in hell

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