

Choking on Sand

Arsis

Faster, Faster!
Fervor or fright?
These are the trappings of a jealous plight.
When adoration is never enough
I could not find the words, I was choked up.

I never said I was free of sin
but I am choking on the sand you buried your head in.
I would take all the doubt that's inside you
but I am sorry, I'm not that strong.
Would you take a piece of my soul instead?
I am sure that would not take long.

Is it love or loath?
This breath of silence will harm us both.
My adoration was always at hand
although my words were choking on sand.

With the throes of spite our time was unfurled.
Forget regret because I am bleeding out.
It will never be us against the world.

Faster, fester, faster still!
This is the fate of a jealous will!
I never said I was free of sin
but I am choking on the sand you buried your head in.

When you buried your head, you buried me... dead...
You just buried your head, so bury me, just bury me.
I would take all the doubt that's inside you
but I am sorry, I'm not that strong.
Would you take a piece of my soul instead?
I am sure that would not take long.