

The Demons That Could Be

Bleed The Sky

Name your poison
On this broken floor
I've seen this end before
You are in this trap alone
Don't think for a second you're going home
Rigid fingers won't make it right
Close your eyes while you pray for sight
Only pain in this disposition
Keep returning your strength for this weakness
I say fuck the system
Use the wisdom as the catalyst
Then we'll burn it all down

Do you feel ready?
My back is turned on you
So pure and fitting
The demons that could be are killing you
You're most unwilling
Eyes roll back with the burn of a companion
In hell you're drifting
The demons that could be will make it right

Doomed to this subtle end
Attachment not a friend
Feel sick you're the witness
Comprehension fails you
Now it's death entails you
This phallic shit must stop
It's mockery sends out the closing crop

Facing westward
You must travel alone
Take one last look at it's bitter laugh
And one day a priest will release you

I will no longer be your sober fantasy
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