

## Posthumous

Byzantine

Crawl inside my skin for just one day  
Watch the fear of the coward led astray  
I'm defined by the gluttony to feel alive

Collapse from the perch on which you reside  
Overcome by the need to burn you alive

Inside to reveal the lie that's always here  
My infatuation is what you abhor  
No matter what is at stake the blame is all the same  
Crying eyes and the fear that the demons have held their sway  
~Rohrbough~  
Come crawl in my sin for just this day  
Beaten down by the guilt and the slow decay  
God grant me strength to keep up the lie

Inside to reveal the lie that's always near  
My infatuation is what you abhor  
No matter what is at stake the blame is all the same  
Crying eyes and the fear that the demons have held their sway  
~Ojeda~  
I'll never get this chance again  
Infected olive branch to mend  
Apologies are for the weak, the spineless  
And I've done wrecked you