

Charcoal Grace IV: Give Me Hell

Caligula's Horse

Preach to me again
Colour the wrong in me
Into the earth, your creed surrendered
More than you deserve
Still as she slowly fell
When by your demand, despair could house the Holy
Ruin will reveal as rot takes the breath in you
You shriek at your shadow overhead as it leaves you
Terrified to fade away
But death and decay don't wait for the Gods we create
So hit me again, I'll spit out the blood of your saints

Give me Hell, release the weight
That quiet voice would let you take it back
But you're only here in this reflection
Go on, preach to me on love again
I would bear this hate into the depths to see you choke on it
Hell is you
Hell is you

I am the wait, the worry
I am the hurt, the hurry
Without the hate to carry, I could have been somebody
I am the wait, the worry
Without the hate to carry, I could have been somebody
I could have been somebody
I am the wait, the worry
I am the hurt, the hurry
Without the hate to carry, I could have been somebody
I am the wait, the worry
Without the hate to carry, I could have been somebody
I could have been somebody

Give me Hell, give me the grace
Give back the years you stole and beg me
I can still see you, here in my reflection
Go on, preach to me on Hell now
I am the hate you gave me
I am only what you made me
Hell is you