

Lustration

Circa Survive

Fed by hand and caught with force
Our bed, sweet death will foreclose on everybody's tongues
She'll freeze and break your heart
My love who's left to console the choir

I don't want to be the one
I don't want to be the anchor on your chest
Unkept
Have you ever been asleep
I was only keeping up to see you weep
Unfold

Inside the catacomb
The marbles colder than ice
Our match is damp
Lit with a separate hand
I see into your world
You make no effort to hide
The tourniquet
Candles in a salt ring will dance
You don't have to repent tonight at all

Tongues will freeze and break apart
My god who's left to concede the cross

I don't want to be the one
I don't want to see the moment you forget
Unfed
In the sharpening of teeth
You will have to feel the grit of the concrete vibrate

Beneath your finger nails they'll find small pieces of stone
You'll face the sun
Cut with the pressure point
Inside the catacomb
The marbles colder than ice
Our match is damp
Lit with a separate hand
I see into your world
You make no effort to hide
The tourniquet
Candles in a salt ring will dance
You don't have to repent tonight
Stare gaze in the moon light
We'll burn
You don't have to defend the light at all

My love who's left to crawl inside your passage way
My god who's left to cross inside your pressure stare