

Divination

Defeater

I walk in shadows and darkness
I feel the fill of the sand
My words are calloused and poisoned
Easy work, the more idle the hand

Cover my tracks with a pulpit
The back alley's my arms
My veins are thinning in poisons
Lying tongues in mouths of snakes, guile charm

I feel the fill of the sand
I feel the fill of the sin
I feel the fill of the sand
I feel the fill

Breathe addiction and darkness
I feel the smoke in my lungs
My lips spit venom and poison
All lies except when speaking of love

Cover my ears to the ringing
To the memories and pain
Her voice like singing of sirens
Drown myself among the rocks and the waves

I feel the fill of the sand
My veins, the touch of her hands
I feel the fill of the sin
The acid touch of her hand
I feel the fill of the sand
My veins, the touch of her hands
I feel the fill of the sin
I feel the fill

In my hour of darkness
I feel the fill of the sin
My wounds are calloused and poisoned
Easy work, the more idle the hand
Cover my tracks with a pulpit
The back alley's my arms
My veins are thinning in poison
Lying tongues in mouths of snakes, guile charm

I feel the fill of the sand
Pray to the dirt, folded hands
I feel the fill of the sin
My veins, the touch of her hands