

Turn Your Back and Run

Demon Hunter

I'm growing partial to detesting a disease in me.
It's head swells into beautiful. Dependency.
With teeth that feed on flesh and everything.
I swear I am not.
A small price to bleed and give you everything that you want.
Dancing with the spirit, giving heart to pump a dirty vein.
Leaving with a scar, a uniform to bruise a perfect stain.
Anything you hate will be the root of everything you breathe.
Breathing in the dirt will leave you hating all that you conceive.
I try to push myself up, I'm breaking from the inside.
I'm slipping through the cracks and I try to push it out of mind.
Switch, you've got to turn your back and run.
To push it out is just a patch to heal a gaping wound.
A brass tack to pin a hair and heal a broken tomb.
I never thought I'd be the one to bring it down to this.
My last thought is through a statement and a shattered fist.
Face down, fearless, light me up, end this.
I try to push myself up, I'm breaking from the inside.
I'm slipping through the cracks and I try to push it out of mind.
Switch, you've got to turn your back and run.
Microns from the flame head.
Beat my hands to proceed nothing.
Staring into souls with blind eyes.
Taking the throne in my tiny hand.
And chase it with the pain.
You won't have life until you run.
You got to give it all away.
I try to push myself up, I'm breaking from the inside.
I'm slipping through the cracks and I try to push it out of mind.
Switch, you've got to turn your back and run.