

A Foreboding Sky

Devil Sold His Soul

The air stays in my lungs, the bitter taste reminds me I'm not home.

I am tired, everything fades into white.

My thoughts are in the way, my eyes are burning.

I won't say a word, this is my time, I won't break.

For all the time that I haven't been here, I'm now here, and we'll stay here forever, this is not praise.

I won't say a word.

I don't remember, all of your promises, they never meant a thing.

I don't remember, every single breath that I drew was a moment of truth.

My trust falls where the water breaks.

My arms are open wide.

My trust falls where the water breaks.

My own path is the truth.