

Insects

Devilskin

Begging for the telling a story from the dark
Although, it's not too late to try to forget your part
Disquiet dirty fingers, like ice inside your heart
Whispers sullen promises, lonely from the start

The moon will wrest your gaze and what you have become
Eyes cracked and withered from staring at the sun

I bleed out the tears that turn to dirt
Your lies, I lived, through all the hurt
I bleed out the tears that turn to blood
We crawl like insects under the mud

Mercury is rising, life is turning red
The heavens, lies enough to bury all the dead
Building your religion to see that we are fed
Into brim, cold comfort, lying in your bed

The moon will wrest your gaze and what you have become
Eyes cracked and withered from staring at the sun

I bleed out the tears that turn to dirt
Your lies, I lived, through all the hurt
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We crawl like insects under the mud

Waiting for my time to fly now
Waiting for my time to fly now
Waiting for my time to fly now

I bleed out the tears that turn to dirt
Your lies, I lived, through all the hurt
I bleed out the tears that turn to blood
We crawl like insects under the mud

Inside the pillars
There I lie (There I rise)
Inside the pillars
We will crawl (We crawl like insects under the mud)