

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  
I bleed out the tears that turn to blood  
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)