

He floats down the river in a basket odd
She bandages the eyes of the household gods
He commands the fires that contort the light
He walks down the stairs, lays down the night
A ragged grey moon rises over the walls
Her tears wet the carpets of the winding halls
Her hands feed the dogs of the winter snows
Her heart grows cold in the wild echo
The hounds are scratching
To get out of their cage
Sunken wounds
Are there words of rage
That can't be unsaid
Stuck in a maze with the walking dead
Asphyxiating
Levitating
Taken to bed
Never giving up the ghost

Kneeling for the host
This is my body
This is my blood
These are the twisted limbs I love the most
She patches the plaster then she mends a seam
He ignites the chamber of the seraphim
And I'm watching from a window like a shadow play
Down below, no one can tell that they've run away
And I'm helpless
To do a goddamned thing
Am I selfish
To burn the rope that makes them swing
Am I great enough
To get out in front of this wave
To save the ones that still can be saved
I used to be brave
But now I'm full of doubt
They'll ever make it out alive