

Curse Of Flesh

Enterprise Earth

This curse of flesh I free myself from
I fall on my own sword, bleeding myself out
My body erased, collapsed in the sands I bore
All that I am is everything I had asked for

In these final moments of breath still in my weakened lungs
I spill these words so incoherent but they fall on human ears no longer
And the gods' ears have wandered so far away from me, they couldn't hear me screaming
"Save us all, end us now"

My eyes deceived from the start, remnants of beauty are left in the wake
Stare into sunless skies and reach for what you can't obtain

I gave it all, I took it back, there is no greater price to pay for my betrayal of self
You gave it all, your sacrifice, no peace of mind
There is no place for the wicked to die
Now the chains lock into place

This curse of flesh I free myself from
I fall on my own sword, bleeding myself out

My life's work laid bare right out in front of me
Like blood in the sand, my sins and virtues sink beneath

I am still in so much fucking pain, deathless in eternity
I will sit at the edge of the universe and watch the world fall to fucking waste
Fuck

Blood in the inkwell, I will write my final passages into the skies
Death isn't coming for me, I've bled him dry
So futile, this search for light
A drop of water on a parched tongue, table scraps to a starving dog
I thought if I could only taste it, in my discontent
I would never take it for granted again

Bled him dry
Blood in the inkwell, I will write my final passages into the skies
Death isn't coming for me, I've bled him dry

In all my disdain, acquiesce to this spellbound form
The chains all lock into place, I watch the world fall away
My body erased, collapsed in the sands I bore
All that I am is everything I had asked for

Blood in the inkwell, I will write my final passages into the skies
Death isn't coming for me, I've bled him fucking dry
So futile, this search for light

There is no place for the wicked to die