

Messenger, Messenger

Fit for a King

I've been building a nation, under the water and on top of graves. I've been building to construct the great revolt. To tell them all what I've sought out to seek in faith. This viper has been purged from your body. Intoxicated and sulking in regret. Let in the words of an unsilent saint, let in the words he is yet to speak. We must hold fast in truth. I know now we can make this through. I know its hard to breath when your lungs have failed you. I know its hard to live with these lies shoved down your throat. I know its hard to breath when your lungs have failed you. I know its hard to breath and I know its hard to live when your world comes crashing down. Prepare their hearts for the truth. For those sleeping need it the most. Prepare their hearts for the truth. Messenger. Messenger.