

And your holy ruin  
Heavened and hallowed in breast and bough  
Would be pressed on ladder rungs  
I'll be caught less spineless if I surrender

So I'm caught in the golden gone  
Castrated  
Bold of relation  
Separate me  
If I surrender too soon  
From under the diving bell  
Hold me down their anyways  
If I surrender too soon  
From under the diving bell  
Hold me down their anyways

Your hadal lune  
Locked up in eighteenth stairs  
Disintegrates in prayer  
How long could this last?  
How long must this last?

So I'm caught in the golden gone  
Castrated  
Bold of relation  
Separate me  
If I surrender too soon  
From under the diving bell  
Hold me down their anyways  
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