

Vessel Deserted

Full of Hell

I've made it months, even years, in solitude's embrace
But nothing has shown me what I cannot create
Stuck on this compendium of mortality
A line without a flaw
I can never bring the life back to his withered breast
Dead at 18 years, now my head's a fucking mess
Everyone is waiting for the end of the line
Immutable truth

There is nothing that can take what is dead
There is nothing that can take what is dead and make it green
There is nothing that can take what is dead and convince it to
grow

Vessel is deserted (dirt)
Capillaries dry (holds)
The world soldiers onward (no)
The line is absolute (sway)
Lament's only verdict (over)
The line is absolute (me)
No sway over me