

All Fall Down The Well

Gulch

Starved deprived climbing towards the master
Forcing each grasp at the rungs of the ladder
Mouths opened wide tongues split in two
Purposeless matter merge into a form that's true
Tumbling like weeds down the face of the mountain
Turned into blood of the fountain
Grasp at the rungs of the ladder
Repurposed to further a lie
Command and condition living perdition
Bleed for the well with another incision
All Fall Down The Well
Forming into filth
Ceaseless divination
Prisoners of guilt
Seated at the throne
Crimson pool of want
Stirring with their bones