

# Shellshock (the high priestess)

In Hearts Wake

In the beginning, it was nothing but dirt and clay  
Breathing a new life from the vessel taking shape  
Conjured from rivers and set to open flame  
What is held within, now trapped without escape  
Everything can change in the blink of an eye  
Life held hostage by the face of the night  
Sharp are the daggers that cut into the vein  
Lacerations heal, but the memories still remain

Battered and bruised  
Still wearing the wounds  
The trauma goes on and on  
Tattered and torn  
Still facing the storm  
I'm fighting 'til the break of dawn

I won't let it win  
Rivers of gold in porcelain  
Don't give up, don't give up  
Light up the dark in everything  
I won't let it win

The scars you can't see are the hardest to heal  
The pain you can't free is the trauma revealed

Shattered, now shapeless, and scattered on the ground  
Pieces of my past are the mirrors that surround  
Shards of the future beneath the broken skin  
Only I can heal what is buried deep within  
Shellshock

The hot lead in my chest  
Ripped right through the bulletproof vest  
My eyes start to roll back  
Choking on blood as it all fades to black

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