

With Devils

Inked In Blood

One at a time we're taking a bow.
I feel as though there is someone else here; poisoning us from
the inside out.
I see no future, only here and now.
Each passing moment, a lifetime.
Why can't breathing just be easy, even when you're on your way
out?
I am falling short of white blood cells.
My count is down, my time is up.
There is weight on my chest, a push of air from the lips.
Straining to sleep must be like begging for your life.
One at a time we're taking a bow.
It looks like we have been followed.
I thought I said to come alone.
I can see less of myself now, and more of what's replaced me.
Conscious of the cessation of life.
Why can't breathing just be easy, even when you're on your way
out?
I am falling short of white blood cells.
My count is down, my time is up.
I have dropped off the face of the earth.
The birds of prey, they are awake (they are awake).
The birds of prey, they are awake (they have been feasting on u
s for days).
The birds of prey, they are awake (they are awake).
The birds of prey, they are awake