

A Servant of Plague

Like Moths to Flames

Re-emerging to be made new
Constricted the heart
Right to the point of collapse
Sleeping awake to numb the pain of your past

Dysfunctional
Paralyzing the thoughts that you can't let go

A servant of plague
Such a long fucking fall from grace
The hand of God never feeds

Circle around the end
Dragging lifelessly dead within
Where do you go when there's no one to listen?
A brand new tradition

To be made new
Erase the light from your eyes
Suspended in black and white

Delusional
Paralyzing the thoughts that you can't let go

A servant of plague
Such a long fucking fall from grace
Never finding your way

Circle around the end
Dragging lifelessly dead within
Where do you go when there's no one to listen?
A brand new tradition

The hand of God never feeds
It only bleeds you dry

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