

What Do We See When We Leave This Place?

Like Moths to Flames

The father's sin
Carved into history
The cries of my ancestors
Violently echo, cycles of trauma repeat

Perpetually trapped
The innocent bleed into rivers of filth
Scorching what's left of the earth
All for the sake of the kill
Born into nothingness
We just exist as a debt to the dirt
The roots underneath
Devoured the bones, evolving the hurt
Born into nothingness
We just exist as the prey while they feast
A carcass for shelter
Gnaw at the flesh, the mouth of a beast

The void persists, it's here to stay
No matter where I go, it always follows me
Embrace the hurt just to inherit the pain
When there's no other way
What do we see when we leave this place?

I feel the grief in the heart of my mother
As she watches her son disappear
I feel the weight of everything I've had to carry alone
The cycles of trying to cope

The father's sin
Traced back to the start
Collecting our spirits
As we're leaving the world, as we're falling apart
Perpetually trapped
The thread that connects starts to fray with the truth
The cycle continues

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