

A Banquet For Traitors

Oh, Sleeper

These feet are so far from clean
I'm undeserving of the strength, the strength in your arms used
to save me
But years passed when I saw Eve next to me
She's wrapped in low-cut, dripping sensuality
I remember the host, but it's been so long since we spoke
My son, you can hold perfection in your arms if you wish
But I sit at a banquet for traitors, placed here between a thief
and a liar
Just run, you can hold perfection in your arms as I slip
But I'll make you the god of a liar, because I've been both a saint
and a viper
I'll make you the god of a liar
I am a lie, just like the traitors that cry for forgiving replies
but keep their grips held tight
Though my eye's on Eve, you're ready to bleed as if I'm royalty
,
but I am no king. I am no king
His life spilled like a tide so divine
It was a blood-
soaked feast that never ceased as his veins dripped empty
With such violent grace, the waves hit my face and in painful clarity
I turned fearfully,
What makes you think you can deserve me? What makes you think you
can deserve me?
My host fell to his knees as paling lips pushed his plea
My son, you can hold perfection in your arms if you wish
But I sit at a banquet for traitors, placed here between a thief
and a liar
Just run, you can hold perfection in your arms as I slip
But I'll make you the god of a liar because I've been both a saint
and a viper
By grace uneven at the banquet portrayed through death, this life
is saved
I am no king. I am no...
Open your eyes, child, your sea is changing