Funereal

Rolo Tomassi

At war within, to suppress everything
The more you struggle, the deeper you sink
Thoughts form in constellations, now emerge composed

Nothing is sacred, electrified by hatred
Nothing is sacred, these threats accumulate
Nothing is sacred, purified by hatred

Lose and lack control
You'll find you only ever reap what you sow

Ward off the brightest stars, they are primed with tragedy
Get a handle on this harmony, get a handle on this harmony

Faith is ill advised relapse is a choice
Get a handle on this harmony, get a handle on this harmony

I am eclipsed, it's so bittersweet

I struggle to draw breath when we are so restricted
Observe these passing waves, forgive the missing pieces

I struggle to draw breath when we are so restricted
In finding the balance now that the weight has shifted
And with all my being I know that I don't need this
To hear "to be in need, is some kind of weakness"

I observe spirited loyalty
And wonder why this does not apply to me
Bitterness has bathed me, I feel destruction overwhelm me
For we're the loss, follow our slowing pulse
Practice makes permanent
For we're the loss, follow our slowing pulse
I am eclipsed, it's so bittersweet
Bitterness has bathed me, I feel destruction overwhelm me
I am eclipsed, it's so bittersweet

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