

Walking The Blade

Saltwound

Once was blind
But now I see
Over again this life
Marches over me
Pouring again
My blood hits the pavement
No one will hear
So why should I even say it

Bashing my head
Until my skull starts to cave in
Heaven sent
To the Hell that has swallowed me
Ten toes standing on the
Blade that cuts my feet
All my life I self-destruct
Disconnection building up

Yet I walk the blade

Fruitless endeavors circle me on my deathbed
Send them to rot, my fall from grace will be painless
But I can still hear the voice in my head saying
(Step up, step up)
(Step up, step up)
Step up

One foot right in front of the other
Losing blood by the fucking liter
Pulled apart by a thousand directions
The blade is our truest intentions

God grows in the blooming flower
But no flowers ever grow here
Run my fingers through the ashes
As I walk through the barren wasteland
I can see my bones through my tired hands
Marching onward
Through soot and sand

The blade is Hell
And still I
Walk it
Walk
Bleed in step, you fucking coward
Walk Walk Walk
Walk the blade

Life's but a walking shadow
A poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more
It is a tale told by an idiot
Full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing