

You'd be choking on your flame
My Son without a name
Made king of all the wastes
And forever will swallow us alive
We'll be abstracted from time
We can let the tides wash over

This is the epilogue to the introduction (Lost in the sound)
Hold tight to all your systematic theories
That help you to sleep at night
But remember
That there could be no sufficient certitudes in hell

Father, forgive them for they know not what they do
Mother, receive me because I'm coming home to you
Does this cup run dry?

Look at what we've done again
We wage war in the name of love
Using gold to fill the holes in your hands

Caught in the paradox
Juxtaposed between bifurcated black and white...
And my propensity to fail you
Caught in the cyclical narrative of violence that invokes your
name to justify genocide
They'll take everything

We traded water for salt
Something whole for something equally as broken as us
Now dying of thirst
We'll write this out in blood and shut you in a stone cold time
Where the air rots out, leaving us alone
We chose to be alone
I was given to cup to quench parched tongues
But I became drunk
And lust lynched my lungs

Father, forgive them. For they know not what they do
Mother, receive me, because I'm coming home to you
Does this cup run dry?

For they know not what they do