

## Circle With Me

Spiritbox

Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours  
Cut down the altar

Visionaire and deepest fake  
Dirty gold, the colours change  
Hands are frozen, feel no pain  
I just want to hold the flame

Negative feedback loop  
I'm spinning out of control  
The sickly sweetness is crushing me  
But I want to know  
If there's no heat when I escalate the fire is cold  
They echo: This could all be yours

Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours if you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours  
Vultures circling the flame

Nothing sacred, nothing lost  
When birds of prey invade my thoughts  
They promise I will feel the pain  
Not strong enough to hold the flame

Negative feedback loop  
I'm spinning out of control  
The sickly sweetness is crushing me  
But I want to know  
If there's no heat when I escalate the fire is cold  
They echo: This could all be yours

Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours if you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours  
Vultures circling the flame

I held the power of a dying sun  
I climb the altar and I claim my place as God  
Circle with me  
Circle with me  
This could all be yours

Feel the weight of a martyr  
It could all be yours if you echo birds of prey  
Traitor cut down the altar  
It could all be yours  
Vultures circling the flame

Feel the weight of a martyr  
A traitor watching me as birds of prey never falter  
This could all be yours  
This could all be yours

Circle with me