

Leviathan

State Faults

I am the shadow writhing deep
Beneath an angry sea
Endlessly hungry
Endlessly thirsting
Endlessly hunting
Endlessly searching
For the chance to sink its fangs in
To bury all its pain
But the funeral march was ruined
Standing in the rain
We carry caskets on our backs
Photocopied coffins
Paper boats and drifting lanterns
Tears goodbye are washed away
Standing in the rain

I'm gonna bloom if I want to
I'm gonna light the funeral pyre
I'll try to hold my fire in my hands
And use the glow to light my way

The shadow bares its teeth
Hissing at the flame
Lost in its agony
Lost in its suffering
Desperate to sink its fangs in
To bury all its pain
But I'm not a funeral flower
I'm gonna bloom if I want to

We carry caskets on our backs
Tears goodbye are washed away
Standing in the rain