

A Savage Plea

The Breathing Process

Closing on me, hounding the peace worth keeping
Towards me he rows
Son, you face what's left alone
I can hear hunger's savage plea
I can feel death's claws clutching me
Dragging me

We watch as meddle is mined from the hearts of lions
Take from my will, collect the remains

My faith is septic along with the rest of me
I hold the word
Tiring hands will seek their sleep
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I hold the word
Tiring hands will seek their sleep

And as the sun wilts, he'll rise
It won't be long now
He's in the dark whispering about the place
Awaiting with no name
Promising only the beginning

Say, can you hear hunger's savage plea?
Forage my tragedy
Macabre reality coursing through this anatomy
Cold vital agony cascade into eternity
Hard to breathe, stay with me
These wailing bones can feel him coming
I can't see, please don't leave
An unsealed soul is for the taking

Seeker waiting in the corner
Hear him growl behind poised teeth

Closing on me, hounding the peace worth keeping
Hold on to hope
As the living veil unfurls
Draped in the cloth of time and dearth
It won't be long now

Say, can you hear hunger's savage plea?
Forage my tragedy
Macabre reality coursing through this anatomy
Cold vital agony cascade into eternity