

Doubt's crushing slate

Trusts heavy ore
It's getting harder to hold their weight
Splintering
I can't hold much longer
A worn, edging will, the death of this body
Hear the words I cannot speak
Within my pledge hides treachery

Grasp slipping hope
While breathing smoke
Left behind in the ash I've primed is the sleeping fiend that w
on't die
I turn in this pit of mine, I shed away my decaying hide

In my blood I swore it, how I forgot to be
In spite of my glory, there's no good left in me
A last stand's redemption is only for the saints
I will burn this body to find my inner peace

Below
Doubt's crushing slate

A worn, edging will, the death of this body
Hear the words I cannot speak
Within my pledge hides treachery
We're stranded at the isle of mind
There is no rescue coming in time
Bid farewell to a life contrived
As we fade into the tide

In my blood I swore it, how I forgot to be
In spite of my glory, there's no good left in me
A last stand's redemption is only for the saints
I will burn this body to find my inner peace

Open the door
Where you will burn forever

I will burn this body
There is no inner peace
I will burn this body
There is no inner peace