

There were times
Shifting, baiting, and
Gunning for the dam to burst
Where was I that day?
Slipping, fading
Hating that the sun would shine
It's cold
Will sell my weight in gold

Like unsuspecting death
Shifting, hoarding
Holding pattern stains of glass

Containment of consumption I have wrought
Caned the living daylights one by one

And if you call for branded flesh
What brittle reason do you have for us to not exist?
To console all your emptiness
You've got to go through it to get through it
Call the avalanche, will it call back?
Will it call back?

They will know
Buried under
Many memories I've held
And if they
Get caught
Will they slip into their landslides?
Devils wearing ermine

Unsuspecting death
Shifting, hoarding
Holding pattern stains of glass

And if you call for branded flesh
What brittle reason do you have for us to not exist?
To console all your emptiness
You've got to go through it to get through it
Call the avalanche
Will it call back?

And if you call for branded flesh
What brittle reason do you have for us to not exist?
To console all your emptiness
You've got to go through it to get through it
Call the avalanche
Will it call back?