

Ingest the Ash

The Red Chord

Lessons learned over the years echo your words and lost
ideals.
Keeping the memory alive in the bed you used to lie.
I've come to learn everything you'd ever want to know
about failure.
I know your down there looking up.
So hear these prayers.
Come take it as far as it wants to go.
Come now and haunt.
Ingest it.
Channel it all.
Ingest the ash.
You're not thinking and you know it's bad.
It's only getting worse.
You're not thinking and you know it's bad.
It's only getting worse.
With hands on urn and ash in teeth.
Old calloused hands hardened through the years.
Wearing things long since forgotten.
I feel sick.
I feel sick.