What Doesn't Kill You

The Red Shore

When I awoke to see you, your face was cold and lifeless.
Your body torn apart by vultures, theres nothing left for me to save.
This world will fucking pay.
Inside my veins are slowly rotting, form the inside.
My heart has ceased, has ceased, to function and id kill myself to bring you back.
To bring you back from slumber.
And id kill myself to bring you back, from this infernal.
And as your spirit seeks to find its final resting place,
I pray to god that it takes mercy on your precious fate.
And in the absence of regret and every thought proceeding.
I tear away at flesh in hopes that I may die in vain.
Left alone with my thoughts I will soon decay.
With a thorn in my side I am yours to maim.
Every scar is a map to a world of suffering.
In this hole I will put all my dreams away... away...away
I will bury my dreams.
This foul, this foul incantation has riddled me with toxin once again.
I'm bound to your grave image that you may rise and walk again.
Arise, awaken.
Go forth and drink from their veins.
Arise, awaken.
Go forth and drink from their veins

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