

Ball Of Molten Lead

YOB

Death on the horizon
Consciousness asleep
The soul is unprepared
Fear runs deep
Always agonizing
On what can't be known
Heavy is the burden
When the tester rules the throne

Try to realize
Who's born and who dies
Struggling to know
The truth to this bardo

The wright of knowledge
Burden of old
It seems so simple
With eyes closed
Starting to wake up
From an ageless ruse
What once was choice
Now I can't refuse

Try to realize
Who's born and who dies
Struggling to know
The truth to this bardo

The ball of molten
The ball of molten lead
Trying to dislodge
Trying to dislodge the ball of molten lead

Feeling found and lost together
Gone too far to turn back now
King of death is overthrown
Bid this world a last goodbye

Void the gaze without the eyes
Shedding tears but no one cries
Inhale the space of the vessel
Bid the host a last goodbye

So sick and tired of the lies
Force fed as truth in perfect disguise
Squander this life in belief of the false
I try but I can't dislodge this
Ball of doubt