

Arma Angelus

"We Are The Pale Horse"

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Suffocate in this belief, like nails driven through my feet.
Our throats are set in stone.
Our feet are cast in lead.
Drag the sun further and further away.
The words you say mean nothing to me.
Burn.
Each breath is the beasts, if we believe.
One, two, fuck you.
We are the pale horse.
We afflict the self.
We are the pale horse.
We bind the self to loss.
Lungs fill with sand.
This life caves in.
As we burn, we afflict the self.
This masquerade becomes our flesh.
There is no happily ever after, in the end.
There is no cure.
I can't get you out of my head.
I sink and drown as fairy tales end.
We are the pale horse wrapped in flesh.
We are the pale horse, afflicted again and again.
We are the pale horse.
End this now.
We are the pale horse afflicted again and again.

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