

## **Beaten Back To Pure "Acolyte"**

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My words fall deaf on ears one hundred years and  
damned  
Wavering in my own fucking dread  
We've all made out by knife and ambience  
Something for my head

Sheep shank for two

Repay, race towards the inner filth  
Crossing over the line, bromide  
Begone afterglow

Retard yet blazing towards the Sun  
You know me, I still have to shine  
Semirigid and thankless  
Rot overnight  
Myself force me tomorrow life  
Now rest assured

Too good for me was it the other way  
Ride on, ride on  
My ol' lady gives me doom by night  
I am thinkin'

I'm the King of Kings

Cripple June at night I lay down below  
Full of lesions but I am the only way  
Take it or leave it

Rebel flags razor blades  
My soul sworn enemy  
Rising ignore my eyes

Raging calamity lane

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