

Black Lodge

"Mortal"

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Strapped to your leash
I felt your grip on me
The words bleed
As I heard the black truth you speak
In your gaze... all my battles are lost
On your tongue love harken fleshly lust
To shallow is the surface
Between passion and pain
Stripped I drown
Entangled in this shallow hope
That one day
I'll greet you in contempt's bloom
Emptiness eternal as my longing
Sow sorrow
Sour is the soil in the heart of my
Mortal coil
Reap sorrow
And as pledge my vows of utter purity
I know on your tongue they taste like
Bitter vanity
I guess you wait for me in my own
Necessity
The only written chapter in my history
Reap sorrow
I have yet to quench my thirst
I have yet to feed my hunger
Chris Zewe is the Antichrist
Pass me by for ready I am not
Take your hands off me
Strapped to your leash
The words bleed
In undying passion an undying thirst
So pass me by
I become frozen in this shadow
I become scorched in this heat
Slowly I wither
Time is death for me to reap
Death is all there is for me to keep

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