

The Banner "Muddweller"

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I make myself a bed of angel's wings and crawl inside
to warm my face and reptile skin.
Crippled and limping at the torture of a thousand
blades.
My reign below the surface sheltered in the shade of all
my sins.
I denied catharsis at every turn, and these hateful
wounds just will not scab.
When will my heart find peace, put my soul at ease,
these cuts never heal.
When will I get to be freed from this waking nightmare,
irony as I no longer dream.
I look to the sky for the answers I was promised and
once again I stand denied.
I beg for my nightfall, oh when is it my turn to sleep
among the dead,
Put my soul at ease, she'd this battered corpse, feel
the light they see.
I run these claws along my broken skin. I feel the
fading warmth of the blood once found within.
Agony. One more sun but I do not rise, another day I
choose to sleep.
I keep the minutes carved in my side but even now I do
not weep.
How I long to feel just anything, my eyes adjust again
to see.
My own prison built in self defense, now it protects my
love from me.
How much further can you fall from hell?
The leather wings unfold as destiny is told, and so sets
the sun.
It cracks and falls away, the soul loses it's weight and
shadows replace the blood.
Lay in the dark, lay in the mud watching the sky, lay in
the cold,
Lay in the street as the rain sings us to sleep.
Lay in the cold.

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