

Beyond The Embrace "Rapture"

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Why now am I smitten?
My wings melted off by the sun
Amidst a retina divided to fractions
All fragments victims of apprehension

Benighted by infinite failures
Since I've been stained by this rapture
I spit at the sun and the moon
Now I take my pain and walk the path
Drenched with the blood of the angels
What will become of me?

As I paint my walls with suggestion
No multiple colos, all shades of black
I take my place among the ruins of our lost generation
All systems screaming, all but one

Now I keep this pain, a token of hate

Will eat my scars and throw them up again
Become my sin, become my scythe, pierce my skin
Turn my cards face down

Now as I look to the sky,
Lost, it has my admiration
Free from the damned, that pulls the world down
Now I take my pain and walk the path
Drenched with the blood of the angels
What will become of me?

Benighted by infinite failures
Since I've been stained by this rapture
I spit at the sun and the moon
Now I take my pain and walk the path
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What will become of me?

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