

Ion

"The Surge"

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The break of dawn brings forth, the tragic completion
of rupture.
It feels as though nothing is what it seems, nightmares
overwhelm my dreams.
Causing this, nauseating feeling inside my gut.
At night, cruel are these dreams which I envision
throughout my mind.
As we lay intertwined here, enshrouded by the feeling
of placidity.
Every aspect distinguishably as clear as could be, and I
never felt more alive then when I dream of you.
The irony of it all leads to questioning, and thus brings
on fear.
My thoughts clouded with uncertainty.
I am at battle with my inner demons.
I remember the contours of your lips, graciously
pressed so tightly against mine.
Now, I'm left to wonder.
Uncertain these nightmares are in fact a dream.
While you slept I crept up to your room, careful not to
make a sound.
I marvelled at such utter beauty, the unstableness
maddening.
I carve through your abdomen, witnessing your eyes
fade from brown to grey.
The surge brought me to my knees, as I permeate your
chest plate, and now, feel the true meaning of having
your heart ripped out, straight from your chest cavity.
Wither and die away already.

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