

Byzantine

"A Residual Haunting"

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Ank the ratchet slowly to measure our inequities
Each bone that breaks reveal a new point of stress to
me
A catalyst of suicide, a wound to be dressed
Quiet on the set, your death has taken it's turn to be in
progress

[Solo Tony]

Squeeze the hammer slowly to bury our honesty
A song for dying swans reveals a path for me
A catalyst of suicide, a wound to infect
Our death will be appreciated, swollen tongue forever

Laced with vitriol
Choking on the residue we leave

It's time to roll the bones
Your end I must advise
With confidence I sin
False grieving now begins
Belittles your demise
In minutes just a memory of faded apparitions

[spoken:]

These are the final words that will be penned from me
As empires rise, they do just fall
And history shall forever repeat
So now I dig deep into my black beating heart
And with open arms welcome you to oblivion...

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