

Program The Dead

"Bleed Season"

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Trace the chalk and seize the day so
Those old habits never pass away
Commemerate the conception with
The children's debt the retribution
Deaf to self and mute to mind to find muddled
wallowing nebulous blind My crippled confidence
chafed away
Without the answers I'm cast astray
My cloud's so thick that I can barely think so reveal to
me deadsight deadsight
Trace the tree and the veil will flee me
And now I see with salty eyes
Consistent tragedy persisting in me
This disability's my soul's demise
Deaf to self and left to fry
Muddled wallowing nebulous blind
My crippled confidence is chafed away to stay
With the answers I'm pulled astray
The habits laced embrace me
With a cold, chaotic flinch kiss of old deaths erase me
soft, subtle, inch by inch
Upon my face I lie Mesmerized cauterized by the
blemishes
Frail bandages Without chance to change
Desperate to rectify imperative lest to die Imminent
reality on pace downglanced closed-faced
Consistent entrancement staring into empty space with
an open wound to clean please cleanse me
Is this my time to feel Is this my time to breathe Is this
my time to bleed Change the season I'll never live
without you
I'll never see without you I'll never change without you
truesight.

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