

Sleep Serapis Sleep "Apostatize!"

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There you are
Cold, dark and balled like all my rough drafts

Feeling for walls, I find but pangs of nausea
Followed by a blackout.

Disguised in the waxing light
Redefining Humility

This Wall of walls, he puts his hand on my shoulder
And in it's stigmata I find hope

You don't know what it's like
Not knowing where you go at night
You don't know how it feels
To be cast asunder

Through 1, 000 depths
As the spotlight burns through the sea
Cold, oh so cold

The miracle on 34th street is coming by way of a
bloody syringe
We've got to give Him control, before it's too late

I swear you're goin' out of style, baby
Seems cutting throats was just a fad
There's more at stake here, than presumption
Or any doubts you've ever had

We'll make you
Eat those words

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