

The Breathing Process

"The Treasonist"

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She stares through the eyes of oblivion,

Here we fall, decrepit stars from the sky, struggle,
falling plague from your exultant tongue,
desecration

We are the saints, forged in desperate lies, we are the
sinners, beyond the depths of compromise

Here we fall down again (come on)

Calm in the bounty of this hunt (of your hunt), covet the
eyes of the traitor (this traitor), seeing through the lies
of his lust (of this lust), cave into torment of treason
(your treason)

I'll tear my eyes out, to see the truth, I'll rip my throat
out, and so I will not speak it.

Cut this wound deeper, than the depths of the sea, to
bleed me into this world to be born as one,
For my creator awaits me, in a new day of reckoning, at
the mourning gallows, to condemn me of my betrayal,
through your attrition repaying redemption through
attrition,
I will be carried out in reverie, with a saw tooth grin of
chivalry

As for you, my discordant perception proves to be
unwanting of this burden

As for you, my demise, my treason, falling through

Decrepit stars from the sky, struggle, falling plague
from your exultant tongue, desecration.

We are the saints, forged in desperate lies, we are the
sinners, beyond the depths of compromise.

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