

## Woe Of Tyrants

### "Creatures Of The Mire"

Visit "[Creatures Of The Mire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

There is no foothold here in these miry depths  
Clawed fingers scraping flesh from bone  
Frantic laughter bubbling throughout  
Voice strained from screaming, parched and shrill

With each breath comes an influx of my waste  
Beasts sovereign, circling, searching for their feast  
Their mouths foaming, sensing blood in the dirty water  
It's the primal craving which prevails disgust

But how did I get here? The first of, oh, so many  
questions  
Delayed are the angel's melodies, ensnared in this bog  
But this place is familiar, the sites, the sounds, the face  
of the beast  
Breathing mirrors reflecting me, I share in their needs

The absence of love, abundance of filth  
Left to consider the familiarity of my despair  
Deprived innocence, I am deserving of this place  
Entitlement, I have what I've chosen  
The virgin weeping, blackened eyes dripping contempt

The frowning masks of the tragedy, many faces here

With one final glare my head slips under the mud  
I reach, still finding nothing which I can grab  
To reach the surface again

Dimming into dark is the heart that fades away  
I sink into the darkest deep  
Finally I give in to the hands' touch  
Embracing what they say

I submit to the nightmare of the mire  
Finding solace in the choice to fall into breathing  
depths  
Depths, depths

There is no foothold here in these miry depths  
Clawed fingers scraping flesh from bone

Frantic laughter bubbling throughout  
Voice strained from screaming, parched and shrill

There is no foothold here in these miry depths  
Clawed fingers scraping flesh from bone  
Frantic laughter bubbling throughout

Visit [Woe Of Tyrants](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.