

## Wretched

### "A Preservation Of Immortality"

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Here at the break of dawn, I wait secluded from  
occurrences that stand foretold.  
Hesitation devastates me, while the reek of you  
empowers me to defy my immortal humanity.  
So set in stone with these rulings, I can't deceive my  
father's regulations.  
No matter what the lure, I must hold back my strength.  
I mustn't bear my teeth.  
Inflicting my infectious persuasion to create a wall  
between us, only failing.  
I have but one alternative.  
I must exclude myself from the torture of your  
fragrances.  
Wallowing in my hopelessness of self-control amidst  
your presence.  
Fled through the forest in an instant, to take refuge  
with the genus in the north.  
I must salvage myself.

[Solo: Moore]

[Solo: Funderburk]

Here, at the break of dawn, the weeks have passed as  
days.  
My blackened eyes grow weary.  
To concede that the words of the prognosticate are  
truly set, to be an entry into eternity anew.  
My hungry eyes shift from black back to gold, as I give  
myself vigor to face my future

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