

Wretched

"Birthing Sloth"

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Father's room is dark. In precious time our hearts will be alright. This floor is cold. And I'm afraid I am not afraid of conjuring her, back from the grave. Whose are these voices quickly approaching me? "Your sacrifice is not sufficient. We'll need plenty more before you set your sights to her." Wires are crawling out, struggling at my leg. I hear my brother scream as he is consumed like a burning tree. Not again. Confiscate my arms, my heart. I must reclaim his soul at least! This sudden dream is a distraction. A backwards creature writhed in guts, in puss, in a mass of putrid flesh from which it cannot escape. Locking eyes with eyes as bright as the sun, reflecting off of clouds on such a beautiful day. If only this could be illusive. Frozen by the loss of blood, dragging myself to steel. Inching myself to this familiar body. Painting a seal on this familiar body. All's black.

(Solo: Funderburk)

Time is priceless. This bond is unconditional. I've abandoned limbs just to claim a part of you. Expressing sorrow with degradation, pouring from my eyes. Inhaling blood. Blacking out amidst the futile cries.

(Lead: Vail)

Weightless then, clutched in the arms of a giant man, this dream is surreal. Sailing through the gusts of wind from hell. Weightless then, clutched in the arms of a giant man, this dream is surreal. Sailing through the gusts of wind and the rain.

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