

Wretched

"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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