

Most Precious Blood

"Morphine"

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(One month locked up in a hospital)

Rest easy foes for tonight my eyes will close
I always held my tongue assuming tomorrow would
always come
But another day has passed,
I still cant see the end
What wrong turn, led me to his end?
Woke up, quenching razors again
These faces are not my friend
Dodging trains in my sleep
Days as long as years, beyond belief
The authors of the prophecies are dead and gone
The authors of your epitaph have just been born
Your deathbed is not a wishing well

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