

My Brightest Diamond

"From My Cold Dead Hands"

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We have to take this, to be alive.
There's just one life to give and so we strive...
... to build upon this, this way of rhymes, this book of
lives, this custom of doubts.
We all re-adjust from your tastes.
Slipping forward so we feel graced.
This passage that I've misplaced.
Merely existing to stay the same.
Just take this to the extent in which you are living the
"morally predictable" way,
Hoping, reaching for blank salvation,
Every second, every hour, of every single day.
Wait!
There's only one!
One life!
Then it's done!
Just wait... there's only one, one life, then it's none.
I see gallows built in your name.
Strangling you while you breathe to pray.
You'd rather live and serve.
Die and "be saved"... there's so much you deserve.
You deserve to be... buried deep, to forever sleep.
Wait!
There's only one!
One life!
Then it's done.
Just wait!
There's only one!
One life,
And then it's none.
I'd rather serve in hell, than reign in heaven.

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