

Absolace

"Sirens"

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Reckless as you are, it is me you discard
Volatile and charged, here to leave your mark

Stop and test these grounds
Where you rest your feet
Build a nest in me
Planting seeds while I sleep

Dragging me along, in zealous pursuit
Pulling me through you, draining me of my fruit

Claws you sink in deep, claim what you have come to
seek
All the while I starve, for your need to feed

Look at me if you can
I am torn, derailed
Once content, now Iâ€™ve failed
Forgotten, alone, and frail

Now youâ€™re done I salvage, my pride once gone
Scent has faded and your traces worn
But I fail to understand who I was when I let you in

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