

Oh, Sleeper "His Name Was Bishop"

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With the dawn brings vision of the crawling field.
Riddled with vain attempts. All in a corpse, so familiar
But not my own.

This is the difference, between you and I.

We are the captive fighters.

But cuffs must hold stronger. Stronger than skin.

Oh, but until the drops number the floor I'll pull.

Cause I saw the gates,

And they're guarded by a greedy shield

And the most carnal of edge.

This is the difference. You've left on your own, so
forlorn.

What have you done?! You've traded the chains,

And bought yourself a new crown.

Now there are no bars! Now there are no bars!

(Be ready) when lips reveal the knives a victim,

from light, becomes feed for the parched.

Bishop, you're as far from the cloth as the dogs.

And we share that familiar thirst.

Bishop, mouths wet with the thought of meat,

To tear and taste, but will it quench? It never does.

Oh our crest is the same, but it's a lie when you wear it.

It's a lie, but were still seen the same.

For the chain and the drops lure

And you, the captive fighter, with victory off your
tongue.

Don't you see? That's what you did.

When the weak looked up to you!

You fraud! Wear your crown of greed...

Light the pyre!

A fraud has been found!

Let it be known, this war will not be won

Without fire, without loss, or without a fight

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