

Oh, Sleeper

"I Will Become The Reaping"

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Like maggots, they breed with headlines, dining the
wounds in breathless cadavers.
Mirror blind and aimed for gold. Now watch a terror
turn on its own.
They race. And they race to the carcass rot to feed.
And just past decay, this design delivers life, but they
prefer to play cancer.
In chase for the sky, towers uprise. In fear, the earth
quakes for what's forgot.
They cut like the butchers, with pride as their cleavers,
as the tide prowls their shores.
They never listened when we screamed, "Wash the
blood from your hands.
Rip off the veils. Wash the blood from your hands and
run, see what you forgot."
Then the clouds met the sands as the cyclones began.
In epic charge rose the hordes, all branches and
thorns.
As the stone from their walls broke legs as they
crawled.
The stars had no mercy, they screamed for blood in
their fall.
Six eyes pierce the night and now...
24 teeth in each of the 3 makes 72 white knives your
new ending.
24 teeth in each of the 3 makes 72 white knives your
new ending.
With every slaughter bring your kingdom home.
With every slaughter bring your kingdom home.
How are we deserving this pain we are feeling?
How are we deserving this pain with healing?
And on trails these symphonies of agony...
Cant you see? We're still demanding self-pity.
Look to the moves of the things surrounding.
We're the only ones, the only ones who keep from
growing.
One day the reaping will return, and we'll be butchers
no more.
Bring this slaughter home, and send everything above

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