

Project 86 "Bleed Season"

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Trace the chalk and seize the day so
Those old habits never pass away
Commemorate the conception with
The children's debt the retribution

Deaf to self and mute to mind to find
Muddled wallowing nebulous blind
My crippled confidence chafed away
Without the answers I'm cast astray

My clouds so thick
That I can barely think
So reveal to me dead sight
(Dead sight)

My clouds so thick
That I can barely think
So reveal to me dead sight
(Dead sight)

Trace the tree and the veil will flee me
And now I see with salty eyes
Consistent tragedy persisting in me
This disability my soul's demise

Deaf to self and mute to mind to find
Muddled wallowing nebulous blind
My crippled confidence chafed away
With the answers I'm pulled astray

(With Sonny from P.O.D.)
The habits laced embrace me
With a cold, chaotic flinch
Kiss of old deaths erase me
Soft, subtle, inch by inch

Upon my face, I lie mesmerized cauterized by the
blemishes
Frail bandages with out chance to change
To rectify imperative lest I die
Imminent reality on pace down glance

Closed-faced consistent entracement
Staring into empty space
With an open wound to clean
Please cleanse me

Is this my time to feel?
Is this my time to breathe?
Is this my time to bleed?
Change the season

Upon my face I lie mesmerized cauterized by the
blemishes
Frail bandages with out chance to change
To rectify imperative lest I die
Imminent reality on pace down glance

Closed-faced consistent entracement
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Please cleanse me

Is this my time to feel?
Is this my time to breathe?
Is this my time to bleed?
Change the season

Is this my time to feel?
Is this my time to breathe?
Is this my time to bleed?
Change the season

I'll never live without you
I'll never see without you
I'll never change without you
Dead sight

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