

Pythia

"Oedipus"

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Drink up son
Life is what you make it
While you're having fun
I am lost inside your point of view
Through and through

You were gone
So I starting drinking
Was I in the wrong?
For wishing that you're bleeding for me too
Through and through

Break the chain, let the pain recede
Until you wake again from these ashes
Spill the vein, time to let the water
Wash you clean again
Your father loves you

Break the chain
Take the hate, burn it to the ground
Burn it to the ground
Break the chain
Take the hate, burn it to the ground
Burn it to the ground

In this world we are made of pieces
Either young or old
Good or bad or just a little lost
At your cost

You will find
That your patience only goes as far as mine
Not an inch beyond your final breath
That is death

Pray for us my son.

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