The Shape Of Things

Sanctity

As I watch this creature grow
It starts to take a look
Just under it's own beingAnd what it finds
Will be the nothing it has sought
Lost for all time, this prizeWhen will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twistedWith one quick strike
The master turns to slave
The beast has grown from it's bondsAnd what it finds
Outside the gates of it's own mind
For all time unkindWhen will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twistedAs I watch this creature grow
It starts to take a look
Just under it's own beingWhen will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twisted
No longer recognize this nightmare

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