

A Banquet For Traitors

Oh, Sleeper

So far from clean, I'm undeserving of the strength

The strength in Your arms used to save me

But years passed when I saw Eve next to me

She's wrapped in low cut, dripping sensuality

I remember the host

But it's been so long since we spoke

My son, you can hold perfection

In your arms if you wish

But I sit at a banquet for traitors

Placed here between a thief and a liar

Just run and hold perfection

In your arms as I slip

But I'll make you the God of a liar

'Cause I've been both a saint and a viper

I'll make you the God of a liar

I am a lie, just like the traitors

That cry for forgiving replies

But keep their grips held tight

Though my eye's on Eve

You're ready to bleed as if I'm royalty

But I am no king, I am no king

His life spilled like a tide so divine

It was a blood soaked feast that never ceased

As his veins dripped empty

With such violent grace the waves hit my face

And in painful clarity I turned fearfully

What makes you think you can deserve me?

What makes you think you can deserve me?

My host fell to his knees as paling lips pushed his plea

My son, you can hold perfection

In your arms if you wish

But I sit at a banquet for traitors

Placed here between a thief and a liar

Just run and hold perfection

In your arms as I slip

But I'll make you the God of a liar

'Cause I've been both a saint and a viper

By grace uneven at the banquet portrayed

Through death this life is saved
I am no king, I am no
Open your eyes, child, your sea is changing

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