# 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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