

Rapture

Beyond The Embrace

Why now am I smitten?
My wings melted off by the sun
Amidst a retina divided to fractions
All fragments victims of apprehension Benighted by infinite failures
Since I've been stained by this rapture
I spit at the sun and the moon
Now I take my pain and walk the path
Drenched with the blood of the angels
What will become of me? As I paint my walls with suggestion
No multiple colors, all shades of black
I take my place among the ruins of our lost generation
All systems screaming, all but one Now I keep this pain, a token of hate
Will eat my scars and throw them up again
Become my sin, become my scythe, pierce my skin
Turn my cards face down Now as I look to the sky
Lost, it has my admiration
Free from the damned, that pulls the world down Now I take my pain and walk the path
Drenched with the blood of the angels
What will become of me? Be knighted by infinite failures
Since I've been stained by this rapture
I spit at the sun and the moon
Now I take my pain and walk the path
Drenched with the blood of the angels
What will become of me?

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