

The State

The Sound of Young America

In my darkest hour I breathe out the name and sigh
I'm for her to devour to rape with whips of shame... and I sigh
The state I ache to be in, the state I crave for
The bringer of the night
Reveals the blessing disguised with one touch
A shepherd for her blind, a light into these eyes... with one touch
The state I ache to be in, the state I crave for
So, can you see I believe by the blood that I seep
That it's worth all the hurt
And the tears that I desperately weep
Can you see I believe and no longer grieve
And it's worth all the hurt and the fears that I desperately keep

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