

The Scourge

Periphery

As I sit with eyes heavy, omens clear.
Face down in seclusion.
The evils steer what drives the stake within my heart.
This man, he fell apart. Now that the entrance is open wide, this black all around makes its way inside.
What have you done?
Will hate abide?
Where is my death invitation?
Elation? Dead winds swirling beneath these prayers I hide.
I'd give my life for a taste of what lies beyond in that place now.
Live Earth rising beneath these hands untied.
I'd leave my life on the line. Never one of them.
I am not free.
Survive.
I will survive. Glass ceiling above drop rage upon them.
Stone cold fist and a memory.
Running from the blunt end of a blade.
The blood that it spills shall start my serenade to you. I will survive.
Survive.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>