

# Six Sirens

## Project 86

And now I sit in thought as the plot of my days commences  
And I'm left with fences  
Put off the thoughts of my end so long to race  
To chase after the trend so fleeting Hours pass unsettled, unresolved my passions  
I scrape to win a new day to waste  
Misaligned priorities parallel my desires  
I hide my eyes to avoid embrace I smell the stench, unavoidable approach comes against  
And yet I'm left asking the question  
Denied a way to defend the thoughts  
That this side equates with what awaits I'm ripping right through the masses, sacrifice into ashes  
Giving up what was past tense, raising up like Lazarus  
I laugh at the strongman who thought he had control  
A hold on my eternity-eternal is Christ empowers me Like the faith that builds my strength  
Is like your dreams that fade away  
The battlefield we soldiers play  
I dance with life beyond the grave And jah' knows that I will never rest my head, no time for us to sleep  
We concentrate on the son until our eyes bleed  
Salvation carries a cost, we must prevail  
Death creeps like the breeze, but have no fear, watch me inhale Temporary bliss, the depths await  
My burial as the hours seem as seconds  
The end of your bliss is coming face the path and sip the last  
Embrace ends-every day a new day to die Dies time, the former life is past  
Blind side, I know what awaits my fate  
Hates breath, unavoidable ceasing of days  
Today is a good day to die

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