

The Awakening

Demon Hunter

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown you're just a trace of what I used to be
Waging the battle
For the appreciation you'll never win
Behold the army
That will harken with open souls
A tiny voice of pester
Softer than a drop of a pin
And so naive thinking
You were the source you told
I was composing
The beginning before you had begun
Where did you sharpen
Such a tongue for the sound you spill
I want the honour
For the favour that I've already won
Without the ignorant deduction
That you reveal
Give me the pain of something real
No empty notion
I want to see the pressure rising
Give in a way that I can feel
When you disgrace with me
I want to see your eyes burn
Fall into the flood of your awakening
You wrote the words you couldn't
Stomach manifesting with breath
I read the thoughts you never question
Would show your face
If confrontation were to wake
And rear its ugly head
I get the feeling
You'd be wanting it all erased
This simple gossip
Is your only definition of life
And what a vacant purpose
Taking it to your grave
There is no threat of loss in
Hearing the slant you cry
Oh what a fool to think
You fell on the mass you crave
Give me the pain of something real
No empty notion
I want to see the pressure rising

Give in a way that I can feel
When you disgrace with me
I want to see your eyes burnFall into the flood of your awakening
Drown, you're just a trace of what I used to beAwaken from the delusion of validity
Awaken into the truth of how it used to be
Wake up
Awaken from the delusion of validity
Awaken into the truth of how it used to be
Wake up
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