Tragedy

Counterparts

Take comfort in the cadence of the bond we share
A visionary born and raised to see with an unbiased sense of sight
We pause just for a second to properly embrace the radiance
We are the anointed dipped in filth
Taught to cower in fear of being identified
But tragedy will find usI'm held captive by my spoiled soul
I won't allow it to affect my stride
The procession will proceed as we're gifted with our own idea of peaceSo find yourself in me
I promise I will keep you as we harvest the passion that remains
Make my skin your sanctuaryI make a pact with the earth to draw life from the living
Make my skin your sanctuary
Leap to the beat of my blood
So place your hand in mine, drag your feet across the tops of trees
Breathe easy knowing that the branches will support you
And the weight of your complicationIn the midst of the ruin that surrounds us
We communicate but only in tongues
Our lips will welcome the caress of the crucifixion
And we stain the wood with defeatI am not a mortal, I am a metaphor for moving forward

Songwriters
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