

Silverspine

Madder Mortem

This is all yours if you want it
My sick landscape, dry and fevered
 My survival and the hunger
Growing older in a heartbeat
You took us by surprise
 Stepped in where no one goes
 In forcing open doors
 you sacrifice us both
This is all yours if you want it
This is all I ever offered you
Hoping against all sense
 (We bite the hand that feeds us pain)
 Hoping against myself
(There is still pride inside our veins)
Underneath our sores and blisters
 spines of silver that won't listen
 Your perception is not flawless
We are dying while you watch us moan
Hoping against all sense
 (We bite the hand that feeds us pain)
 Hoping against myself
(There is still pride inside our veins)
Biding my time
The perfection has turned sour
 in the moment of salvation
 Every minute is pure torture
This is mercy, if you want it
Hoping against all sense
 (All meaning rots and slithers grey)
 Hoping against myself
(We bite the hand that fed us pain)
This is all yours if you want it
 This is mercy, if I have it
 Biding my time

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