Ashen Nectar

Netherbird

All aboard, this ship bound for wreckage
Sail ho, fuckers!Who could foresee that this state of mind was forever?
That we would never wake up from our nightmares?That the black poison dripped onto our skin would burn us
That the clean streams of time wouldn't be able to wash it away...Once these robes were worn as masquerade costumes
The smooth velvet reviled hooks and razor claws
That would not come of, cutting into the skin
The harder we pulled the deeper its barbs dug in...Until death do us part my fair ones
We're the kings and queens of the depraved undone
In the filthy streets, our splendid court, this neon Babylon
We are the stars that refuse to shine
No ships will navigate by our signs
We are the tones that distort the chord
In a world of perfection we are the flawedWe are the birds with broken wings
The useless ones, we don't believe in anything
We believe in no gods left high above
And there will be no angels where we goWe are the Ashen Nectar,
we are the tainted well
We are the Ashen Nectar,
side by side we watch the world go byWe are the Ashen Nectar,
the last poets of a dying breed
We are Ashen Nectar,
our skins our canvases, our paint the blood we bleed
All words were first spoken then stolen
Onto paper splattered
By the weakened hand in the dark room
Visions and a life lay scatteredWe are suns bent for darkness
The stars that refuse to shine
Artists of a different kind
The ones that leave nothing behindThere is no clean white bed, for this dying bride
Farewell...We left our last pieces to be lost
In forgotten dusty attics
Where our blood has dried
We were the ashen nectar fanaticsThere will nothing left when we leave
Our shadowy art will remain unseen
As we step through the haze
Silhouettes exiting this dreamWe are the stars that refuse to shine
No ships will navigate by our signs
We are the tones that distort the chord

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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