

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 flawed We 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 go We are the Ashen Nectar,
we are the tainted well

We are the Ashen Nectar,
side by side we watch the world go by We 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 scattered We are suns bent for darkness

The stars that refuse to shine

Artists of a different kind

The ones that leave nothing behind There 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 fanatics There will nothing left when we leave

Our shadowy art will remain unseen

As we step through the haze

Silhouettes exiting this dream We 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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We 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 go
We are the Ashen Nectar
We are the tainted well
We are the Ashen Nectar
Side by side, we watch the world go by
We are the Ashen Nectar
The last poets of a dying breed
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Our skins our canvases, our paint the blood we bleed
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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