

Shark Ethic

Most Precious Blood

The bearer of burden returns with inability to cope with separation anxiety.

It remains to torture me until I breathe and don't scream.

It stays to chip away at me until I sleep and don't dream. Roots from my feet sprung like barbed wire and serpent's tongue.

Rendering me still, a quadrapalegic in an iron lung. Roots from my feet sprung like barbed wire and serpent's tongue.

Rendering me still, a quadrapalegic in an iron lung. On my back with scavengers above, The scent of carrion rotting love.

Lyrics provided by

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