

VII: The Descent

Wretched

As I stand on the edge of the rising tide I am overcome with beauty.

There is a fleeting feeling that takes my legs to fill my lungs with all of the world.

Gulp by gulp the serpent dreams, to decimate my burning wings.

Oh how he effectively detaches my burning wings with a faulty sense of valor.

Lust in the molten soul, here in hell where the visions sing and the streets are paved in coal, I will see you through your feats.

I will save you, a prodigy that's feeding.

Withstanding bows of me.

The breathing of the waves blocks out giant whispers.

I can feel the trembling of the earth in the way that she moves. [Solo: Funderburk] Rest in the folly he said.

Cross all of your fingers and weep on.

Cauterized with the poisoned in the deepest of boughs, I will stand proud by you.

I will see you through your feats and I will help you grow.

[Solo: Moore]

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

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