

# Breathing Blood

## Oh, Sleeper

Regaining consciousness under a swinging moon  
He speaks of alliances that beckoned me  
long before the womb I've caused more wounds than I'm worth  
I see now you must not have heard  
I am the natural born killer There is freedom past your history  
This air won't fill my lungs  
Because you should be breathing blood  
See this death, it was your victory  
So teach me to fill my lungs  
To never stop breathing blood But I had it all so very wrong  
But I fought, I fought with only song  
'Cause I've tried, I'm trying like a beast all alone  
My words, my words have aired in poison Please teach me how to breathe  
'Cause this air is failing my need  
Fill my lungs with what won't bleed from my enemies  
If death is victory, how afraid of life can we be? I'm born a war machine  
Not knowing which beckon to heed  
Will I rise as a tool for glory  
Or be lost in dormancies? I've regained consciousness under this swinging moon  
You filled my lungs and each breath heals  
This killer's wounds There is freedom past your history  
But this air won't fill my lungs  
You should be breathing blood  
See this death, it was your victory  
So teach me to fill my lungs  
To never stop breathing blood 'Cause I hear Him speaking to me  
For the first time He cleared my head  
That's when He said Only cowards keep dormant sleeping strength  
And soon you'll find  
Only the fearless will reach their potential's peak Only cowards keep dormant sleeping strength  
And soon you'll find  
Only the fearless will reach their potential's peak Tell me if death is victory, how afraid of life can we be?  
If death is victory how afraid of life can we be?

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