The Deep

Aural Planet

You'll be a wolf devoured by a lion
Cause you look like a lamb
But baptized in fire
Fearing yet hoping the best
Has swallowed you asleep once again
I should go to sleep
I fear I'm running out of time
(waits for no one)
Sometimes I feel I should
Sever my limbs
So I could never crawl home

Back home to you
Waiting and watching to see
If you'll follow me to my grave
I might not wake up next to you
Excuses, excuses, excuses, excuses
Make excuses for eating your young
Let's lick the wounds
And find out where we came from
When copperas has faded
I hope you'll still be by my side
This is not dystrophy but desire
Desire for comfort in the dark
Call me a mocking bird and it's done

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