

Erised

Periphery

There's a vessel and it's sinking at sea.
An apparition that's beckoning me.
As the cold, dark night brings on the sweat, I slowly drift away. Stuck down at the bottom of the orange
cylindrical state of mind.
What are we running from?
There's a distant sound of a melody.
Release me from this plane. A life to live; a sedative under the skin.
Bury it, carry the cure.
Just let emotion set devotion within your heart to collect the debt we sow. Step out from the moonlight like it's a
game we play.
The checkerboard is tainted.
Drops of red will lead the way.
Black are their lies. Gold are the tongues of the glorified.
Command disease of the body and mind. Stuck down at the bottom of the orange cylindrical state of mind.
What are we running from?
There's a distant sound of a melody.
Release me from this plane. A life to live; a sedative under the skin.
Bury it, carry the cure.
Just let emotion set devotion within your heart to collect the debt we sow.
A life to live; a sedative.
A life to live; a sedative under the skin.
Just let emotion set devotion within your heart to collect the debt we sow. Collecting sanity.
Simply ready for the life that awaits your lead.
There's a distant sound of a melody, and I won't leave this place.

Songwriters

ADAM GETGOOD, JAKE BOWEN, MARK HULETT HOLCOMB, MATTHEW HALPERN, MISHA
MANSOOR, SPENCER SOTELO
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