

# A Banquet For Traitors

## Oh, Sleeper

So far from clean, I'm undeserving of the strength  
The strength in Your arms used to save me But years passed when I saw Eve next to me  
She's wrapped in low cut, dripping sensuality  
I remember the host  
But it's been so long since we spoke My son, you can hold perfection  
In your arms if you wish  
But I sit at a banquet for traitors  
Placed here between a thief and a liar Just run and hold perfection  
In your arms as I slip  
But I'll make you the God of a liar  
'Cause I've been both a saint and a viper  
I'll make you the God of a liar I am a lie, just like the traitors  
That cry for forgiving replies  
But keep their grips held tight  
Though my eye's on Eve  
You're ready to bleed as if I'm royalty But I am no king, I am no king His life spilled like a tide so divine  
It was a blood soaked feast that never ceased  
As his veins dripped empty  
With such violent grace the waves hit my face And in painful clarity I turned fearfully  
What makes you think you can deserve me?  
What makes you think you can deserve me?  
My host fell to his knees as paling lips pushed his plea My son, you can hold perfection  
In your arms if you wish  
But I sit at a banquet for traitors  
Placed here between a thief and a liar Just run and hold perfection  
In your arms as I slip  
But I'll make you the God of a liar  
'Cause I've been both a saint and a viper By grace uneven at the banquet portrayed  
Through death this life is saved I am no king, I am no  
Open your eyes, child, your sea is changing

Songwriters

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Published by  
THIRSTY MOON RIVER PUBLISHING INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

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