# Train Wreck Orchestra

## With Passion

A man, who's soul was put away to rest that night, awakens in disguise amongst the words embedded in the prayers from his final vows. Now he lies there breathless and withering from remembering that his wounds of devoured flesh will heal today and he will rest. For all his life in that he once reigned but now deceased he shall be remembered. I can't help but to think about how he lived through this. To end his life in agony and defeat. To seize the day upon the land he once reigned; now buried within. Now he lies there breathless and withering from no memories. His spirit dies but his blood lives on. We are his children

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