

Stick Figure

Byzantine

Welcome to the skin you wear again
The weeping wound you try to mend
Liar screaming hollow amens
Your conscience disappears
Each time you sin
New life is a possibility
No one is here to see you bow to me
Throw up your hands to the skies
And welcome the new lords
Of your demise
On your fear we feed
And this is the way we bleed
No love just hate my fist your face
The tears they pave my indoctrination
Your knees the pain it comes in waves
You can't be save because I am the way
Lie to my face not my back
I'm not a stick figure
Three-dimensional figure
On your fear we feed
And this is the way we bleed

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