

Arms of the Messiah

Miss May I

Follow paths paved with nothing.
These waters fill with the dead.
The haste is brought with force which it is made
Beyond all hope this is true.
Shores expire over azure horizons.
Waves bury our fathers and consume all that we have loved.
Look into their eyes with the flawless feelings that you fake
prepare for these tides of annihilation.
annihilation.
Open your eyes to what you
have been breathing upon.
Shadows are all we have and they whisper lies.
Blood will be our only escape.
These arms bring strength
behold what we have.

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