

# His Name Was Bishop

## Oh, Sleeper

With the dawn brings vision of the crawling field  
Riddled with vain attempts, all in a corpse, so familiar  
But not my own, this is the difference  
Between you and I we are the captive fighters  
But cuffs must hold stronger, stronger than skin  
Oh, but until the drops number the floor I'll pull  
'Cause I saw the gates and they're guarded  
By a greedy shield and the most carnal of edge  
This is the difference you've left on your own, so forlorn  
What have you done? You've traded the chains  
And bought yourself a new crown  
Now there are no bars, now there are no bars  
(Be ready)  
When lips reveal the knives a victim  
From light, becomes feed for the parched  
Bishop, you're as far from the cloth as the dogs  
And we share that familiar thirst  
Bishop, mouths wet with the thought of meat  
To tear and taste, but will it quench? It never does  
Oh, our crest is the same  
But it's a lie when you wear it  
It's a lie but were still seen the same  
For the chain and the drops lure  
And you, the captive fighter  
With victory off your tongue  
Don't you see? That's what you did  
When the weak looked up to you  
You fraud, wear your crown of greed  
Light the pyre, a fraud has been found  
Let it be known, this war will not be won  
Without fire, without loss or without a fight

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