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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