Bleed This Body Clean

Xerath

No longer is the state my cradle
No longer does it pave the way
My state exists to deceive me
No longer my saving graceMy state it is but a machine
This machine will bleed my body clean
My body is one, my flesh is coldNo longer is the state my home
No longer the will of stoneAside tax and poverty
I plead for riches of dreams
The last that should befall me
In the life in which I am naÃ¯ve
My body is one, my flesh is cold
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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