

Ashengrace, Shame

it seems so hard to find it, the window in the wall is the breathing of rain...
This desert land is always this way,
it never ceases in the rainspoken words in the sun.
The lord of my light is the lord of a shameless world,
and a desolate broken mind.
It seems so hard to fight when you are lost,
you're lost little one...
you're lost, little one...
lost little one...

All circles end in the desertland where everyone weeps
in their halos and radiation scars.
These scars blend in the anger of the crying rain,
I'll continue to bleach the sunsets from your eyes.
I still feel you circle in laughter
as you fight to breathe in your poisonous air.
And if only for one small indiscretion,
I want to be whole I've never been this way before.
If only to bridge this chasm of distance
and shame with you everywhere,
shame with you everywhere,
shame with you,
shame with you,
shame with you...

And I believe I've never been this way: Confess:
I close my fingers around the flagstone, you provide the rest.
All convergence in time, freaks and virgins and swine,
always why, always ends this way before it begins.
Before I begin. Before I believe in your winter,
your wind in my eyes and your hands and your fingers,
the way that you breathe in the night,
what do you wish to see?
Will you love me in shame?
Will you love me in Shame?

And I've been told the second taste always feels the best,
I close my fingers 'round the flagstones, you provide the rest.
In provisions in the wasteland beyond the wall,
of my mind and my eyes, I don't believe you at all.
If it's only for a second's moment's glance in the light,
if I can believe I'll breathe (with) you in the world of delight.
If it's only for a moment, will I remember the song?
I want to believe you can hold on for this long.
If it's only for a moment, is it only for you?
Is it only for you?
is it only...