

Deadsy, Winners

Let's take the longest way through the hallways of your mind.
Upon your knees, the phantom breeze of a shipwreck lost in time.
Your envy mirror, the kelly fear adorns the walls in slime.
Figure it out, just like you used to.
In the absense of proud, that's whne you're cursed to prove.
And as the perfect wings'll glide, cleansed are men of all the mice.
Past the pain, we tend to strive, or that's how it seems to beginners.
Accept awards throughout our lives, to make young lovers intertwine.
Perhaps the end'll come tonight, so hooray for the Winners.
A vast abyss, where lie dismissed ideas of yours and mine.
But brought to kneel by the Grecian Seal, we join the family line.
You'll never thrill the bold divisions in the sky,
of whom predestined you to always be the last in line.
Because the Winner's young and bright.
Let the heavens make it right.
A warm and gentle breeze at night.
Bereft, you are of plans to gain no misery, you're no surprise we're born to fight,
suck the marrow of life the Winners forever preside.