

Etched In Red, Intrasection

the flower when released
will introduce the breeze
deceptive colds will come
and play away then run

standing alone, been waiting for this
could this be the day, this shit had to come
standing alone, the cold hits it's wings
diminish the sad, relief lies through the snow

I will try and wait for you
because I will free myself throughout you, in you

the darkness bleeds into the seeps of crystal ash
that lay the way for this to come, for this to be
to sweat away the truth
that breathes in breathes out all of this in store
breathe in breathe out defiant little whore
caress the silken strokes of breeze
now passing through your frail wet wings
taste the feeling, tread the line
in this sinful tryst
been waiting just for this
the metamorphosis has now changed you
into something that breathes
that flows, that bleeds, that needs

thirsting, all the time
needing, not find
feening, out of mind
yearning, all the time
intrasectioning heaven inside you

(breathe in, breathe out)
I will try and wait for you
because I will free myself throughout you, in you