

Madder Mortem, Silverspine

This is all yours if you want it
My sick landscape, dry and fevered
My survival and the hunger
Growing older in a heartbeat

You took us by surprise
Stepped in where no one goes
In forcing open doors
you sacrifice us both

This is all yours if you want it
This is all I ever offered you

Hoping against all sense
(We bite the hand that feeds us pain)
Hoping against myself
(There is still pride inside our veins)

Underneath our sores and blisters
spines of silver that won't listen
Your perception is not flawless
We are dying while you watch us moan

Hoping against all sense
(We bite the hand that feeds us pain)
Hoping against myself
(There is still pride inside our veins)
Biding my time

The perfection has turned sour
in the moment of salvation
Every minute is pure torture
This is mercy, if you want it

Hoping against all sense
(All meaning rots and slithers grey)
Hoping against myself
(We bite the hand that fed us pain)

This is all yours if you want it
This is mercy, if I have it

Biding my time