

Mudvayne, Death Blooms

Cold seems crippling lame meander through corridors aroma's thick
with age mark off the day reflections of my life are fading

Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Feeble frail and rotting descending I'm lost in,
A structure that's collapsing don't want it cast into,
Maker take the body don't want it wants me

Past has found its place salvation is no more will god accept my
peace bleached will pardon me reflections of my life are fading
Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Feeble frail and rotting descending I'm lost in,
A structure that's collapsing don't want it cast into,
Maker take the body don't want it wants me

I just want to run fly kites wrestle jump and play
Swim through waves that crash to shore memories in me
cocooned in misery

I'm sick and tired of embracing reflections of past time receive me
or cast me away

...god please take me away

resistance futile suicidal ideas I will crucify my own being satisfy
selfish needs fuck the deities justify my own right to what's waiting
for me

On the other side the time has come lock and load I'm coming I'm
coming I'm coming I'm coming home

Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Feeble frail and rotting descending I'm lost in,
A structure that's collapsing descending don't want it,
Maker take the body don't want it wants me,

Pull me out of body don't want it don't want in,
Feeble frail and rotting descending I'm lost in,
A structure that's collapsing descending don't want it,
Maker take the body don't want it wants me

I just want to run fly kites wrestle jump and play
Swim through waves that crash to shore memories in me
cocooned in misery
The darkness overcomes soul soars to the other plain
Existence past the door I sail through purgatory's bay

I asked a god for poison cradle me sown to my dreams souls searching
death blossoms where clouds lie over me held in god's hands death
blooming

Dark for fear of failure an inner gloom as wide as an eye and
fermenting roiling hate death grip in my veins unveiling rancid
petals flowering forth foul nectar the space between a blink and a
tear
...death blooms.