

Myopic Son, Lesion

This is the last time you're gonna set that dead weight down on my shoulder
Sinking in It's a dull hot blade
You remind me of a dead man taking his last shot at redemption
No it's too late Now there's the devil to pay

And the bitterness pours like steel all through me
And rests near the bottom to burn
One last kiss from you and it's over
But I'm praying for the tide to turn

I can taste you and all the blood that you left in your wake
As I tread now
The leviathan feels no shame 'cause He knows you
Knows your kind Knows your mind
He ain't that forgiving
He changes form in oh so many ways

And the bitterness pours like steel all through me
And rests near the bottom to burn
Come to rest, the bottom, and it's over
In the dark where nothin' remains

It's more than a hand on your shoulder, Maybe your tide will turn,
Never know until it's over when you rest at the bottom to burn, yeah
At the bottom to burn

The last time
This is the last time

And the dead weight sits right here on my shoulder
Then rest near the bottom to burn
And one last kiss from you and it's over
But I'm praying for my time
Praying
For the tide to turn