

Sanctity, The Shape Of Things

As I watch this creature grow
It starts to take a look
Just under its own being

And what it finds
Will be the nothing it has sought
Lost for all time, this prize

When will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twisted

With one quick strike
The master turns to slave
The beast has grown from its bonds

And what it finds
Outside the gates of its own mind
For all time unkind

When will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twisted

As I watch this creature grow
It starts to take a look
Just under its own being

When will it bite the hand that feeds it
First taste of flesh it is so pure
The shape of things so twisted
No longer recognize this nightmare