

# The Bled, My Assassin

The Sky blistered red, shot's ring overhead.

I'm scaling walls that the soldiers built to muffle out your screams.

the message was dislocated. misconveted. incinerated.

in the wake of war just listen for the flood.

the arthritis in us all is choking me out.

it's spilling me.

maybe you could finally be the one who reaches in and saves me from the flood.

collapse.

this is our last chance.

there's no time for relapse.

just listen for the flood.

if not us, can I just save you?

can't you hear the bombs are calling all our old habits their own.

a sniper patiently awaiting me in every catacomb are you scared girl?

won't you be my assassin?

hunted you down for the last time and carried you home.

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bring on the love' cause here comes the flood.

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we must have been seduced by the calm of the isle as we tied our wrist's, our wrist's too tight in the

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