

Arsis, Shattering The Spell

Are my hands not black?
Black with the filth of this ageless denial?
From the first birthing breath, to the stillness of death
The light of the " has been deceived
And thus we live our lives
Always one step from the "heavens";
Shattering the spell
One act that will free us
Shattering the spell
Beaten by the lies of failure's conquest
One step from the "heavens";
Shattering the spell
When every breath's a warning and every moment a sign,
Lay me amidst the pinewood walls to regain what once was mine
All's pale
Shattering the spell
Flesh pales
Shattering the spell
Are my hands not red?
Red with the truth that has conquered denial?
From the first broken vow, to the last fighting breath
The light of the "right" has been deceived
And thus we die
What's left, left for the living?
In the eyes of the purest truth?
What's left, left for the living?
In the arms of denial's only son?
When every breath's a warning and every moment a sign,
Lay me amidst the pinewood walls to regain what once was mine
All's pale
Shattering the spell
Flesh pales
Shattering the spell
[Solo: Malone]
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