

Ashengrace, The Wishing Hour

I am the circus of pain, swimming in the undertow...
sinking helpless on the tree of woe...
the engines rev, ignited teeth and eyes
and hue of silver... ignite these fires,

burn my fingers to the bone
A breathing water shall then crucify my soul,
(why don't you turn me in....)

I'm driving in the wasteland of your conscious sigh...
tasting my heart for the last time
In the wishing hour,
all has come to pass you by...
in silent cries for mercy...

I knew the verdict as it lay down hard...
I knew it well, (and it's coming)
The vultures dive, ignite,
a part of this love's discord,
in lines in Adonai's deep,
and everything I know is this cold...

I pull the eyes from the living bird,
to let this poison roll down,
all for the sinking and the seething (never know)....
This breathing water shall then crucify my soul,

why don't you take it back...
I'm tasting this heart my life for the last time...
Circus of this hate...
swimming in your undertow...
Sinking helpless on the tree of woe...
and I'm tasting...
and I'm tasting...
and I'm tasting this heart
for the last time...