

# Backlash, Fix

The tremulous ground beneath my feet  
is barely open to  
the frailty that fills me  
and the fire burns my skin  
and the water won't come in  
to wash away the frenzy  
only you can heal me

Bring me the god  
the one I've been aching for  
the substitute for life  
I hardly can endure

If heaven was here beside my home  
I wouldn't pray for things to come  
would you feel what I feel  
but the fire still remains  
a flaming virus in my veins  
that disorients what's real  
that disorients what I feel

Bring me the god  
the one I've been aching for  
the substitute for life  
I hardly can endure