

Belle Epoque, Living Life Never Made You Alive

I'm breathing stale air that circulates around me.
We're calling out, paralyzed, choking on luxury.
We will walk again.
There's a battle approaching, these are conflicted times.
Surpass devastation, and realign.
I never saw the daylight, I let the shadows persuade me.
Bring convalescence home and guide me.
And now I see it, it's right in front of me, the answer.
If we rip our feet away from these chains, we'll stand together.
This design was built to withstand everything.
I've got the power to make you bold.
Breathing life in the comatose with a spineless gasp and pull.
Deceiver,
handing life to a feeding plaque.