

# Beloved (US), Failure On My Lips

Under an eclipse of ever-rising feeling  
Moving faster through my veins  
And bleeding out the sun  
That's beating down on our necks  
And burning my eyes.  
If this is a crutch for the weak,  
Then I am the least of these.  
So cut off my arms and break my legs  
So I don't feel this anymore.  
Choking on all of the feeling  
That I'm swallowing in.  
Tasting the failure on my lips  
That I've lead in.  
And this is my last chance for survival  
A last ditch effort to cure my ache.  
We're so vain, aren't we?  
We're so proud and empty.  
We're left leaning on our only intrigue.  
The lies that I've told won't bury us whole.  
They won't find us in time.  
This is the end of the story that I can't forget.  
This goes far beyond our loyalites  
And we feign as a shield  
That's teeming with guilt and resonance  
But we held our heads so high.  
We have not yet defeated failure.