

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.