

Bloodlet, The Way Of The Leeches

We are all meant to stand in a line
eyes forward
arms to the side
and when your turn comes bow out gracefully
I know what you've come for and your game
you'd better believe that I came to play
Double talk cross the line chatter doesn't matter
I've heard that before
and when our turn comes
we will take this day while this little angel sleeps
his head all filled with dreams
a desperate soul does scream please take me away
spirit drenched
a moment spent contemplating a sacrament
hell awaits for those who take from the one whose soul creates
his visions ride on angels wings
his words are like a summer's breeze
heaven sent and mostly bent restraint
and compassion are already spent