Converge, Divinity

A tear to shed my soul,
To bleed out my divinity I search for,
Holding the spine of God,
My sour sedation pulled them away.

So many things left unsaid, my brightside faded away,
Less than zero a shade apart from what I feel, cold,
We used to play devotion but I see your face,
It's not divinity.

Godkiller,
Mindcleaner,
The shallower I, the more I sink,
And I will not rust away this time.

So many things left unsaid my brightside faded away,
Less than zero a shade apart from what I feel, cold.