

Demon Hunter, Awakening

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown. You're a trace of what I used to be

Waging the battle for the appreciation you'll never win
Behold the army that will harken with open souls
A tiny voice of pester softer than a drop of a pin
And so naive thinking you were
The source you told
I was composing the beginning before you had begun
Where did you sharpen such a tongue
For the sound you spill
I want the honor for the favor that I've already won
Without the ignorant deduction
That you reveal

Give me the pain of something real
No empty notion, I want to see the pressure rising
Give in a way that I can feel
When you disgrace me I want to see your eyes burn

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You wrote the words you couldn't
Stomach manifesting with breath
I read the thoughts you never
Questions would show me your face
If confrontation were to wake and
Rear it's ugly head
I get the feeling you'd be wanting it all erased
This simple gossip is your only definition of life
And what a vacant purpose taking it to your grave
There is no threat of loss in
Hearing the slant you cry
Oh what a fool to think you fell
On the mass you crave

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown. You're a trace of what I used to be

Awaken from the delusion of validity
Awaken into the truth of how it used to be
Wake up

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown. You're a trace of what I used to be

Awaken

crbt2('Demon Hunter','Awakening')

Artist Info