

Demon Hunter, The Awakening

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown; you're just a trace of what I used to be

Waging the battle for appreciation you'll never win
Behold the army that will hearken with open souls
A tiny voice of pester softer than a drop of a pin
And so naive in 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

Fall into the flood of your awakening

You wrote the words you couldn't stomach, manifesting with breath
I read the thoughts you never questioned would show your face
If confrontation were to wake and rear its 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

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

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown; you're just a trace of what I used to be

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

Fall into the flood of your awakening
Drown; you're just a trace of what I used to be

Awaken