

# Psyclon Nine, The Purging (A Revelation Of Pain)

This life will see the feathers fall, and wont we all?

(so graceful)

While our dreams descend these begging hands still cry of wanting of needing

The blackened nails drove deep within still have us bound

To a tribulating ever waiting no way out save the blood on my hands

Deceiver, receiver

Creeps and crawls to and from the reaper

One day I'll be just what you said I could never be

One day I'll leave you far behind just like the time you left me

These eyes has seen the bad ones

This flesh has suffered underneath it all

We can't all be just like the good ones

Suffered, I suffered for you all

I'll be the one to take the fall