

The Human Abstract, Self Portraits Of The Instincts

Welcome home, an interrupted kitchen fight cut the ties
You lay your blame in a god's name
Casualties must be defined now, before I trust you for a cure because I'm not so sure you're not so
You're not sorry
By burden of blood we saw reflections of who we are
As the knowledge that burns in our hearts takes charge

Blessings made at a house in the distance
An unworthy authority looking to find a worthy culprit
Accounting lost, stranded hindsight, words were not enough
Repeat the cycle with devils in your veins

More than simply shaken, a line divides
Blood ties are forsaken, grudges still are found

In kindred we are bound
By burden of blood we saw reflections of who we are
As the knowledge that burns in our hearts takes charge

So deep in our blood, ages come, ages go, never freed
Never, that's what you told me
Time and again we have them down on their knees
Beg for mercy, beg, time and again
How many times, how many times will I be called to free this rage?
How many times, how many times will I be taken to that place?

No peace of mind until the seas run dry
By burden of blood we saw reflections of who we are
As the knowledge that burns in our hearts takes charge

Forced to inflict these scars, reflections of who we are
A legacy carried on too long