

Will Haven, Dressed In Night Clothes

Gone is the sun, eclipsed In the sky,
Where will I run when it's time to hide

Left barren from the loss of the seed of existence

As we know it declines in the shadow of
The moon I recede, recede to the dark side

On the outskirts of my soul, I just hope I can make it

Back and land on some, some sort of plain
And resurrect the balance before I travel

The layers are slowly stripped away by celestial
Heavens and all is glorious

It doesn't seem real that a little act of nature
Can make everything descend from a peak of bliss

Like a roller coaster ride through the bowels infested
With a parasite feeding off your soul
Feeding off your will, he desecrates

Till you resemble a bitter shell of a man
Fasting in contempt
till you resemble a bitter shell of a man
Fasting in contempt of yourself

Climb back into the womb and start a new
Back into the womb and start a new