

Black Hole

Betraying the Martyrs

Carved up like a tree
Carved up like a tree
Nothing left for you to see
Nothing left for you to see
You to see

Stationary fate, life is getting late
Nothing left for you to see
Nothing left for you to see
You to see

Imprisoned and fooled
Lies the hermit alone
Cursed by the fire
Thought to be home
Each time I cut off one head
Cut off one head

Two more grow back
Nothing left for you to see
You to see

Can you hear me falling into a black hole?
My screams fading in the void
As I try to break the wind

I shall be reborn

I sold my soul
And the price was never fair
Inhaling your scent
Has left me gasping for air
This isn't dead
And I'm afraid of who I turned out to be
Now I know
These roots have taken hold of me

Unsure of what comes next
Panting on the slopes
Chaos unmatched
As the journey unfolds
This was doomed all along
The river poisoned at the source
I'm sick of cutting heads
And watch them grow to haunt me again
This time I aim for the heart

I shall be reborn

Can you hear me falling into a black hole?
My screams fading in the void
As I try to break the wind
Can you hear me falling into a black hole
My screams fading in the void
As I finally break the wind
I shall be reborn

Carved up like a tree
Carved up like a tree
Nothing left for you to see
Nothing left for you to see
You to see
Stationary fate, life is getting late
Nothing left for you to see
Nothing left for you to see
You to see