

Cruelty Juggernaut

Leviathan

Faint traces barely detected
Last weapon used
Soul puncture wounds
Not self inflicted
And with the night she reaches into herself
To show you here blackened turnip heart
Cold blooming skin
Tampered, perched carefully off balance
Waiting on the edge of unexistence
And still the nightmares come
Silent in her cruel juggernaut head bowed a willows hang
And still the nightmares come
Yearning for unexistence
Doesn't know the shine of the sun
Only the growing piy in her chest
Just enough feeling left
To miss her