

## The Heir Of Empty Breath

### The Receiving End of Sirens

And the solemn verse resounds...  
Heavy lies the twisted crown  
As it hovers above  
The disgrace I've become

Like a blemish on otherwise perfect skin  
Like a scar from a sore  
Like a stain that's set in  
I wallow in what I could have been

Take me away  
Away from this place  
Come like a thief in the night  
Be a rapture and take me away  
From these sentiments turned sediment  
From this crude cast of our intent  
From the boulder we can't set aside.  
Come like a thief in the night  
Be my vision and take me away

With all the pigments that you've shed  
(So pale and porous)  
I'm the heir of empty breaths,  
Of sulfur and sweat,  
I'm the king of what could have been

I have wed my regret, she's my blushing bride  
Like an ache  
Like a cramp I can't lose  
So I wallow in what I could have been

Be a fleeting glimpse  
Of what could have been  
That comes to me  
Every now and again  
And I'll just pretend to carry on, carelessly

Your glimpses are ever fleeting  
You're the crutch on which I'm leaning  
Come to me  
Hold me up be my stilt, my splint  
Be my brace, be mine  
So I can carry on, carelessly