

Dressed In Night Clothes

Will Haven

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 our 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 of yourself
till you resemble a bitter shell of a man
festering in contempt... contempt of yourself
climb back into the womb and start a new
back into the womb and start a new