

(Hands Pull You Through Purple) Black Tea

Wolves in the Throne Room

feel the kiss and the sand on your tongue
it always makes you want
but you could grasp it if it were to show you its eyes
your longing like every stranger you see
can you make it better than your best? every minute
counts the time you can't change
did you feel left behind was the time too quick for you? do you
u
tell your self it's all temporary?
dreams of the pure white pillows, mother...
hate through creation love through creation
all colors vibrant and new
are you reborn now or that much closer to the sleep?
you fear or long for...

Black Tea

I've been swallowing swords for so many years now cold metal against my throat day
after day my swollen tonsils are my reality organs turn black to awaken is to feel sick to be
possessed by anxiety my sole is stretched thin X2 The arrow points do not puncture my
organs they have been slowly dulled by my stomach acids and bile when I drink the black
tea that is my remedy my cure the unclean existence of metal becomes clear now with
every passing moment organs turned black to awaken is to feel sick to be possessed by
anxiety my soles stretched thin