Ascension

Red beneath my skin
Red upon dark lips
Every wound I sealed in silence
Sings beneath the crypts

Mirrors line the hollow walls
Each reflection cracked and thin
Every shard remembers me
The man I buried deep within

The crypt calls out, but who replies?
Who crowns the wound and calls it wise?

Higher, taste the thorn
Every phantom sings my pain
Louder, sound the horn
Let the buried rise again
Bleed until the dark turns red (turns red)
Wake the curse that hate has bred

A choking gasp escapes the dirt
The grinding of a demon's jaw
The wooden lid is torn apart
The soul I buried wakes to war

The crypt stands open, black and wide
Step through the ash where mercy died

Higher, taste the thorn
Every phantom screams my pain
Louder, sound the horn
Let the buried rise again
Bleed until the dark turns red (turns red)
Wake the thing that hate has bred

Marching through a field of glass
The mirrors grin, the spell is cast
Burn the phantom, watch me bleed
Ghost-white eyes, now look through me

Higher, break the thorn
Every phantom bows its crown
Louder, toll the horn
Let the grave drag hatred down
Bleed until the dark runs dry (runs dry)
Wear the scars, and rise... alive

Death's poisoned vow still softly sings...
The thing I fed has crowned me King... oh, oh