

WEAK

(SEED)

Beneath the shadows,
Crawling and blinded by his own dark light,
A smothering monkey,
Cursed with the shining, noticed he was alive

The half made of soul cries
As the half made of mud dies
Once and again
Once and again
While our weakness destroys everything around

Holding your crosses,
Saying a prayer, then spitting down on it
The kings of the garden
Have turned into demons, and even the snake is scared

The half made of soul cries
As the half made of mud dies
Once and again
Once and again
While our weakness destroys everything around

The half made of soul cries
As the half made of mud dies

Shame on us

