

Backlash, Fix

The tremulous ground beneath my feet
is barely open to
the frailty that fills me
and the fire burns my skin
and the water won't come in
to wash away the frenzy
only you can heal me

Bring me the god
the one I've been aching for
the substitute for life
I hardly can endure

If heaven was here beside my home
I wouldn't pray for things to come
would you feel what I feel
but the fire still remains
a flaming virus in my veins
that disorients what's real
that disorients what I feel

Bring me the god
the one I've been aching for
the substitute for life
I hardly can endure