## Sanctity, The Shape Of Things

As I watch this creature grow It starts to take a look Just under its own being

And what it finds Will be the nothing it has sought Lost for all time, this prize

When will it bite the hand that feeds it First taste of flesh it is so pure The shape of things so twisted

With one quick strike The master turns to slave The beast has grown from its bonds

And what it finds
Outside the gates of its own mind
For all time unkind

When will it bite the hand that feeds it First taste of flesh it is so pure The shape of things so twisted

As I watch this creature grow It starts to take a look Just under its own being

When will it bite the hand that feeds it First taste of flesh it is so pure The shape of things so twisted No longer recognize this nightmare