

## (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 tonsil 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