Heavy Lies the Ground

After the Burial

Bound with iron chain, solitary feed me to the grey We dig fields of apathy, excavating endless burial mounds Heavy lies the ground I get what I give, so I die where I dig Never go home, just tunnel a hole inside this field of apathy Never giving what I could, I get what I give Never wanting more so I die where I dig Never wanting more so I die where I dig

Illusionist grant us safety nets made of your decaying sutures and of Fraying string, wave your white gloves, enrapture me and send u s ease Leave us all to rot inside the facade A solitary man ragged and worn I cross out days on the wall and I beg for mercy Were begging for mercy, ragged and worn Beg for mercy, beg

I get what I give, so I'll die where I dig I get what I give, so I'll die where I dig