

## Laurentian Ghosts

### After the Burial

Ever-flowing white ghosts form on my fingertips  
Balanced in peace, dancing in light  
My grip blooms and blossoms forever more  
Incubated, in silence we find tranquility  
Distilled into memories, we shut off, retired among the infinite

We aim for balance standing on cannonballs, outside the battlefields  
We aim for balance standing on cannonballs  
We slam on clay and dig deep, and labyrinth trenches around craters we call home  
Such an amazing defeat

RAGE, I will put this all back inside of me  
Ghosts of my past lift me up, carry me through blinding night  
RAGE, find me beneath the iron mines, below 10,000 lakes, find me beyond the pines

Now face your back to the storm, forget the shelters you would seek before  
Let your feet hit the ground, don't look back to where the siren sounds

We aim for balance standing on cannonballs, outside the battlefield  
We aim for balance standing on cannonballs  
We slam on clay and dig deep, and labyrinth trenches around craters we call home  
Such an amazing defeat, we misplace dreams and study braille throughout the dark  
And there's hope for a better future, and there's hope for a better life

RAGE, I will put this all back inside of me  
Ghosts of my past lift me up, carry me through blinding night  
RAGE, join me beneath the iron mines, below 10,000 lakes, join me beyond the pines