

Weight Of The Sun (Or The Post-Modern Prometheus)

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead

How much fun
To be drifting along
With the weight of the sun on my head

Not covered in sad
As I sketch with my pen
And I brace for the troubles ahead

Slow
like the weight of the bow
tense your arm as you pull the string back

Don't be fooled by the light
Let the fear guide your eye
As your arrow burns into their time

You will pay
You will pay for your new soul

Down
Through a hole in the ground
Let the ferryman carry you back

To the winter queen's home
In the shadow abroad
Where you learn to become one of them and

You dress and cover their shoes
play a lyre in the house of the dead

Makes the ferryman sigh
With chagrin in his eye
And he lets you return back to the time

You will pay
You will pay now that you came

You will pay
You will pay for your new soul