The Judas Table

Antimatter

Come gather round, my accomplices
We'll make no sound, no false promises

If time is ours to waste, then holds the cards begat by haste
With your ghost sat by our side
We turn to move but it's too late
Heart to heart and face to face
And your cross held up so high

Eat through old ignorant wars
Drink through all contracts drawn
Dream all the rivers dry

Celestial, this range of voices
Too many years nailed to your choices

I waited in that so long, I lingered in that so long

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