Just as Real but Not as Brightly Lit

Every Time I Die

Creeping up a wall of glass,
Creeping up a wall of glass,
I'm entirely made of sand.
Lurching up. Feeding back.
What the canyon wants
The canyon gets.
And the canyon craves
An apology and a pound of flesh.
I thought I felt.
I thought I saw.
I thought I knew.
So much chatter.

Let there be shade.
Un-illuminate.
Nothing will change
If you don't lead with your shadow.
Let there be shade.
Un-illuminate.
Exhale the plague.
Cloud your vision.

An unpainted corner, my kingdom come.
Silence tells me I can't escape it.
Now we write our names on the moon in blood.
I have set us back twenty centuries.
All the letters sent with no address.
Is he talking to or talking down to me?

They'll kill us
They'll kill us
They'll kill us if they have the chance.
I hear their conversations.
They'd kill us if they had the chance.
I'll be the first to take it.

I still feel like someone is watching,
Though I'm not sure if that someone is listening.
It don't matter much to my suffering
Because I know for a fact no one's answering.

Let there be shade.
Un-illuminate.
Nothing will change
If you don't lead with your shadow.

I was on the shoulders of leviathans
But I couldn't see through the fog of anger.
And I failed myself like I did before.
My work is lost. All my reckoning.
Back to sin. Back to shame.
Back into the quicksand.

Guarding an empty house.
Guarding an empty house.
I have lost everything I had found.
Sorrow will overcome.

Sorrow will overcome.

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