

First Father

Silent Planet

Do you remember when I said you'd never feel the sting of death
?

But now I'm waiting where you left, beside that snow-
kissed clearing.

I pressed a seed through that frozen fleece, the earth embraced
you in the ground.

No invention of my mind will ever compose a melody so profound.
I'm a priest afraid to pray, terrified at what the silence coul
dn't say - tongue tethered to the skeptic beating in my chest

We're no longer quite ourselves nor reflections of someone else
.

Lover, do you feel that tension as we drift between silence and
eternity?

Death is the road...road to awe. I stood atop the world, it's asy
mmetry laid bare in front of me:

Thanatophobic societies taking life to mourn their tragedies

I feared this world would never change, but you steady your res
olve anyway.

Let's set the pen against the sword. How orphans long for peace
before they learn to love the war!

Perhaps it's our language, perhaps we are incomplete.

Words like shadows to what we see: Faint flickerings across the
cavern in our minds.

Candles in the dark, defiant to the night

"You pulled me through time", through the edgeless night.

I learned to love as you learned to die.

I'll begin to feel again and finish the chapter you couldn't wr
ite

Candles in the dark, defiant to the night - defiant to the shad
ow.

You pull me through time, through the edgeless night. I learned
to love as you learned to die.