

The Well

Silent Planet

Mother, tell me story or sing me a song
It's a sacred sort of disorder how these sisters came along-
Of flocks of fools, and dozens of men who fell through their th
rones into the abyss of again
The kings of earth, crippled with crowns, and the cursed crimin
al who turned it upside down
So we shout: "Hold us together. Tear me apart."
May our suffering sing the hymns we couldn't hear. "Hold us tog
ether even if it tears me apart."
May our blood be spilled for the life of this world
"Do you feel whole? Will you see my face?
You are. I'm not, but you are
Dead to conceive life that tells out stories
"Hold us together. Tear me apart."
May our suffering sing the hymns we couldn't hear. "Hold us tog
ether even if it tears me apart."
May our blood be spilled for the life of this world