

Milk such blood  
To fare thee lost from all but way  
And awaken the sea I light  
Our slumbers save the sleep  
Wherefore we climb

As atlas carves the veils  
And altars spoil a right  
What's really real of dream  
What's really mine  
Starlings brighten, phantoms pale  
Underneath a storm  
Others fail, others cool  
Alarm upon alarm  
By fear turn the needed  
By fear turn the needed ones

Children's hour  
Stillborn ropes by which we hang  
And aroused by the scene I lead  
The numbers storm the breech to redress relief

So atlas drive the nails  
Altars sop the bleach  
What's really real of dream  
As what's damned to speak  
Starlings brighten, phantoms pale  
Underneath a storm  
Others fail, others cool  
Alarm upon alarm  
However loved  
You are  
However loved  
You are  
You say you

To know this heart as I know yours  
To know this heart as I know yours  
To know this heart as I know yours  
Say a heart is true  
To know this heart as I know yours  
To know this heart as I know yours  
Say a heart is true