

From Your Grave

The Absence

The bitter wind drifts
through the apparition
a sleep that heavies the neck through the noose a stretch of song and
d
deep in this shallow grave burning bitter and bleak from this whimpe
red
taste Of Your weakness fallen so low sunken deep and black from this
broken vow Of Your weakness fallen so low sunken deep and black from
this broken vow

ARISE
FROM YOUR GRAVE
ARISE

Where the black rains are falling upon
the everlasting to all of Our losses
Calling from the dead of night
hollow from the breath of My prayers now lost

Burning fevers
in the shadows and in the embrace
where They stagger, where They fall, and where They lay where the
rains, won't wash away Because as I burn what I feel as I sink into
the
killing fields the prevail is running You out of time while You with
er,
while death walks beside

ARISE
FROM YOUR GRAVE
ARISE

Where the black rains are falling upon
the everlasting to all of Our losses
Calling from the dead of night
hollow from the breath of My prayers now lost

The sweetness holding the salt
to the serpents tongue, seconds before the fall keeping heads above
the
frey and keeping hell one heart beat away

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