

Divide

The Birthday Massacre

Tides of glass, return to ash.
In the dawn, we follow the path away from the sun.
Shadows cast in wake of the past.
Reaching out, into the dark and out of the light.

Crawling underneath our feet,
a river running black and green
from the heart of the gallows tree,
where the future and our fate
will bleed into the world below.

Stone to bear the mountain stairs.
In the night, we dance with our devils and dine with the snakes
. .
The dead will stare in joy and despair
rising up, away from the earth, into the clouds.

From the eye of the Graeae we stole,
a truth that we can't unknow.
Spinning on the threads they sew
in a river of the tears that flow into the world below.

Over, under, threads of fate.
Weaving patterns, soon and late.
As in this life, so in all things
the end result, the action brings.

The fates will divide in three.
A sight that we can't unsee.
We're falling to our hands and knees
as the past and the future bleed into the world below.