

# The Death of Music

Devin Townsend

Question...

Leapt like dog from man...

Terminate high thinking...

Known in your prophecy...

Sun... Son...

Sun it shifts, and brittleness subsides

To sleep... sleep away

One comes, the rain will always be

And things I am

Are things that should not be

They laughed at me but we never bothered

My friends and I

There were no others

Now it comes...

Bolt across the blue...

Shadows dance over the land...

Walls high, water deep

Brick and steel gathering speed

Guess it's just a feeling

...Guess it's just a feeling...

Rain may come

The rain may never be

In things you are

Are things I need to be

My friends were there but they never bothered

Now there's you and I an

There are no others

It's like when death becomes musical

...It's musical

It's like a death becomes musical

Musical

And it comes...

To make sure that he will never rise

And the groans from the bellies

Have never cried this hard

And the eyes of the wicked ones

Have never been full of dust

In the middle of the sea it waits...

...Closer...

Home, nor anywhere on Earth on that final day will anyone be apart

...one...schooled...together...

Towards the sea...

And we may drown, fly, fall from faith

...but the pain won't be realized

Because the emotions will hit as god should

And the mountains will offer no shelter

And the clouds will be no cover...

No matter where we run...

Don't die on me  
Don't go away  
When I need you here  
In my need

The rain will come  
The rain will always be  
In things I am  
Are things that have to be  
My friends have come and I never bothered

Myself and I  
There is no other

It's like a death becomes musical  
It's musical