

World Without A Sun

Oh, Sleeper

I fear a world without the sun.
The day the sun never rose, cold swept the world.
And now stone and ice, the children she forms.
I lift my eyes to take in horizons of skin.
The cold is creeping to meet with wrath above
and you'll soon be fearing to see what it kept us away from.
I fear a world without the sun.
I fear a world without the sun, but never who wished it gone.
The trees are dead, yet alive more than ever,
growing flesh where once were leaves.
They stretch instead of tower, like bone wrapped giants they reach.
Oh, but nothing stirs like the fire's thunder.
The cold is creeping to meet with wrath above
and you'll soon be fearing to see what it kept us away from.
I fear a world without the sun.
I fear a world without the sun, but never who wished it gone.
And now the ground pulses, constricting for birth.