

Heavy Lies the Ground

After the Burial

Bound with iron chain, solitary feed me to the grey
We dig fields of apathy, excavating endless burial mounds
Heavy lies the ground

I get what I give, so I die where I dig

Never go home, just tunnel a hole inside this field of apathy
Never giving what I could, I get what I give
Never wanting more so I die where I dig
Never wanting more so I die where I dig

Illusionist grant us safety nets made of your decaying sutures
and of
Fraying string, wave your white gloves, enrapture me and send u
s ease
Leave us all to rot inside the facade
A solitary man ragged and worn
I cross out days on the wall and I beg for mercy
Were begging for mercy, ragged and worn
Beg for mercy, beg

I get what I give, so I'll die where I dig
I get what I give, so I'll die where I dig