

Upon Pillars Of Dust

At the Gates

Fragile, quiet and distant as flesh against another
Heroism suppressed, leavin' hunger in its wake
Tired even of sleep
A fragment of life, no more pain!

The nights they will drag on
These hands will not abide
A nightmare beckons leavin' death in its wake

The sickness is a dream
Imprisoned in the deep of the stone
Reality restin' upon pillars of dust
The infinite voracious arms of myth

Trying to even out sleep
With death in our way

The sickness is a dream
Imprisoned in the deep of the stone
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