

## 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  
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