

Inheritance

Katatonía

Our inconvenient burden
It could be lifted off of us
If we gave up
To finally let go
Of the free will that we were given
Our graves
Above the timberline
Our name chalked
The pressure of wealth
No longer found

The unforgiving void
The forge in which our values burn
The resting leech
Our thinning minds
In my abstinence I turn to nothing

Our graves
Above the timberline
Our name chalked
The pressure of wealth
No longer found

Let them inherit this fire now
Lest they will forget that we were
Ever here
(2x)