

# Je N'en Connais Pas La Fin

Rosetta

For every pass  
Of this moon  
Embers wait  
Commune  
A dawn's harvest

Spores  
Burrowing  
Ash  
Covering

My world  
My home  
My loves  
My memories

So tell me how I've come so far  
Repression of memories  
Behind a door best kept shut  
Suppression of daily deeds  
A crushing venom weeping  
Into these hands  
A plague upon a frame  
Growing on the inside  
Withering a simple sullen home

Plague upon the frame  
Crawling from within  
Simple sullen home  
Withering away  
Locked behind a door  
Of secrets best kept shut  
Crushing venom wept  
Right into the hands  
Plague upon the frame  
Crawling from within  
Withering away  
Simple sullen homes

Won't you play  
Your trumpet well  
Gabriele

Let this go

Won't you play  
Your trumpet well  
Gabriele

And pray that I can rest

Spores  
Burrowing  
Ash  
Covering

Spores

Burrowing  
Ash