

Sequence Iv: Stigmata

Sieges Even

This feeling speaks
With the quiet flutes of Fall
That disturb the sleep of sunken images
The memory of voices in abandoned rooms

Walk with me
Walk with me down to the river's edge
Walk with me
Where the secrets lie and wait

These wounds bleed
The solemn pride of mourning
Overwhelming pain nourishing the flame
The cold embrace of breaking heart

Take this pain away
Don't take this pain away
Take this pain away
Don't take this pain away

Walk with me
Walk with me down to the water's edge
Walk with me
Where the mirrors lie and wait

It's breathing darkly through a lonely man
The kiss of brother Cain

Walk with me
Walk with me down to the river's edge
Walk with me
Where the secrets lie and wait

This sadness speaks
Of golden plains and lakes of blue
Like the curse of a wrathful god
Like dew dropping from a thorn
It speaks of things in secret tongues
It is speaking out a name

Take this pain away
Don't take this pain away
Take this pain away
Don't take this pain away

Walk with me
Walk with me down to the