## Silence of the Womb

## **Swallow the Sun**

The wandering old shapes
Bereaved by their last days
The empty seeds, the curse of man
mourning for this given hand

Lonely steps across the land Trembling heart in the ocean sand The voice of despair echoes loud here When the waves carry the old

For mother earth we fall
To the last of man, she'll take us all
Poisoned air, the wasted land
Turns to our tomb
The silence of the womb

The skies blow the last light away Summer exists only in the writings of the wise We prepare for our final run When the winter swallows the sun