

## 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