

# From Your Grave

## The Absence

The bitter wind drifts  
through the apparition  
a sleep that heavies the neck through the noose a stretch of song and  
d  
deep in this shallow grave burning bitter and bleak from this whimpe  
red  
taste Of Your weakness fallen so low sunken deep and black from this  
  
broken vow Of Your weakness fallen so low sunken deep and black from  
  
this broken vow

ARISE  
FROM YOUR GRAVE  
ARISE

Where the black rains are falling upon  
the everlasting to all of Our losses  
Calling from the dead of night  
hollow from the breath of My prayers now lost

Burning fevers  
in the shadows and in the embrace  
where They stagger, where They fall, and where They lay where the  
rains, won't wash away Because as I burn what I feel as I sink into  
the  
killing fields the prevail is running You out of time while You with  
er,  
while death walks beside

ARISE  
FROM YOUR GRAVE  
ARISE

Where the black rains are falling upon  
the everlasting to all of Our losses  
Calling from the dead of night  
hollow from the breath of My prayers now lost

The sweetness holding the salt  
to the serpents tongue, seconds before the fall keeping heads above  
the  
frey and keeping hell one heart beat away

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