

Riders Of The Plague

The Absence

Here dies the love
The banner of the ungranted and our darkest days
The feelings that were forced
Out of fear without a drop of remorse
Now that the pain is released
With Cryptic Seals and Signs
Running over the heartstrings wretched and run dry
When the feathered begin to fall

With a voice like glass
Born to Splint and Shatter
The Touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague the birth of black

With hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith the rider of plagues

Our hands have reached thin of skin
Sifted straight to bone
Bear and Broken as the inventors hope
Unseen by the believed
Unbelieved by all who see
So when you become every dream abhorred
A being so bitter not worth the weight of ice in his words