

## Circle Of Grief

### "In The Nervous Light Of Sunday"

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Whispers invoke the artists of this tragically seamless,  
I'll fated tapestry,  
Blistered fingers are tending their loom.  
She collects the strands to braid into life.  
Logging the weft of an ageless, woven infinity,  
countless raw fibers are clawing the frame.  
A woman's work is never done, but the final stitch has  
got to come,  
And so three witches contend to slice the very last  
thread  
(that you curse, curse constantly)  
But nothing's immortal, and comfort is not guaranteed-  
A yearling who bears our sincere passions is chosen,  
frozen and quivering,  
Like a thread in the wake of a blade.  
So we compromise, so we sacrifice.  
Compromise nothing, but that which secures a  
comfortable life, risk as the indication of a healing  
sacrifice.  
Destroy the altar whose boundaries tides will never  
exceed, ignite the pyres underneath a sedated  
mythology.  
Five decades his lifetime, and his life's work is just  
fading scratches in stone.  
She tends the numerals, counting fingers, counting her  
toes.  
Keeping track of the time racing, years wasting  
(dance to the sound of his weight bearing back  
breaking)  
Infinite ages the length of this quilt's making.  
And we dance, we dance in the stronghold...  
That you curse, curse constantly, of the needle's  
sheen.  
Do you feel this thin strand resting in a pinch?  
That's the thread that you curse, curse constantly.  
An eternal patch on a quilt that hangs from a wall in a  
throw fraught with our decay...  
From six states away, five years of guilt postmarked  
four days before my escape.  
All I ever asked was for a clean break.  
In the first nervous light of the day,

Collecting the novels whose scribes sought to keep me contained.

My dad's favorite novel on top of the pile, in the self conscious first light shake the memory of his smile, igniting these volumes, igniting these volumes I'm warmed by the flames.

Alter the deafening earthen tones...

In the nervous light, I dance in the nervous light and I'm warmed by the flames.

Dance to the sound of his weight bearing back fucking breaking.

Alter the pitch of his weight bearing back breaking, dictate the pitch of his weight bearing back breaking, Alter the tone of your weight bearing back breaking, we can mend all the seams that were torn during our backs slowly breaking.

In the nervous light..

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