

Devin Townsend

"The Death Of Music"

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[Words and music by Devin Townsend]

Question...

Leapt like dog from man...

Terminate high thinking...

Known in your prophecy...

Sun... Son...

Sun it shifts, and brittleness subsides

To sleep... sleep away

One comes, the rain will always be

And things I am

Are things that should not be

They laughed at me but we never bothered

My friends and I

There were no others

Now it comes...

Bolt across the blue...

Shadows dance over the land...

Walls high, water deep

Brick and steel gathering speed

Guess it's just a feeling

...Guess it's just a feeling...

Rain may come

The rain may never be

In things you are

Are things I need to be

My friends were there but they never bothered

Now there's you and I an

There are no others

It's like when death becomes musical

...It's musical

It's like a death becomes musical

Musical

And it comes...

To make sure that he will never rise
And the groans from the bellies
Have never cried this hard
And the eyes of the wicked ones
Have never been full of dust
In the middle of the sea it waits...
...Closer...

Home, nor anywhere on Earth on that final day will
anyone be apart
...one...schooled...together...
Towards the sea...
And we may drown, fly, fall from faith
...but the pain won't be realized
Because the emotions will hit as god should
And the mountains will offer no shelter
And the clouds will be no cover...
No matter where we run...

Don't die on me
Don't go away
When I need you here
In my need

The rain will come
The rain will always be
In things I am
Are things that have to be
My friends have come and I never bothered

Myself and I
There is no other

It's like a death becomes musical
It's musical

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