

The Absence "From Your Grave"

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The bitter wind drifts
Through the apparition
A sleep that heavies the neck through the noose a
stretch of song and
Deep in this shallow grave burning bitter and bleak
from this whimpered
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 wither,
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
Arise
From your grave
Arise
Arise

Arise
From your grave
Arise
Arise
From your grave

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