

## **The Absence "Riders Of The Plague"**

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So salvation, here runs the flood, 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 the end of skin  
Sifted straight to bone  
Bare 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

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

With a voice just like glass  
Born to splint and born to 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

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