

The Call "Tremble"

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First born, grace begins
More bones, more skin
Veins surround me like a nest
Tie me in, first caress
Home
A womb to grow human in
A world to grow human in
Tremble
First breath, light surrounds
More sight, more sound
Immortal art, hands in wood
Freedom's form born to be rejected
Hopefully we labor on
Endlessly we labor on
Tremble
Last words, life begins
More bones, more skin
Grave clothes are cast away
Love returns faithfully
Home
We mock the world
'Cause we cannot see
We mock the world heartlessly
Cold
The last one to enter
Dearer than the first
the last one to enter
Tremble
Hopefully we labor on
Endlessly we labor on
Tremble
A world t grow human in
A womb to grow human
Tremble

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