

Krallice

"The Collector"

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Writhing somber in my dissociation. Cold comes the
theophany, the sobering
Vantage point wherein my life transmutes into all life.
And the hard fact is
That we are all so small. So insignificant, as insects in
one vast taxonomical
Display. And so it ends.
"Behold the bone orchards, the mortal remains of
memory. The vanity of moss
Stones bearing eroded inscriptions, as taxa labels and
their descriptions."
As we are primed for burial, meticulous to give the
semblance of life, we
Clip the tips of wings and let the scales of dust
cascade. At last, we are
Dressed for our deaths, fit to be pinned in our final
exhibition.
"This one was a soldier, caught in the killing jar mid-
flight. This one was
Just a child, trapped before it developed wings. This
one was caught while
Sleeping, but it will never be known. And this one was
never even born."
And it's no matter how great or small our lives are. We
will all end in
That box.
Death is the collector, our lives but a collection of
leaves falling from
The Burial Tree.

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