

This Or The Apocalypse "Architeuthis"

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We're standing in water
Suppressed by man-made embankment
And you were just a channel
Heading westward from my arms from my choleric
heart
>From my calm yet desperate hands
Seeking to tear limb from every second guess
With a choleric heart
Let the winds be shrill, let the water rise
And take all that's left of my own guile
We looked back towards the damage
And we were doomed to know the worst of it
By day, all our hopes, bare, swallowed whole in the
brine
What of the stars, what of our kings
What of your selfish prayers for light?
Nothing yields our eastern skies
How could you let this happen?

We breathe... in darkness [x2]

And it seems while we were waiting prone
Famine had written fiend upon all our brilliant,
desolated, plight [x2]

Staring straight ahead into the unmovable [x2]

Is it our pacing around the sun that made you fold your
hands in grace? [x2]

Of but one thought we are now, within silence
And the waves stood dead
Reflected not the sky
Everything is still, panoramic night
I will share your grave, atop the floodwater
I will share your grave, with every throne consumed

Words unnecessary, screamed indifferently
Rings of foreign masses, dark mobility

These are the walls that shake when the earth is silent
[x2]

To become passion

These are the walls that shake when the earth is silent

To become passion [x2]

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