

This Or The Apocalypse "Elegiac"

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My place lies not in the immortal sea
I am just a penance; diurnal unbalance
A fissure is shutting off in between the song that we
don't hear
The end that we don't feel

We will walk ever calmly in the sound of your warfare
No motion, no force
Rich beyond the wealth of kings
Of bane we know of not to witness
But in the grass that rises from the grave.

That is us [x3]

A thousand notes ring out. That is us
The chill that is in your gut. That is us

The acknowledgment rash in all your solitude
Is the weight of the human nature
A busy spade left unremembered in plain view, again
Alive in thoughts too deep for any tears
The silence of the spirit, a mutilated bower
We throw in vein against our very earth
The sky is bearing down
Piety in guilt

We will walk ever calmly in the sound of your warfare
No motion, no force
Rich beyond the wealth of kings
Of bane we know of not to witness
But in the grass that rises from the grave.

All we are is the debris
Spinning around and around, betrayed [x4]

Go and gather all we know in purest silence
In purest silence [x2]

Then nothing more [x16]

