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This Or The Apocalypse "We Are Debt"

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I clipped off my claws, in defense of my weary eyes And I have been one acquainted with the night This is the last pinnacle left to face An indefinite statement of time I have been one acquainted with the night Dark ends darkness; man ends mankind

No, there is no dawn [x2]

This silent rock is turning black [x2]

Opaque from the ceaseless

Our final cause is yours [x2]

The traveled street is a vein of blood And we will rest amongst it's whisper Our sleep amongst the dirt and grey Our sleep amongst the earthly day

Life in a broken glass; drink from the shards Forgive us of our blasphemies In passing time our souls will stand ajar Wider than the sky, that is what we are

Time is surely a loaded gun For it has the power to kill Without the power to die

I have been one acquainted with the night [x3]

Life in a broken glass; drink from the shards Forgive us of our blasphemies In passing time our souls will stand ajar Wider than the sky, that is what we are

Opaque from ceaseless [x2]

From the ceaseless [x2]

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