

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]

