

## Thy Serpent

### "Mourning Without The Sun"

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Seated within the ashes  
Reflecting on my afflictions  
Righteously I scrape my flesh  
This my divine tribulation

Without curse upon the lips  
Though all of my bones burn with heat  
As a harp turned to mourning  
Into the voice of them that weep

This Is The Mourning Without The Sun  
A Cry Into Congregation  
Without The Sun

Those that plow inequity  
Forever the first to deceive  
So quick to take what's given  
Turn their backs when evils received

I have held my tongue  
Never reproached you  
Divine providence  
I will not be moved

Absolved through these afflictions

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