

My Ruin

"The Dying Things We're Living For"

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I've seen the evil so many hands have done
I've seen the beauty of the earth and of the setting sun
And on my knees I've begged for battles to be won
But when we bleed no more, what do we become?

And when at last we breathe our final precious breath
I hope there's something more
What are we hoping for?
(What are we yearning for?)

Without a guiding hand we wander endlessly
Am I a fool to seek release from all that's killing me?
When time has passed for once held certainties
A need remains: a refuge from your misery

And when at last we breathe our final precious breath
And when at last we're summoned unto death
Is there an open door?
Will there be any more?
What will remain from all these dying things we're
living for?

I've seen the evil so many hands have done
I've seen the beauty of the earth and of the setting sun
And on my knees I've cried to you for battles to be won
Will you be standing there when the dying is done?

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