

## Ana Kefr "The Collector"

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Writhing somber in my dissociation. Cold comes the  
theophany, the sobering  
Vantage point wherein my life transmutes into all life.  
And the hard fact is  
That we are all so small. So insignificant, as insects in  
one vast taxonomical  
Display. And so it ends.  
"Behold the bone orchards, the mortal remains of  
memory. The vanity of moss  
Stones bearing eroded inscriptions, as taxa labels and  
their descriptions."  
As we are primed for burial, meticulous to give the  
semblance of life, we  
Clip the tips of wings and let the scales of dust  
cascade. At last, we are  
Dressed for our deaths, fit to be pinned in our final  
exhibition.  
"This one was a soldier, caught in the killing jar mid-  
flight. This one was  
Just a child, trapped before it developed wings. This  
one was caught while  
Sleeping, but it will never be known. And this one was  
never even born."  
And it's no matter how great or small our lives are. We  
will all end in  
That box.  
Death is the collector, our lives but a collection of  
leaves falling from  
The Burial Tree.

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