

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Wake"

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Alone, I'll sit with your worry stone
The grass still feathered with snow
I'll ache my chest with your spirit's weight
Travail

And now, with frost in your eyes, you still feel fine
You swear you don't mind the itch all the time
From dawn until dusk, I sleep on the cusp
I rot in the vines

I wait for the day I've sung all my songs away
The day I lift my spirit's weight
The day I've sung all my songs away
The day I drown in my own wake

Alone, you clutch to your worry stone
The pass has filled up with snow
You ache your chest with my spirit's weight
Travail, travail

And now, with nothing but pride, you still keep dry
You shut both your eyes to remember your mind
From dawn until dusk, I sift through the dust
I tumble through time

I wait for the day I've set all my bones to fray
The day I lift my spirit's weight
The day I've sung all my songs away
The day I drown in my own wake

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