

Madder Mortem, Distance Will Save Us

This is where the bodies fell
Feel the pressure on the surface
Too long buried arrogance
rising up to reign
Palpable and crystal pure
Sovereign and without master
Perfected and far too sure
It is on its way

Save us
Stay your hand
We are born too far from morality

This is where it all began,
where the wounds were left to fester
Here the feeder will unhand
those that could not choose
Here, at last, it all comes true
See the pity and devotion
in the scar that marks you, too
It is on its way

Save us
Stay your hand
We are born too far from morality

The stones in our hands uncloud the senses
No time for demands. Time moves against us

Dawn is breaking in the clouds and the starkness of light is blinding
Give us a moment to savour your face and to worship and love our murder

Save us
Stay your hand
All we need is one more chance at life