

Altar of Plagues, The Weight of All

A weight that we can not comprehend.
Beyond all reason.
This weight that we won't comprehend.
Beyond all reason.

All that you know, you will not allow.
This weight is within every shiver,
within the the spin, inside the heart.
We will remain floating numb.

Allowing ourselves, to forget.
It is as if we are in the center of time,
and we are within our steel towers.
It is to float within the cloud, to tremble inside the land.

All are numb.

A weight that we can not comprehend.
Beyond all reason.
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Racing on foot, holding to hope like a shield from the truth.
They cry, "Sleepers Awake!"
Racing on foot, sleepers awake.

The rhymes promise was true.
We have returned to this place.
Home to a calm dawn, and the work we had just begun.

Eating roots, grown in soil.
Drawing on life, of the living.
Clustered points of light, spun out in space.
And the time, within the skies.