

Anberlin, Heavier Things Remain (Graviora Manent)

A hollow hallelujah
Hangs in the corner
With the rest of our dissolving years
You're the storm and the calm
The dove and the bomb
Ghost that relieves all my fears

Don't let this bedroom hold
As years and sheets unfold
We'll be able to sleep on the love

The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I wouldn't have you anywhere else
The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I'll hold you here all myself

Like a land-worthy sailor.
I am a falter and failure
Trying to find my heading back home
You're the cure and the disease
The vice I still need
Casting the break in my bones
You're the life that's worth living
The hurt and forgiving
You're Jesus to the demons you've bored in my head.

The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I wouldn't have you anywhere else
The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I want to keep you on myself

The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I wouldn't have you anywhere else
The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I want to keep you on myself

Weight of the world

The weight of the world
Is on top of me
And I want to keep you on myself