

# 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.

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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

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Weight of the world

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