

Converge, My Great Devastator

No, I'll lay half empty,
Half finished,
Half written,
Until my end.

I'll leave the lights on just in case you want to be found again,
To the dead, I wrote you countless letters,
Dear only some I sent.

How easy it was for silence to say,
Some of the loudest of things,
To speak so effortlessly the words and syllables,
That can crush in an instant.

To our end, to the dear departed,
Are you my last chance or the first chapter
In the greatest fable ever told?

For the rope is getting shorter and these days,
They are getting longer with every ghosts I find,
They leave no heart unbroken, my great devastator,
To our end, to the dear departed.

Are you my last chance or the first chapter
In the greatest fable ever told?
I'll leave the lights on just in case you want to be found again,
My great devastator.