

Galt Areus, Coming Down

The wake has gone,
mortar comes.
Wall it up,
and dig out my grave.
Don't you hold me now,
as my time runs out,
don't you stay around,
you can't save me from,
what's coming down.
They twist the wires,
a charge unfolds,
wound it up and let it go,
to light up my life.
What's coming down,
will show me how,
to find my silent home;
the wake has gone,
the mortar comes,
crashing down on one.
What's coming now,
will show me how,
to find my silent home;
the wake has gone,
the mortar comes,
and I must go alone.