

# Luxt, Cease

As each day grows dark  
These feathers ache  
To scrape the sky  
To make my mark  
As time is sewn  
I long to try  
To stay behind  
Not break apart

To find these senses overrun  
I must have stumbled on my way  
In my aversion for the sun  
I've come to shiver in the spray

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To find myself within this light  
Of every mornings present chill  
Somehow i must have lost my sight  
And come a subject of free will

Where do you find peace?  
Where do you hold your fears?  
Where do you hide the beast as the your end draws near?  
where do you find love?  
In books and priests?  
In Gods above?  
Or in your fear that it will cease?

To take your spit upon my face  
I'll have to close my eyes and wait  
Til you have disapeared and there is not trace  
I trust in time wil tell fate

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