

# Neurosis, Given To The Rising

We stand encircled by wing and fire  
Our deepest ties return and turn upon us  
The shrouded reason, the bleeding answer  
The human plague in womb  
Bring clouds of war  
Let us rest  
Our future breed is the last  
In the conscience waits  
Dreams of the new sun  
We're blood in the dust  
Given to the Rising  
Through this we claw roots  
Of trees in the world of iron  
Our father's steps fueled the boiling sea  
The wretched harvest reaped by the hands of dawning  
Our pain cannot forgive the silent machine of the fatal flaw in man  
That brings us to the end