

Phosphorescent, At Death, A Proclamation

O in life
Through many dark rooms
We must go
And all right
Though manys the hour
Will come to you sour and slow
And all night
Though flames in the forest ring halos
To glory us both
All I
Can bring to that chorus of smoke
Is the hope that you knowed:

O love
Though one day I tarried too far
And I never came home
O love
Always I carried your heart
Married deep in my own