## Swallow The Sun, The Silence Of The Womb

The wandering old shapes Bereaved by their last days The empty seeds, the curse of man Mourning for this given hand Lonely steps across the land Trembling heart in the ocean sand The voice of despair echoes loud here When the waves carry the old For mother earth we fall To the last of man, she'll take us all Poisoned air, the wasted land Turns to our tomb The silence of the womb The skies blow the last light away Summer exists only in the writings of the wise We prepare for our final run When the winter swallows the sun