

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