

# The Absence, Riders Of The Plague

So salvation here runs the flood  
Here dies the love  
The banner of the ungranted  
And our darkest days  
The feelings that were forced  
Out of fear without a drop of remorse  
Now that the pain is released  
With cryptic seals and signs  
Running over heartstrings wretched and run dry  
When the feathered begin to fall  
With a voice like glass  
Born to splint and shatter  
The touch of sunlight  
Like heavens plague, the birth of black  
With hung halos of wrath and decay  
The furthest of faith, the Rider of Plagues  
Our hands have reached thin of skin  
Sifted straight to bone  
Bare and broken as the inventors hope  
Unseen by the believed  
Unbelieved by all who see  
So when you become every dream abhorred  
A being so bitter not worth the weight of ice in his words  
With a voice like glass  
Born to splint and shatter  
The touch of sunlight  
Like heavens plague, the birth of black  
With hung halos of wrath and decay  
The furthest of faith, the Rider of Plagues  
With a voice just like glass  
Born to splint and born to shatter  
The touch of sunlight  
Like heavens plague, the birth of black  
With hung halos of wrath and decay  
The furthest of faith, the Rider of Plagues