

# The Human Abstract, A Dead World At Sunrise

Now that we've reached the end, and I'm the only one surviving,  
I'm just waiting for the morning light to touch my skin, warm my heart,  
but I see a dead world at sunrise and nothing can reverse the state.  
Who now will pray and save my soul when hell ascends and calls my name?  
I'm alone, so forth and so on.  
Their faces left.. I'm longing for death, I'm in torture..  
its all thats left of my memories.  
The cold hard truth, bitter and sweet, though I can't touch them, see them,  
they are there, silent.. They listen, silent though they listen.  
We are still one. I'm left missing pieces of myself