

# Vision Of Disorder, By The River

Feel some pressure  
An undistinguished knot of waste  
Rising in your chest  
The man laid open, a soul to test,  
is this your last breath?

Cry, we have come too far...  
Lonely sunrise, climbing into the sky,  
Only to sleep...

We walk alone  
Alone exposed to just blood and bone  
Scouring graveyards  
An empty Ritual for the hordes  
In search of ourselves  
Like complicated insects will  
We discover strangers

When all drops silent  
A grave where no light gets in  
The world resents it  
When all is placid  
A tranquil place in time  
Our Earth shattered  
We ain't getting by...

Dusted twilight, spilling into moonlight  
All our lives we're waiting to die

Open up your eyes  
The sleeping eyes of time passed by  
Never to realize  
What might have been sin or doubt  
Coming from the riverside  
The side that's dried and petrified  
Are screams of MERCY...  
Why mercy's expected is beyond the point of points  
Of points....  
Of points....

IN FEAR OF THE RIVER  
We trample under a billion stars  
And vines that wind over the houses  
And past the trees  
Smothering everything...