# Given to the Rising

## Neurosis

We stand encircled by wing and fire
Our deepest ties return and turn upon us
The shrouded reason, the bleeding answer
The human plague in womb
Bring clouds of war
Let us rest
Our future breed is the last
In the conscience waits
Dreams of the new sun
We're blood in the dust
Given to the Rising
Through this we claw roots
Of trees in the world of iron
Our father's steps fueled the boiling sea
The wretched harvest reaped by the hands of dawning
Our pain cannot forgive the silent machine of the fatal flaw in man
That brings us to the end

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