

Son of the Morning

Oh, Sleeper

I am the rival, I am the one who speaks in whisper
Hear me now, dear, weak forgiver
Hear me now, weak forgiver, hear me now
Don't send an angel to face the devil You're wasting power on grace
A maggot will always seek to feed from the grave
Where I'll lead them and teach them to feast on the skin
That defeats them, the skin they crave If you could see like me
You'd see you haven't won anything
If you could see like me
You'd see it's by my grace you're breathing If you could see like me
You'd see you haven't won anything
If you could see like me
You'd see Every night I start my rise
Climbing high into the morning sky
But soon after I lose your bride
And I damn your son for stealing my light This world is mine
They call me the son of the morning
They call me the son of the morning I can mound all your fallen past
The clouds as they roll in
And when I do I will claim your throne
Through all these cowards you call your sons I am the Lord of air
And my dawn will last forever
Go on pouring out
'Cause in the end I will have them If you could see like me
You'd see you haven't won anything
If you could see like me
You'd see it's by my grace you're breathing If you could see like me
You'd see you haven't won anything
If you could see like me
You'd see your precious light is fading
Your light is fading

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