

# 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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